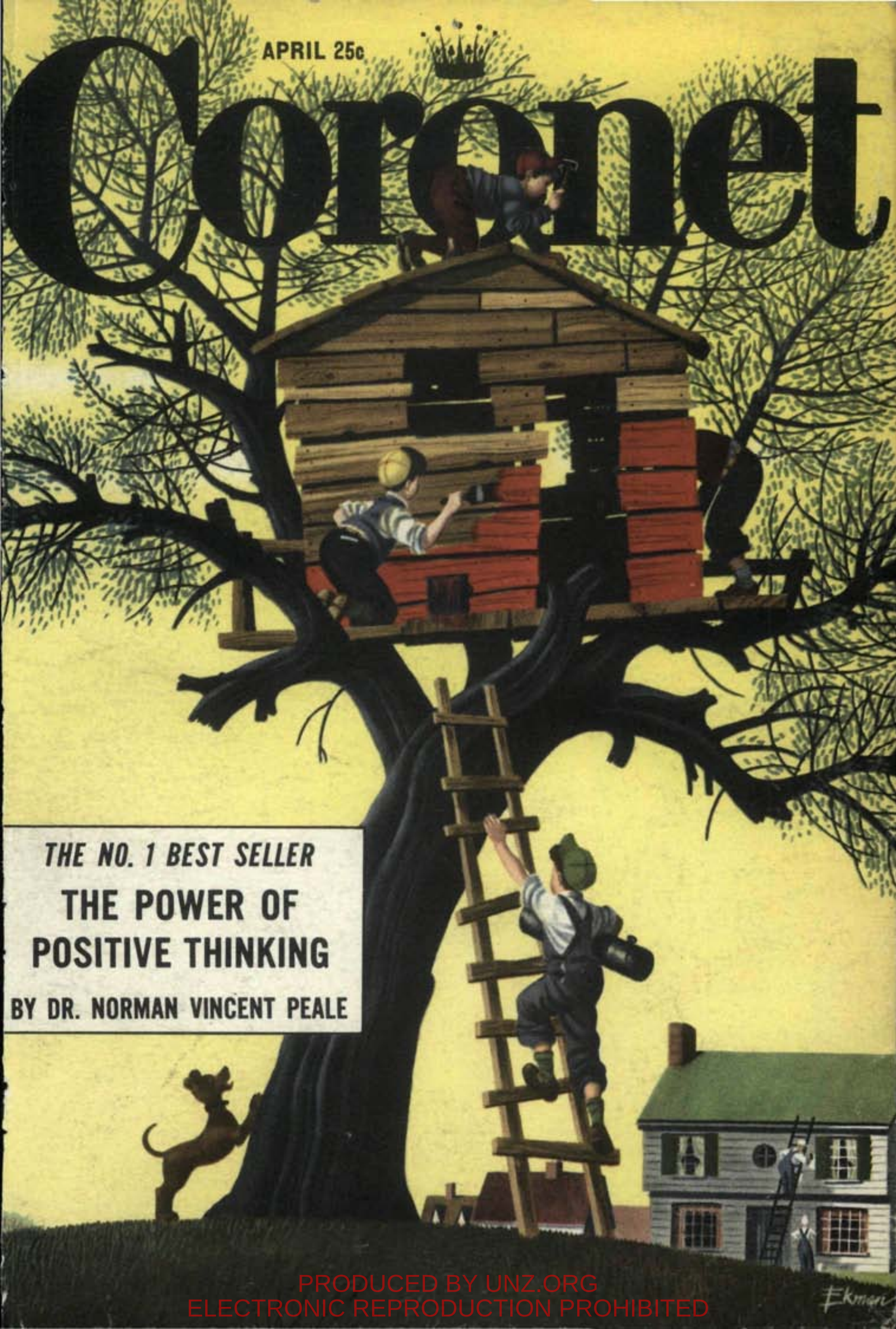
APRIL 25c

Coronet



THE NO. 1 BEST SELLER

THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING

BY DR. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

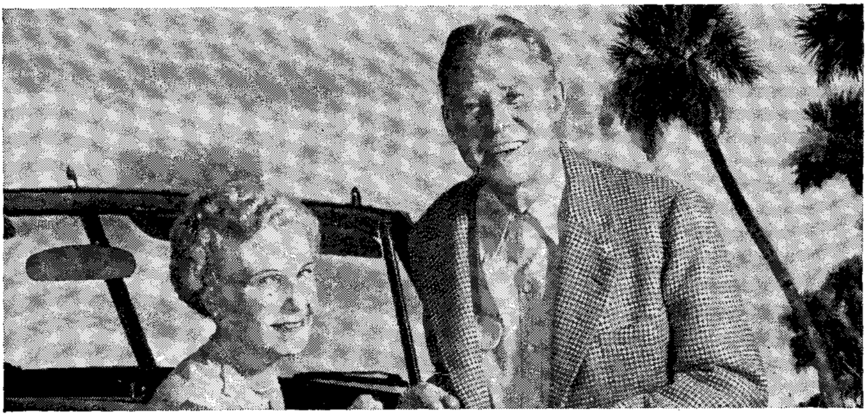
"JOY AT EASTER"...

Flowers play a special part in celebrating Easter. Their gentle, joyful, *living* loveliness symbolizes the tender beauty of Christian teachings. Even though you can't be near all those you love on this Day of days . . . you can join hands across the miles, when your "Easter Greetings" travel with Flowers-By-Wire.

Say it with Flowers-By-Wire

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY
Send Flowers Worldwide
INTERFLORA

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION
Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan



How we retired in 15 years with $250 a month

The day our son Jimmy started college something happened that changed all our lives. Thanks to that, Marge and I are retired in Florida today. And thanks to that, too, we're getting $250 a month for life.

It began about fifteen years ago—in September of '38. I was forty-two. And till that moment I had no more hope of retiring in fifteen years than Jimmy had.

We'd come back from seeing Jimmy off at the station. While Marge sewed, I picked up a magazine. It opened to an ad on a page Marge had marked, "Read, please." The ad said, "You don't have to be rich to retire on a life income." It was an ad for the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company. "Sure, Marge," I said, "sounds wonderful. But it's expensive."

"How do you know?" asked Marge. "You just think it's expensive. Let's find out. You know, with Jimmy grown, we won't need as much money. Anyway it can't cost us anything to look into it."

So we sent in the coupon.

Back in the mail came a booklet that explained all about the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. It was true—you didn't have to be rich, you had no investment worries. Actually, it was for just average people like ourselves. Soon after, I qualified for my Phoenix Mutual Plan.

Jimmy's married now, with a good job. And we're retired with a monthly income of $250. Marge was right. It didn't cost anything to find out. And it's certainly paying off.

Send for Free Booklet. This story is typical. Assuming you start at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $10 to $250 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for employee pension programs. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

ESTABLISHED 1851

PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

PLAN FOR MEN

PLAN FOR WOMEN

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.
960 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, the booklet checked below, describing retirement income plans.

Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐

Name____________________

Date of Birth____________________

Business Address____________________

____

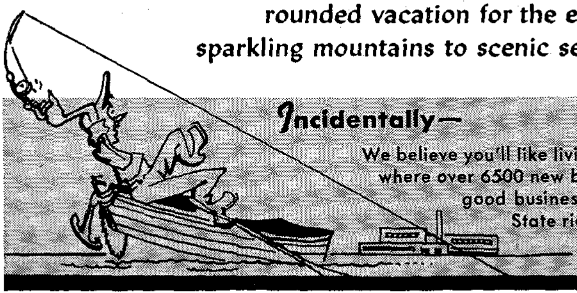
Home Address____________________

Copyright 1952, By Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company

THERE'S A *Georgia* VACATION---

IN
YOUR
FUTURE
HUNTING
FISHING
GOLF
TENNIS
BATHING
PICNIC

Just name your favorite sport or recreation.... golfing, fishing, riding, swimming, hunting, sailing, or just plain old-fashioned loafing . . . and you'll find it in Georgia, where sport has no season. GEORGIA provides the perfect, well-rounded vacation for the entire family .... from sparkling mountains to scenic seashore beaches .....



Incidentally—

We believe you'll like living and working in GEORGIA . . . where over 6500 new business firms are proving that it's good business to produce in GEORGIA . . . a State rich in resources and opportunities. Come see for yourself - -

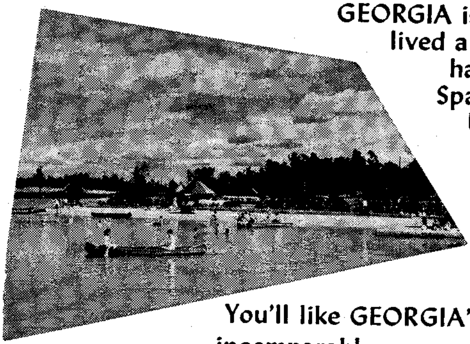
TAKE YOUR PICK . . .

AND YOU'LL PICK

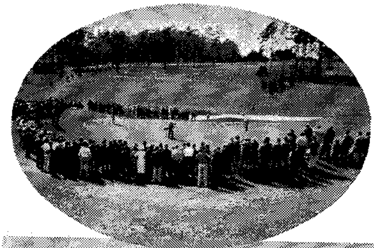
GEORGIA

. . . FOR A TRULY MEMORABLE VACATION . . .

GEORGIA is rich in American traditions . . . has lived and fought under five flags. Its earth has felt the impact of moccasined feet, Spanish boots and marching Britishers. Union and Confederate Armies have camped in its fields and forests. Memories of its historic events are yours to be recaptured.



You'll like GEORGIA'S incomparable year-round climate!



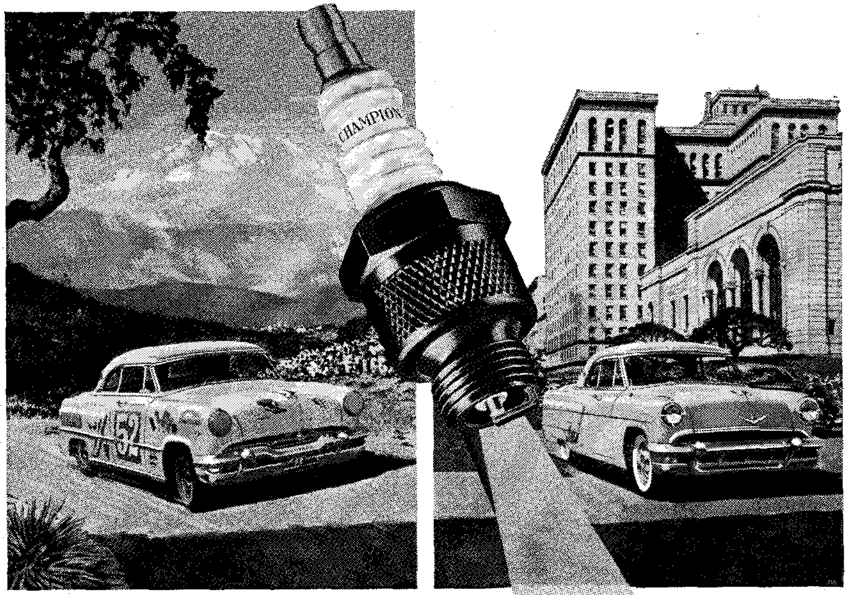
COME SEE US!
There's lots to do and see in GEORGIA!

Vacation Fun for Everyone

Write for illustrated folders today

CLARK GAINES, Secretary —**Dept. C**
GEORGIA DEPARTMENT of COMMERCE
100 State Capitol • Atlanta, Ga.

Name______________________________
Address____________________________
City________________State________



MEXICAN ROAD RACE OR HOMETOWN TRAFFIC, YOU'RE AHEAD WITH CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS!

Today, more than ever before, because of higher compressions, good spark plugs are the key to top engine performance in traffic or on the highway.

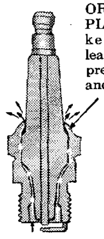
With sweeping victories in the Mexican Road Race, Champion Spark Plugs *once again* prove their outstanding superiority under extreme driving conditions . . . from mountain cold and stiff climbs to jungle humidity and desert heat.

Champions came through this gruelling 1,912-mile run with dependability and performance to spare—powering the winning Lincolns in the large stock class, the winning Lancia in the large sports class and the Chevrolet, winner of the small stock class.

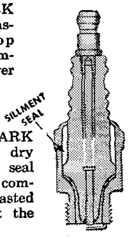
These were strictly stock Champions, identical with those available at your neighborhood dealer. They will make any car run better and they cost not a penny more than ordinary spark plugs.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

ANOTHER CHAMPION FEATURE



ORDINARY SPARK PLUGS use metal gaskets which develop leaks. Result: lost compression, wasted power and poor economy.



CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS exclusive dry powder Sillment seal guards against compression loss and wasted power throughout the plug's service life.

CHAMPIONS

Make Any Car Run Better

Coronet

Publisher:
GORDON CARROLL

Editor:
FRITZ BAMBERGER

Managing Editor:
JOHN BARKHAM

Senior Editors:
GEROLD FRANK
BERNARD L. GLASER
BEN NELSON

Associate Editors:
CARL BAKAL
LAWRENCE ELLIOTT
ANNE FROMER
JIM GUERRIER
MARK S. NICHOLS

Editorial Associates:
MARY CAREY
PHILIP DOYLE
PATRICIA GATELY
PAUL STEINER

Art Associates:
AUGUSTINE PENNETTO
ANNETTE STONE

Production Director:
GUS BERKES

Advertising Manager:
PAUL P. JONES

John Smart, President; A. L. Blinder, Executive Vice-Pres.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; Jack Abraham, Vice-Pres. for Films; Lester Petchaft, Treas.; A. D. Elden, Sec.; Edgar G. Richards, Vice-Pres. in Chrg. of West Coast Operations. General Offices, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. Subscription offices, Boulder, Colorado. Editorial, Advertising & Production offices, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Postage must accompany manuscripts and drawings if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for unsolicited materials. Manuscripts and artwork should be sent to Coronet, Inc., 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Semiannual index available on request. Indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

Copyright 1954 by Esquire, Inc. Copyrighted under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Inter-American Copyright Convention. Title registered U. S. Pat. Office. Reproduction or use without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content in any manner, is prohibited.

Change of Address: Subscribers should notify their Postmaster and the Coronet Subscription Department, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colorado, thirty days before change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. When writing in, please enclose your mailing label which gives all necessary information.

Contents for April, 1954

VOL. 35, No. 6, WHOLE No. 210

Articles

Are Children Necessary? . . . MARY BURTIS 17
Be a Mind Reader! . . . ROBERT W. MARKS 20
Gustav Eckstein: Nature's Pupil . . . NORMAN CARLISLE 25
The Many Sides of Victor Borge . . . JACK DENTON SCOTT 29
Signature in Pounds . . . KATE SMITH 35
What's Behind the Sun? . . . JOHN PFEIFFER 36
McKay of the Mormons . . . L. GLEN SNARR 65
Ever Had Bursitis? . . . ROBERT RUSHMORE 70
When Vanderbilt Lost . . . DON MCNEILL 73
The Facts About "Big Business" . . . DONALD I. ROGERS 74
New Looks for Georgia . . . LUKE GREENE 79
Florence Chadwick: She Never Quits . . . GRADY JOHNSON 84
"They Drive Me Crazy!" . . . MARTIN PANZER 89
The Lawyer Who Dared . . . SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE 91
Those Spring Peepers . . . RONALD ROOD 92
I Had Breast Cancer . . . TERESE LASSER 109
The Church Builder Who Cuts Costs . . . ANNE FROMER 129
The Horror of the "William Brown" . MATTHEW HUTTNER 134
The GI's Friend in San Francisco . . . LEE EDSON 138
Exclusive News . . . MAURICE MARKS 141
The Eyes of Science . . . SAM SHULSKY 142
The Last Word? . . . ARCHER WALLACE 147
Miracle on 34th Street . . . MORT WEISINGER 148
The Stone That Burns . . . MADELYN WOOD 162

Pictorial Features

Back Home in Indiana . . . HERB SHRINER 41
Fools on Wheels . . . PICTURE STORY 153

Service Features

The Month's Best . . . MOVIES 6
Holiday in France . . . TRAVEL 8
Stop That Drip! . . . HOME MAINTENANCE 10
Steak Ways . . . FOOD 12
Garden Tools: Care and Cleaning . . . GARDENING 14
Coronet's Family Shopper . . . NEW PRODUCTS 120

Departments

Is It "A" or "B"? . . . A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 69
Hollywood, U. S. A. . . . 83
Grin and Share It . . . 114
Gourmet Glossary . . . 126
Business Pointers . . . 133

Book Condensation

The Power of Positive Thinking
THE REV. DR. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE 95

Cover

Tree Traffic . . . STAN EKMAN

Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill. Printed in U. S. Entered as 2nd class matter at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Subscription Rates:** $3.00 per year in advance, $5.00 for two years.

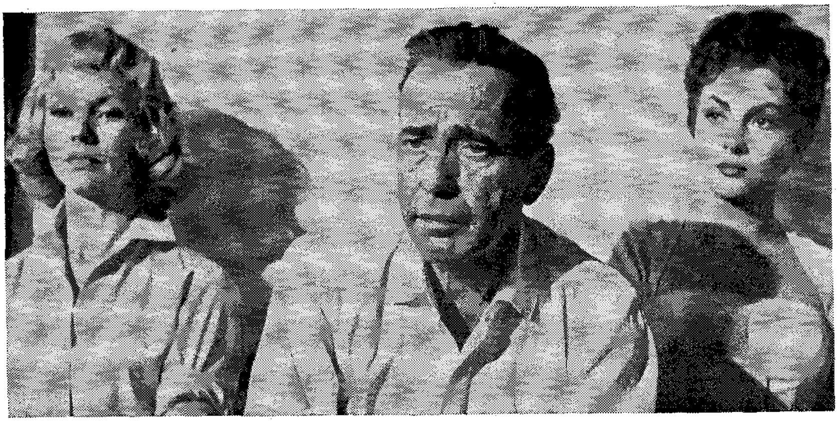
MOVIES

THE MONTH'S BEST...

Robert Morley is the "syndicate" leader.

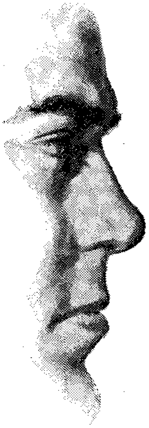
BEAT THE DEVIL

Thrown together on the tramp steamer *Nyanga* in the Mediterranean are a band of unscrupulous adventurers with a common goal—the wealth of Africa's uranium fields. A boiler explosion puts them in a single small boat and carries to a rushing climax a tale of intrigue and counter-intrigue, murder and ever-mounting tension. *Beat the Devil*, a United Artists' release, brings together an awesome array of talent—Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, Peter Lorre and Edward Underdown; taut, provocative performances; direction by John Huston; a screenplay written by Huston and Truman Capote. Together with on-the-spot filming in Italy and Africa, all this represents for U.A. an ambitious—and successful—keynote to its 35th anniversary of movie-making.



Jennifer Jones, another man's wife, tries to take Bogart from Gina Lollobrigida.

HOW TO SUCCEED WHILE YOU'RE STILL YOUNG



IT SURPRISES many people to learn that the average age of the men who respond to our advertisements is closer to forty than to twenty. But it's not hard to understand why this is true! Most young men are *satisfied* with their progress in business. Their native ability and energy are enough to win them regular promotions and salary increases. They find success only a matter of time.

But the day comes, often with a shocking suddenness, when this easy and casual progress ends abruptly.

Many a man wakes up with a start in his thirties or forties to find that his income has leveled off, and that promotions have ceased.

"I'm not getting ahead as fast as I should," he says to himself. "Where am I going to be ten years from now?"

Sheer ability and energy can carry a man to the mid-way point in business... *but only a thorough knowledge of business fundamentals can help him beyond that point.*

If you realize that fact while time is still on your side—and act on it —*you can succeed while you're still young.*

FREE—"FORGING AHEAD IN BUSINESS"

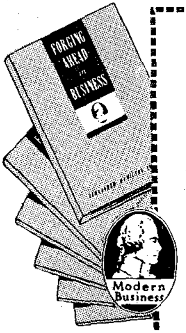
We do not claim that you must have the Alexander Hamilton Course in order to succeed in business. But we do say that *you cannot succeed without what is in the Course!*

All the Institute does is offer you a convenient and time-saving means of bringing this knowledge to you in your spare time; and in a form that has *proved* to be practical.

So that you may judge for yourself whether or not you think the Institute can help you, we have published an informative 48-page book titled "Forging Ahead in Business", for which there is no charge.

We believe that this little book will help any man get down to bedrock in his thinking; however, there's no cost or obligation for it because—frankly—we've never been able to put a price on it that would reflect its true value. Some men have found a fortune in its pages.

If you would like a complimentary copy of "Forging Ahead in Business," simply sign and return the coupon below. It will be mailed to you promptly.



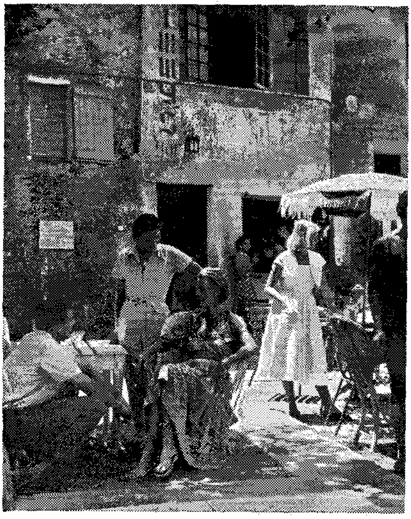
ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
Dept. 247, 71 West 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.
In Canada: 57 Bloor Street, West Toronto, Ont.

Please mail me, without cost, a copy of the 48-page book—
"FORGING AHEAD IN BUSINESS."

Name________________________________
Firm Name____________________________
Business Address_______________________
Position______________________________
Home Address__________________________

TRAVEL

Holiday in France



All over France, this is the thrift season for tourists. The Riviera (*above*) welcomes another spring with gaiety and excitement, while northward in Brittany (*bottom*) Old World people and landscapes remain splendidly serene. And, as many a songwriter has already discovered, nothing is quite so wonderful as April in Paris.

Colorful

Coronet-size

Vacation Guide

NORTH CAROLINA
Variety Vacationland

to scores of popular and easily reached North Carolina attractions

FREE!

Send the coupon today — get the book by return mail!

100 PAGES 200 PICTURES

giving you in digest form a world of information about beaches, mountains, parks, sports spots, dramas . . . something of interest for everyone.

READ ABOUT IT NOW— COME WHEN YOU CAN

DEPT. of CONSERVATION & DEVELOPMENT • Room 120 • Raleigh, N. C.

Please send me, free, "Variety Vacationland," which includes an all-year calendar of events.

NAME ____________________

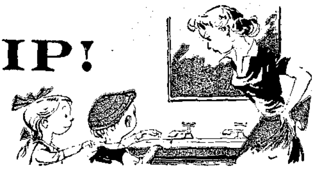
Please Print

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________________ STATE ____________________

HOME MAINTENANCE

STOP THAT DRIP!



THAT SLOW, steady dripping from the faucet in the kitchen or bathroom is more than a mere nuisance. It can stain a porcelain bowl—and cost you up to $60 a year in wasted water. Some household tools and replacement parts costing very little will promptly put an end to the nuisance.

Step one in repairs of any kind is to turn off the water supply. You will usually find shut-off valves—one for hot, one for cold—close to the errant faucet. Turn them clockwise until they are tight. Otherwise, follow the pipe into the basement as far as its connection with the outside water supply. Somewhere near that point you will find either a doorknob-sized wheel or a spigot—the master shut-off valve. Close it and you are ready to start on your repairs.

First taping the leaking faucet to prevent scratches, use an adjustable wrench to remove the faucet head. In its bottom you will find a small washer held in place by a single screw. The washer will be worn—that's probably why the faucet leaked—and should be replaced with another of the same size. In replacing the screw and valve, make the connection snug, but not too tight.

If the leak in your plumbing comes from a pipe, the chances are that this section will eventually have to be replaced. However, metal clamps and tape will serve until the plumber comes. Wrap the tape several times around the pipe, extending it an inch or two beyond each side of the leak. Then apply the clamp—there are sizes for virtually all pipes—and tighten the bolts firmly.

Leaking drains require expert handling, special washers and hard-to-apply packing. But rubber tape, generously applied and covered with friction tape, is a good stop-gap measure. Since the drain is usually close to the floor, wind a cloth around the tape, trailing one end into a bucket. This will keep the overflow off your floors while you wait for help.

Low pressure at the faucets may indicate that your water tank has sprung a leak, either at a seam or at some point where corrosion has eaten through. In either case, you must expect to replace the tank before too long. Chewing gum secured with tape may plug up the opening, but you can do a more permanent job with a few simple implements. If the leak is at the seam, a flat-ended punch and a hammer are all you need. A few light, quick blows of the punch on the exposed end of the seam will work the malleable metal over until the gap is closed. Holes in the tank can be corked with a plug of metal and rubber which forms its own threads in the tank wall as it is screwed into the hole.

Changes in temperature and humidity frequently cause pipes to "sweat" and drip water. Result: pools of water on your basement floor. Remedy: insulate the pipes. Newspapers in several thicknesses wrapped around the pipes is a temporary measure. Much better and almost as inexpensive is a waterproof wrapping material sold in many hardware stores. Spiralled around the pipe, an adhesive lining secures it permanently in place.

Tagging each pipe and valve in your plumbing system with a brief description of its function will help you take immediate action in case of emergency. Periodic inspection and simple maintenance will keep those emergencies few and far between.—GERALD NELSON

If You Like to Draw or Paint...

Let America's 12 Most Famous Artists

TEST YOUR ART TALENT FREE!

Right at your fingertips, you may have a secure, successful, money-making art career... **or** a richly rewarding ability to express yourself through painting for pleasure. Find out now with this fascinating, free, talent test. Developed by the Famous Artists Schools, it scientifically reveals and measures your natural sense of form and line and composition, as well as your creative originality. Thousands of men and women gladly paid $1 for the privilege of taking this test. Yet today, if you act promptly, the Art Talent Test is yours without cost or obligation. Just mail the coupon now.

Famous Artists Career Course

Famous Artists Painting Course

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS

Norman Rockwell	Peter Helck	Robert Fawcett
Jon Whitcomb	Fred Ludekens	Austin Briggs
Stevan Dohanos	Al Parker	Dong Kingman
Harold Von Schmidt	Ben Stahl	Albert Dorne

FAMOUS ARTISTS Talent test

Prepared by members of the faculty of the FAMOUS ARTISTS COURSE

Get this revealing 8-page Talent Test today!

THIS COUPON BRINGS YOUR TALENT TEST FREE

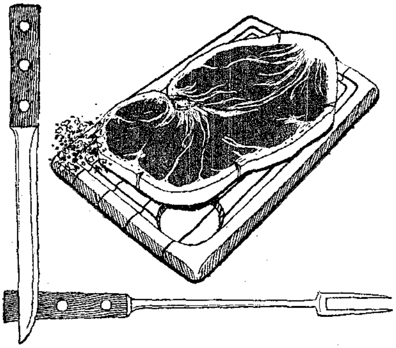
FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS
Studio 91D, Westport, Connecticut

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your free Famous Artists Talent Test. I'm interested in

☐ a career in art ☐ painting for pleasure

Mr.
Mrs. .... Age........
Miss (PLEASE PRINT)
Address..
City.................................. Zone........ State..............

Steak-Ways



STEAK HAS ALWAYS BEEN a favorite American dish, for there are few things more delicious than a steak, broiled and served hot and sizzling in its own juices. But good as the steak is, it can be made better if care is taken in its preparation.

Start with a steak cut an inch thick. First, trim excess fat and make three or four slashes in the fat that remains so the steak won't curl up while it broils. Next, dust lightly with unseasoned powdered papaya tenderizer, then forget it for ten minutes while you set the broiling rack three inches from the source of heat, and preheat the broiler.

Season the steak on both sides with salt, pepper and a dusting of monosodium glutamate to bring that good meat taste out and up. Brush the broiling rack with fat. Lay on the steak, and broil about three minutes or until well-browned. Then turn over, but not with a fork, since that makes juices drip out! Use cooking tongs. Brush steak with melted butter or margarine, and brown. Then reduce the heat.

In five minutes more, you will have a rare steak. For medium well-done, allow eight minutes longer. If you have a thicker steak, cook a comparably longer time, then make a little cut near the bone to see if it's to your liking. Last, spread with lemon-butter and sprinkle with black pepper fresh from the pepper mill. The garnish: lemon wedges and water cress.

If using frozen steak, don't stop to thaw. Tenderize, season and broil as described, but allow a third more time. However, the ultra hurry-up way is to use an infra-red grill.

If you like vegetables with a meaty taste, spread a package of frozen peas, cut asparagus or mixed vegetables, seasoned with salt and pepper, on the pan under the steak before starting it to broil. There is the whole main course. And you'll not be cooked while cooking it.

A word about that lemon-butter. For generous-sized steaks, mash one-fourth stick of butter or margarine until soft, and blend in a tablespoon of lemon juice—fresh, frozen or bottled.

Have you ever eaten cheese-topped steak? Mash two big tablespoons Bleu cheese with a half-cup grated sharp Cheddar, one tablespoon lemon juice, a half tablespoon table mustard, two tablespoons butter and two of dry sherry. Spread this over the steak three minutes before it will be done. Broil until the topping bubbles.

If you would like to go South Pacific, fix a carpet-bag steak. Order a sirloin steak three inches thick, and slashed at the side to form a deep pocket. Tenderize, season, and fill the pocket with a layer of well-drained oysters, mixed with a few buttered bread crumbs. Use canned or thawed frozen oysters when fresh are not available.

Fasten together with poultry pics so the oysters won't skid out, and broil 25 minutes. Then spread with lemon-butter and bake ten minutes in a hot oven. Slide onto a hot sizzling platter; then pull out the pics and garnish with cress.

—IDA BAILEY ALLEN

"LIKE MEN–ACTIVE WOMEN NEED A RUGGED WATCH"

TIMEX

Says Barbara Ann Scott *Olympic Skating Champion*

WATERPROOF* • SHOCK-RESISTANT • DUSTPROOF*
MARLIN
SPORTSTER

Sweep-second hand, radiolite dial, chrome case, stainless steel back.

$11.95 EACH

PLUS 10% FEDERAL TAX

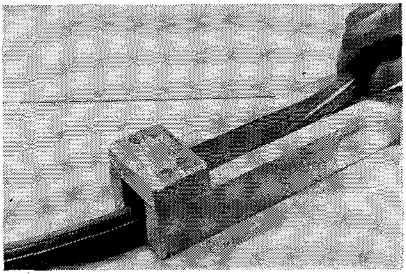
Full-size Marlin or petite Sportster – equally waterproof*, dustproof* and shock-resistant. Throughout her busy, active day – at home or on the ice – Barbara Ann Scott uses and depends upon the Timex Sportster to serve her well. Just as men in every walk of life depend upon their Timex Marlins to look right and run right.

ONE YEAR GUARANTEE

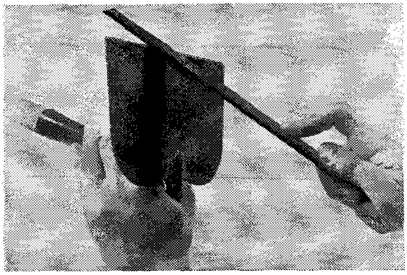
*Stays waterproof and dustproof as long as crystal, crown and back are intact and, if removed, expertly replaced.

TIMEX PRODUCT OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF WRIST WATCHES · 500 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 36 · ALSO IN CANADA, 355 KING STREET W., FLOOR 3, TORONTO

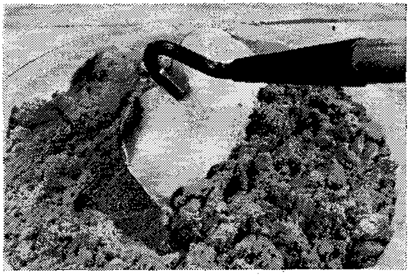
Garden Tools: Care and Cleaning



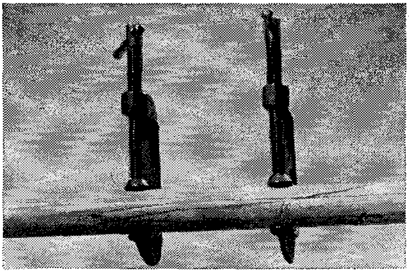
Wooden bridges placed over your hose at strategic points along the lawn prevents wheelbarrow and bicycle damage.



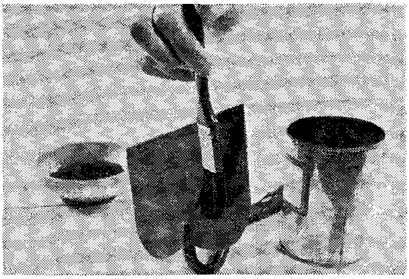
A mill file will keep tool edges sharp and make your work easier. Stroke lightly but firmly toward the cutting edge.



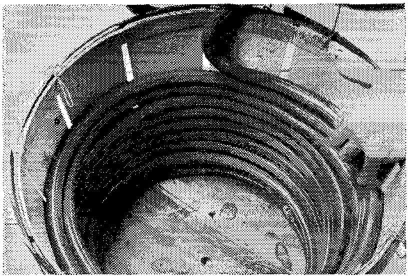
Plunge dirt-crusted tools into a bucket of oily sand after each use. It will clean them and keep them coated with oil.



Confronted with a split rake handle right at the start of the gardening season? Apply resinous glue and clamp tight.



Before storing your tools in the fall, paint them with asphalt varnish thinned with turpentine, or coat with grease.



Short of a reel, the best way to keep a garden hose is coiled inside a basket. Store the lawn sprinkler in the center.

PROFESSOR CHARLES N. STAUBACH, *Department of Romance Languages, University of Michigan. A talented musician, he has played 1st violin in the Ann Arbor Civic Symphony Orchestra.*

Are you a judge of character?

If you are, it will occur to you that you have never seen an inconsiderate person wearing a hearing aid

ONE OF THE MOST important clues to the character of this man is his hearing aid.

He never allows his hearing impairment to impose a burden on his friends and associates...nor on himself. His Zenith royal-t® is an unmistakable badge of courtesy and consideration, and he wears it proudly. When his physician recommended the use of a hearing aid, he acted upon that important advice without hesitation.

He is a man who is not easily swayed from his keen appreciation of value and quality. Although he would have paid any price to get the hearing-aid performance his profession requires, he chose the one hundred and twenty five dollar three-transistor Zenith...and there are thousands of Americans just like him.

Mail this picture-story to a hard-of-hearing friend. You'll be doing him a great favor.

Your Zenith dealer will demonstrate the royal-t®, and give you full information about Zenith's ten-day money-back guarantee and remarkable after-purchase protection plan. His name is listed in the classified telephone directory. Or send for local dealer list. Write: Zenith Radio Corporation, 5801 Dickens, Chicago 39, Illinois.

SWEETA
SQUIBB

New! Non-fattening liquid Sweetener

SWEETA

"SWEETA" IS A TRADEMARK.

Squibb Saccharin in a handy squeeze-a-drop plastic bottle. Sweetens instantly even in iced drinks . . . boil it or bake it, it won't lose its flavor . . . it's calorie-free and just 2 drops are as sweet as a teaspoon of sugar.

Look for this **SQUIBB** package at your drugstore

EIGHTEENTH YEAR
Coronet
APRIL 1954

Are Children Necessary?

One woman speaks for those who have never raised a family

by MARY BURTIS

“What!” my husband’s ex-service friend remarked with astonishment, “you two haven’t started to raise a family yet!”

By now, I really should be able to take such remarks without my face getting scarlet, since I have had about ten years of practice. But somehow I never quite anticipate the tactlessness of those who make such remarks and follow them by, “Why not?” or “How come?” or “What *have* you been doing?”

Somewhere along the line, people have gotten the idea that childless couples are curiosities without a private life of their own. They are to be pitied and/or are odd. I couldn’t begin to count the times I have been subjected to remarks such as: “Just you and your husband?” and then in reply to my “yes,” that incredible look accompanied by, “No children?”

Or it may be a blunt question: “You haven’t any children?” with a look of wonder-why-not, poor-thing, written over their faces.

All whose households have been blessed by the patter of little feet seem to have the idea that marriage without children is a barren, unhappy state. In their mind’s eye, they place a blame on one member of the couple and then, in an embarrassed attempt to help you from becoming extremely unhappy, they launch into long tales of their own children, past, present and future, but always with that look of pity in their eyes.

Wonderful things have been done to establish harmony in discordant homes, acquaint childless couples with the facts of fertilization and, as a result, there is now a great deal more hope abroad for the chances of getting a crib for the nursery. Even so, there remain three classes of people who will continue to live their lives without children of their own: those who do not have competent medical advice available to them, those who are biologically unable to have children, and those who, for reasons of their own, do not want children.

In behalf of the thousands of childless couples throughout the world, I would like to clear up a popular misconception. *Children are not necessary to personal happiness, married happiness or a happy home.*

I have seen miserable women, traveling under this mistaken idea, wail pathetically when they fail to make a success of their marriage. Joan was one of them. From the very beginning, she knew, and her close friends knew, that something was wrong with her marriage. If it was going to stick, it would need a lot of hard work, a lot of give and take, a lot of adjusting. But Joan would not work at it. She believed that all their problems would be solved if they only had a baby.

She dwelled upon this thought so much that it possessed her day and night. A baby was to her a magic thing that would banish all personality clashes, all arguments, all anger. But her marriage failed to produce the one thing she wanted from it, and the two people found life too bitter to endure.

Other women, whose whole lives have been built around their children, cannot endure life without them, and grieve after the children have been taken from them by marriage. "As long as the children were home," Mrs. D. confided to me, "Bill and I had something to make our house a home, but now there's nothing left to hold us together. We don't have anything to talk about anymore. What's to become of us?"

You see, Mrs. D. believed that children were necessary to a happy home. She hadn't thought of her husband as anything but a father for many years. She herself was a mother—not a wife, a helpmate or a lover. Fortunately, this couple found each other through the help of their church. And they found more than each other: they found that the world needs the helping hands of many men and women with the past experience of having been mothers and fathers.

Doris is what we commonly know as an old maid. She chose this station in life of her own free will. Her family blood line was not happy and wholesome. She vowed that she would not pass on to her child the burden that had fallen upon her shoulders by inheritance, and because she believed that a man could not possibly love a woman who could not bear him a child, she turned her back on marriage.

Men had argued the point with her: they had tried to convince her that she was desirable for herself. But she refused to believe them.

FOR THOSE who still believe that children can solve all the problems of the home I call attention to the families whose lives are bared in divorce courts. These are examples of children separating parents, not cementing them together. Many a mother has so devoted her life to her children (to the exclusion of her husband) that he has found companionship elsewhere.

Many parents even battle competitively for the love of their children, until their home crumbles around them. And the children of broken homes? What of them? They change from a blessing to a burden. Through neglect, many find their ways into juvenile delinquency and crime statistics. No, the solution to happiness does not lie in children alone.

Perhaps because we have no children ourselves, we have come to know other childless couples in our town, and it would surprise you to know how constructively they have adjusted themselves to their situation. The Grahams, for example, who are people of moderate means, manage to do a good deal of traveling every year simply because they have no children to tie them down.

We ourselves find time to do more community work than most couples who have children to care for. I serve on four committees in our village, and I like it. I got tremendous pride and satisfaction out of organizing the last blood-bank drive we carried out here. Meanwhile, my husband is active as a member of the village board.

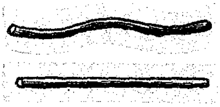
It's true we would prefer watching our own children grow up—if we had them—but the point is that we occupy our time usefully and pleasantly even without them. We may not have fulfilled ourselves in the sense of having progeny to carry on our name, but we have fulfilled ourselves as human beings in many other ways. We have had leisure to learn ourselves and to learn something about our friends and neighbors: we have been able to gain a knowledge of the world and its people which may well have been impossible had we children.

The love and affection we surely would have concentrated upon our own we have, I think, spread outward toward the world, not only in our community activities but in all that we do and say and think with other people. I hope this does not sound smug, but perhaps we have even grown up a little more than our neighbors who have been blessed as we have not.

Do not construe from this that I have anything against children, for I have not. I believe in large families and probably, though I'd be slow to admit it, envy them. But I do not brood over it. I do not cry into my pillow for the child of my own that I do not, and can never, have. I do not make my husband miserable by allowing myself to become frustrated and rebellious because ours is a childless marriage. I do not covetously possess the children of others to compensate myself for my unproductiveness.

Instead, I accept the situation as it is, and devote all of my energies to building constructively for us the kind of a life that bespeaks the enjoyment we find in each other. Instead of useless grieving, we find happiness and satisfaction in each other, our many mutual interests, our constant adventures together, our helping hands to others. And it is only when I am thrown with a group of proud parents who show their pity for me that I am even conscious there is any difference at all in our lives.

Direct Method



THE BEST WAY to show that a stick is crooked is not to argue about it, or spend your time denouncing it, but to lay a straight stick alongside of it. —DWIGHT LUMAN MOODY

By practicing this secret know-how you can . . .

BE A MIND READER!

by ROBERT W. MARKS

AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER almost everybody has come in contact with a "mentalist"—a man who presumably can read minds, see objects miles or hundreds of miles distant, discover in a flash the most intimate details of your past life. The question which has puzzled many investigators is whether some super-normal power, some "sixth sense" is involved in the act, or whether the whole demonstration is "gimmicked."

Recently, a well-known mentalist announced his ability to read in New York the headlines of a Chicago newspaper before the paper was ever actually off the press. A demonstration was arranged, with the mentalist under observation in a New York broadcasting studio at the time the paper in question went to press.

"I am getting an impression now," the mentalist announced at the moment the Chicago press began to roll. "I will write my impression on this paper, which is to remain folded until someone calls Chicago and confirms what I have written."

He quickly scribbled some words on a small square of white paper, folded and gave it to one of the studio observers to hold.

An announcer got the Chicago newspaper on the phone. "What is the headline on your early edition, now on the presses?" he asked.

"1500 City Bus Drivers Strike at Noon Today," Chicago answered, and the announcer repeated the words aloud.

"If you will unfold this piece of paper," said the mentalist, taking the paper from the observer and handing it to the announcer, "you will see that those are exactly the words I have written."

The paper was unfolded. Written there was the Chicago headline.

Did the mentalist have some occult power? Most of the studio audience were convinced he did.

Professional magicians knew better. They knew he made use of a simple gimmick called a "nail writer." Concealed under the nail of his thumb was a tiny pencil. In the pocket of his jacket was a pad of paper with sheets identical to the one on which he had scribbled some nonsense words and given, folded, to the observer to hold.

His operation was simple. When he heard the headlines announced aloud, his right hand was in his jacket pocket. He merely wrote the correct words with his nail writer, folded the concealed paper, then made a quick switch when he supposedly passed his original paper from the man who held it to the announcer.

Most mentalist acts depend on switches of this sort, or on any of a dozen or more gimmicks, gadgets or simple forms of investigation prior to the act.

On a radio broadcast not long ago, a professional mentalist put his hand to his head and announced, "I sense a number . . . it seems to be a telephone number. I'm beginning to get it. It is linked to the letters TE . . . could that be Templeton? I have it now . . . the whole number . . . TEmpleton 6-9971. Is there someone in the audience thinking of that number?"

A woman rose. She was a plainly dressed, dignified woman obviously awed by what was happening.

"Madam," the performer asked, "have you ever seen me before?"

"Never," replied the woman emphatically.

"Has there ever, at any time, been any communication between us in any way, shape or form?"

The woman was indignant. "Of course not. I came here tonight because I didn't believe what I had heard over the radio. I wanted to see for myself what actually went on here."

"Please don't laugh," said the mentalist. "This is serious. I get some initials now. They seem to be G. H. But I feel they are not yours. They belong to someone close to you. You are thinking of the name George . . . George Harrison . . . that's the name of your husband, is it not?"

The woman gasped.

Other flashes even more startling came to the mentalist: the names of her children, the street number of her house, the nature of her husband's business. Finally, to top the succession of wonders, he beamed his x-ray vision through the leather sides of her pocketbook and read numbers on her driver's license and social security card.

Had you been present at that broadcast, you, too, would have looked on the mentalist as a human wonder; and it probably would never have occurred to you to ask yourself why a man of such extraordinary gifts should be an entertainer and not a general, presidential adviser or tycoon.

As a matter of fact, this man does have extraordinary gifts—but as an artist, not as a mind reader! His power lies in making the obvious seem incredible. For behind his act, as behind most spectacular feats of implied clairvoyance, telepathy or so-called "mentalism," is a simple gimmick.

To obtain tickets to the broadcast it is necessary to write to the studio ahead of time. All the "mentalist" has to do is select at random the names of 20 or 30 people to whom tickets are sent. He puts a private investigator on their trail a few days before the performance. Perhaps the only thing that is really amazing is the amount of information about a person an investigator can get from such sources as local retail credit agencies.

At the broadcast, the mentalist is not required to apply occult "mental powers"—he has only to use his eyes. Spread out before him on a set of filing cards, or on the pad on which he dramatically jots down his "impressions," is enough information to compile a miniature "*Who's Who.*"

Once a pre-selected person identifies himself by acknowledging one of the key telephone numbers, the mentalist has him spotted; the rest is as simple and mechanical as reading charges against a culprit in traffic court.

The term "mind reading" is generally used to mean both telepathy (the interchange of thoughts directly between one mind and another) and clairvoyance (the "seeing" by means of a "sixth sense" of objects out of the range of normal sight). The word "mentalist" is used loosely today to designate all the various types of miracles-of-the-mind practitioners, including the often superbly-gifted showmen who specialize in what magicians call "mental acts."

To make their acts more mystifying and difficult to expose, most professional mentalists use a dozen or more routines. In general, however, the techniques depend on one or more of three basic operations: switching of written material, communication with confederates, and boning up on the victim before putting on the act.

The first professional showman to put the "sixth sense" (or "second sight" as it was later called) into his act was the great Chevalier Pinetti, a conjurer of the 19th century. Pinetti, using his beautiful wife as a "medium," had her sit blindfolded on the stage and communicated with her from the audience by means of an ingenious code.

The system worked out by Pinetti is still used by many mind readers today—although in a more elaborate and flexible form. The performer asks the "medium" to identify some object or read some writing given him by a person in the audience. The first letter of each sentence he uses in talking to her spells out what she is to reply.

Thus he might say, "*P*..lease give me your attention. *E*..verything ready? *N*..ow concentrate." This would inform the medium that the object to be identified is a P-E-N.

Later conjurers, such as the great Frenchman Eugene Robert, who later changed his name to Robert-Houdin, improved on Pinetti's method by using hidden mechanical means to signal the medium. A modern development of this method is a pocket-size walkie-talkie carried by a confederate in the audience. A hidden lapel microphone picks up the conversation between the confederate and the spectator, which the mentalist listens in on through a hearing-aid type of earphone.

Most mentalists, however, rely on a much simpler procedure: they "bone up" ahead of their act. In nightclubs, the table reservation list gives the performer the names of many of his victims. Some of these names are familiar to him, since his profession requires a studious reading of society columns. The *Social*

Register and telephone directories can give him an enormous number of talking points, once he knows what to look for.

His second source of information is the waiter. An hour before his act goes on for instance, you and your party are ordering dinner or drinks. As you settle down to enjoy yourselves, you exchange bits of juicy information while the waiter fidgets with the silver, the dishes, the ash trays, listening attentively.

Each useful piece of information he passes on to the mentalist brings him a fat tip. By the time the performer comes to your table, presumably to read your thoughts, he has a remarkably detailed dossier on you and your state of mind.

PERHAPS the most baffling and dramatic of all devices used by virtuoso mentalists is "muscle reading." In New York recently, a well-known miracles-of-the-mind lecturer announced to reporters that he could find a hidden object anywhere on the Island of Manhattan.

One reporter offered a challenge. "Tomorrow," he said, "I will hide a 3c stamp. If you find it where I hide it you'll be the mental wonder of the age."

"Not only will I find it," said the performer confidently, "but I'll bet you $10,000 to $1 that I won't miss."

The two met the next day at Times Square. The mentalist hailed a cab. "Hold this," he said, handing the reporter one end of a rolled handkerchief while he held the other. "Through this I will be able to get the 'vibrations.' "

The performer told the driver to circle the Times Square area. Then suddenly his directions became specific. "Go downtown now . . . keep going until I tell you to stop."

At Wall Street he had the car turn around. A few blocks later he announced, "We'll get out here."

Still holding his end of the handkerchief, he hesitated for a moment, then marched the reporter to a cross street, then east toward the river. They passed a restaurant. Again he hesitated. He turned back, opened the door, took the reporter inside.

Three times the pair circled the restaurant. Then the mentalist went up to a waitress. For a moment he and the reporter stood facing her, then he said, "I know this is an unusual thing to ask of you and I hope you won't be embarrassed—but would you mind raising your dress just above your knees?"

The restaurant patrons thought they were seeing a lunatic. But the girl slowly lifted her skirt. There, an inch above the top of her stocking, was a 3c stamp.

Completely baffled, the reporter paid the mentalist his $1.

Again we have the unbelievable. But the explanation is quite simple. In psychology there is a phenomenon known as "ideomotor action" —the tendency some people have of betraying, by unconscious twitching of their muscles, things which are on their minds. Thus, if you hide something in a room and know somebody is looking for it, you will have an irrepressible need to look at the hiding place from time to time and eventually your eyes will give you away. And if you were to hold one end of a handkerchief and a skilled muscle reader the other, your unconscious twitches would lead him directly to the spot.

Try this at the next party you

attend and you will see for yourself how plain the signals can be. This does not mean, of course, that a feat like the one described can be performed successfully by any bungling amateur. It requires sensitivity, a high degree of awareness and years of practice.

The reader should not imagine that because he has read this article, he is automatically equipped to expose the next mentalist who comes to town. Good performers thrive on the skepticism of their audiences. The more the audience believes it is on to the gimmick, the more ingenious the artist becomes.

Many mentalists deliberately encourage suspicion, even making obvious moves that seem to give the act away, only to wind up with a finale that completely mystifies the Doubting Thomases. No master performer will ever stick to a static routine.

All of which is to say that when you next see a psychic-looking performer locate a hidden postage stamp in two minutes flat, don't rush out and say, "I know. Muscle reading." That will be just the time he finds the stamp without coming near anyone at all. It will also be the time—perhaps the first in the history of legerdemain—that a master mind reader has made a stamp radio-active and located it with a Geiger counter.

Farm Fare

A VETERINARY was instructing a farmer as to a suitable method for administering medicine to a horse.

"Simply place this powder in a gas pipe about two feet long, put one end of the pipe well back in the horse's mouth and blow the powder down his throat."

Shortly thereafter, the farmer came running into the veterinary's office in a very distressed condition. His clothes were covered with powder, his face a sickly color.

"What's the matter?" asked the veterinary.

"I'm dying!" cried the farmer hoarsely. "The horse blew first."

—ANITA BELMONT

A TENANT FARMER had come into the bank to borrow funds for putting in a crop of cucumbers. No, he didn't own the land—he was renting it. No, he didn't have any bonds, nor did he have a tractor or other automotive equipment. Well, yes, he did have some mules and a few cattle. The loan was arranged.

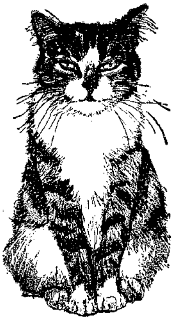
That year happened to be a bonanza season for cucumbers. After he'd paid off his loan he had a few hundred dollars left. As he was stowing his money away in his battered old wallet and preparing to leave, the officer suggested: "Why don't you let the bank take care of that money for you? Why not open an account with us and let us keep your money safe?"

Quick as a flash the erstwhile borrower came back with a question of his own: "*You* got any cows or mules?"

—BELLE S. HAMILTON in *Banking*

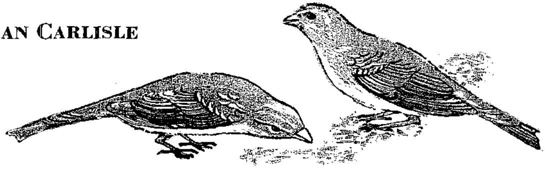
THE FARMER doesn't worry about an eight-hour day; he'd be happy to settle for an eight-hour night.

—*North Bay Daily Nugget*



Gustav Eckstein: Nature's Pupil

by **Norman Carlisle**



CITY TRAFFIC snarled past him, but the little man in the green corduroy jacket paid no attention. He was intent on a yellow cat that minced to a stop at the curb, waited for a red light to change, then marched across the street, looking neither left nor right.

The man hurried after him, and when the cat wedged his way through a hedge and crossed a yard, the man did likewise. He was still following when the cat walked sedately down an alley and climbed a wall. When the cat leaped to the window ledge of a big building, the man was standing below it. His face wore an expression of puzzlement and delight.

Here was no ordinary cat. This one, the observer had just discovered, could apparently tell time—not only the time of day, but the day of the week. And certainly the man trailing this remarkable feline was not ordinary either. He was Gustav Eckstein, one of the world's most amazing scientists, a man to whom even nature's humblest living things are full of hidden capacities which, studied with open mind, may give us a better understanding of our own little-known abilities.

Take the strange case of Willie, the cat who could tell time. His story began when his owners noticed that his behavior was peculiar on Monday nights. Other evenings he always left home around 5 or 6 o'clock, not returning until late. On Monday nights, however, he left at precisely 7:45 and returned at 9:45. But why?

As thousands of other people have done, they called in Dr. Eckstein, who happily set out to follow Willie on a Monday-night promenade. He found that Willie's destination was the ledge which enabled him to look down on a public game of bingo held just once a week. The following Monday, Eckstein was back, and the performance was repeated, as it was again a week later.

Carefully the scientist eliminated possible explanations. Was Willie attracted by food served at the gathering? No, because there were no refreshments. Did he come to join other cats? No, he was the only one who appeared in the vicinity.

The conclusion was inescapable. For some strange reason, the cat liked to watch the bingo game. And far stranger, he knew to the minute exactly when it would start. He had, Dr. Eckstein announced, a sense of time, just like that which enables some people to awaken in the morning within split seconds of the time chosen the night before.

Most scientists would scorn such bizarre antics as following the nocturnal wanderings of a cat, but not Gustav Eckstein. It is just such ventures that have earned him a worldwide reputation as an observer of the animal world.

While other savants carry out elaborate experiments under "controlled conditions," Eckstein conducts no conventional experiments at all. While his colleagues compile ponderous reports, complete with graphs and statistics, comparing the behavior of Rat A with that of Rat B, Eckstein insists on viewing them as creatures capable of many human emotions. In fact, his sympathy and affection for them reaches such proportions that the late Alexander Woollcott likened him to St. Francis of Assisi.

ECKSTEIN'S approach, almost unique in science, has made him famous, in spite of the fact that he has never made an earth-shaking discovery or propounded a startling new theory. His admirers include people from every walk of life and if you were to visit his laboratory, a big gray concrete room in the Medical College building at the University of Cincinnati, you might bump into a Broadway producer, an actor, a novelist, a cab driver, and, in all probability, a visiting scientist who has journeyed halfway around the world to see Eckstein.

Here, standing up at a cluttered chemical workbench, he does his writing, which includes not only scientific papers but books and magazine articles about animals, a novel, a biography, and even a play which was produced on Broadway.

As Eckstein, a small, intense man of 60, bounds around the lab, his thatch of gray hair bobbing up and down and his eyes gleaming, his excitement is contagious. His machine-gun pace rises as he warms to his subject and his hands and body pantomime what he is describing.

One awed engineer, after listening to the scientist's breathless description of a canary's nesting activities, said, "He makes building a bird's nest sound like the construction of a George Washington Bridge!"

Eckstein is widely respected, aside from his remarkable adventures with animals. As a teacher of physiology at the University of Cincinnati's College of Medicine, he is famed as one of America's leading educators whose methods have been studied by pedagogues from all over the world.

Although he does not practice medicine, he is an M.D. and is often consulted by physicians who are helped in their diagnoses by his amazing knowledge of the human body. His biological studies published in technical journals are sober and carefully documented.

Eckstein got into science by a roundabout route, starting out, curiously enough, as a highly successful dentist. After a few years, he suddenly decided he would rather be an M.D. and took up the study of medicine while he continued his lucrative practice.

By the time he graduated, he realized he had missed his calling again. His real interest, he decided, was physiology, an opinion with which the University of Cincinnati agreed by offering him a position as instructor in physiology. Eckstein snapped it up without blinking, despite the disparity between its $2,500 salary and his $16,000 dental practice.

He never regretted the loss of income because, from that time on, his life became an adventure. Eckstein joyously plunged into teaching in a way that jolted professorial calm. His idea was that students would learn most by doing, so he set them to work probing each other's throats, taking blood-pressure readings, and recording everything from brain waves to electrical reactions of muscles.

Eckstein began observing animal behavior by accident, when he bought a canary as a gift for a friend. Before he got around to presenting it, he discovered that his friend hated canaries. Meanwhile, the scientist had observed with growing dismay that the bird seemed unhappy in his cage, so he turned it loose in his laboratory.

When the bird still seemed dejected, Eckstein decided that what she needed was a mate. From that time on, as many as three dozen canaries at a time have given his laboratory the appearance of an aviary. He has spent hours studying the songs of his birds, coming up with the conclusion that the canary is a master imitator who picks up all sorts of sounds and incorporates them into his songs.

One night a canary broke into a song that Eckstein had never heard before, a haunting wisp of sound that kept repeating itself. The song was imitating, the scientist felt sure, some sound the canary had just heard.

It was late, the building was almost empty, and Eckstein could hear the distant twittering of crickets, the delicate scratching of mice in the walls. They were vaguely like the song, but not quite.

He opened the door, went into the corridor, and stopped dead. From somewhere in the building, barely audible to Eckstein but following the same rhythm as the feathered songster's melody, came the sound of clicking typewriter keys.

Hard-boiled scientific researchers sometimes dispute, though they find it hard not to be touched by, Eckstein's reported observations of kindness and understanding on the part of his animal friends.

There's the story of Hinge, the blind canary, for instance. For years the aging bird had slept at the same spot near the end of a book cabinet. Then one day, as he made the flight to this resting place, another bird blundered across his path, confusing him. Hinge landed on a cage.

His actions made it clear he wanted to reach his usual spot but didn't know how. Apparently he had always found it necessary to start from the same point to reach his destination. Now he stood there peering, as if trying to see with his sightless eyes. Suddenly all the other birds stopped singing.

"Then," says Eckstein, "an unforgettable thing happened."

Crusty, Hinge's mate, who had been sleeping, awoke. Instantly she flew to Hinge's customary spot on the bookcase and began to sing. Hinge leaped into the air at once and, without hesitation, winged to his sleeping place.

Had his mate perceived the situation and flown there to guide him? Matter-of-fact scientists might not think so, but Eckstein was sure she had understood her blind mate's predicament and had deliberately helped him to his perch.

Eckstein has always stuck to his idea that birds and mammals can best be studied by carefully watching under all sorts of conditions. This often leads him to carry one of his animal friends with him wherever he goes.

On occasion he has taken a pet parrot under his coat to listen to a symphony concert. Parrots, he thus discovered, will remain perfectly quiet; but a similar experiment with a pigeon named Hato failed when high notes of the violins brought such coos of response from the bird that Eckstein had to leave the hall.

Eckstein believes we could all learn a lot by patiently studying the simple lives of animals—for one thing, new understanding.

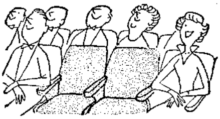
"I would look at her," he said of a mouse mourning her dead mate, "and remember how limited, most likely, was my own world to the good Lord."

When a discussion of humans learning from animals comes up, Eckstein is likely to launch into the story of a parrot who had her own ideas on that subject. The scientist had set out to teach the bird to talk. After a few sessions he noticed that she would make an odd noise, then pause and look at him expectantly.

Finally Eckstein caught on to an amazing fact: The parrot wanted to teach *him!* He grinned and imitated the sound just made by the bird, who then "taught" him another and another.

Finally the parrot made a weird utterance that the scientist couldn't master. After listening to several of his miserable attempts, the bird leaped up and down excitedly, squawked triumphantly and then waltzed away, in obvious disdain of her poor pupil.

Leit Motif



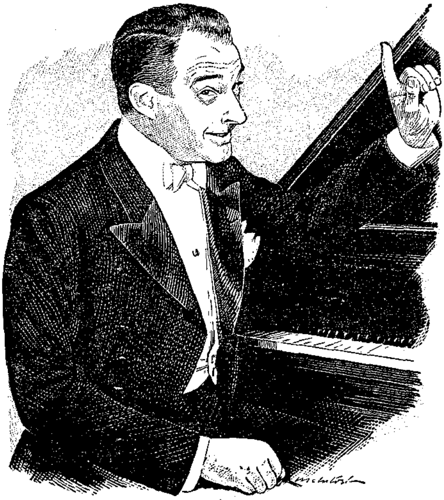
AFTER HIS ANNUAL concert in a Midwestern town, Paderewski was found backstage in a silent, preoccupied mood. One of his aides asked if he were ill. "No, no," the musician replied, "but some of my friends were missing. The gray-haired couple. They weren't in their usual seats in the fourth row."

The aide was surprised. "I didn't know you had friends in this town. Did you know them well?"

"I knew them very well," Paderewski explained, "but I never met them. I liked the way they listened. Every time I played here for 20 years I have always played for them." He shook his head gravely. "I hope there is nothing seriously wrong." —IRVING HOFFMAN

The Many Sides of VICTOR BORGE

by JACK DENTON SCOTT



What is the secret of the Danish pianist whose one-man show packs theaters?

ONE EVENING LAST FALL, Governor Dewey of New York asked his eldest son what he wanted as a birthday gift.

"I want to see Victor Borge in his one-man show," said the boy.

The Governor didn't know who Victor Borge was, but phoned Manhattan for four tickets to "Comedy in Music." Then the Deweys and their two sons drove to Broadway from the family farm in Pawling. During the show, Governor Dewey, a man notoriously not given to levity, laughed so hard that the audience was distracted.

Later, the Governor approached Borge and thanked him. "Only once before have I been in hysteria," said Dewey, "—and that was when Will Rogers twirled his lasso and tried to pick up moth balls with his bare toes."

Two months previously, President Eisenhower, attending an entertainment at the Marine Corps base in Quantico, Virginia, laughed so long and hard at Borge that tears came to his eyes. Last year at the big Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto, Viscount Montgomery, the unemotional World War II leader, also wiped away tears of laughter as Borge performed.

Even the Manhattan theater critics, a cantankerous clan never lavish with praise, dropped all reserve when Borge opened his one-man show at the Golden Theater. The *Times*' Brooks Atkinson observed: "Borge is the funniest entertainer in the world—with or without a piano." And the *Herald Tribune*'s Walter F. Kerr remarked: "I have met people who don't like Victor Borge. I have continued to speak to people who don't like Borge. No longer. After his performance, they go their way, I go Borge's."

The object of such unusual praise is a seemingly suave man whom millions have seen on television, and thousands have applauded on theater stages. He is known as a piano-satirist and has been given several names, such as Clown Prince of the Piano. The pattern of the Borge (pronounced Borg-ah) show is low pressure and high humor. He comes onto the stage, the lights dim and he says, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, welcome." He hesitates, then says bashfully: "The Baldwin Company wishes me to announce that my piano is a Steinway."

He spends about ten minutes at the piano, trying to chase the "Third Man" theme out of the theater, with its melody running distinctly through several songs. Next, taking out pad and pencil, he asks for musical requests from the audience. While these are being called from all parts of the house, he ostensibly writes a letter. Then he asks the audience to join him in singing *Tea for Two*, but his lackadaisical piano accompaniment makes it impossible. Finally, tiring of a classical concerto after a few bars, Borge rises from the piano and solemnly reads several lines—any lines—from Shakespeare.

If anyone in the audience makes the gesture of checking the program to find out what comes next, he is clearly in the wrong theater. The program simply states: "Frankly, we don't know what Mr. Borge will do, but we're sure he'll keep us posted from time to time." When the curtain falls for the intermission, Borge sends out three nondescript stagehands and a French poodle to take bows.

For a while, Borge displayed this peculiar kind of lunacy on his own TV show. Often, he has acted as substitute conductor on Arthur Godfrey's "Friends" show, Ed Sullivan's show and others. But last year, feeling that TV was not the ideal medium for getting close to people, he decided to take his one-man troupe on tour.

His agents sought to discourage him. "You're a piano-humorist," they said. "A half-hour on TV is great. Even nightclub and hotel appearances are good. But entertaining an audience in an auditorium or a theater for two and a half hours? It can't be done!"

Borge's answer was a performance at the huge Municipal Stadium in Philadelphia, where he had to follow popular singer Johnnie Ray. Perched at his piano in midfield, on a platform that was wheeled into position, Borge drew 93,000 full-throated laughs. For the rest of his tour of major U. S. cities and Montreal and Toronto, the laughter never stopped.

DEFINITELY, Borge conveys what is called the "Continental air." He has dark, slightly wavy hair and eyebrows with an upward slant. Five feet 11 inches tall, he weighs 160 pounds, and wears black Homburgs and checked suits with an impeccable manner. Always mobile, his face can convey a hundred moods, from that of a startled pixie to the other extreme of the outraged symphony conductor.

In white tie and tails, he is an urbane picture of the sophisticated cosmopolite—until he raises a hand or an eyebrow in an un-cosmopolitan gesture that evokes rolls of laughter. Meanwhile, his tongue is rarely still as he delivers a mixture of jokes, anecdotes and sly asides. And all the time he manages to give the impression of being a somewhat hesitant, diffident performer who has only recently graduated from amateur ranks.

Actually, he is far from a newcomer to show business. But like many successful entertainers, this singular Dane did not reach the top by easy stages.

Victor, son of a violinist of the Danish Royal Symphony Orchestra, was born in Copenhagen in 1909. The boy displayed an early interest in the piano and by the time he was four, he was able to read notes and beat out creditable tunes. When he was five, however, his father gave him a violin, hoping the son would choose to follow in the parent's musical footsteps.

Young Victor had other ideas, and at ten, he was what is known in musical circles as a prodigy, with a career as a concert pianist already behind him. (Today, when parents ask how they can interest children in the piano, Borge says: "Give them a violin!")

Since Borge has become popular in America, many tongue-in-cheek remarks have been recorded about his method of eliciting laughs. One popular pianist made the newspaper columns by remarking: "I have decided to dedicate my life to finishing the music that Victor Borge starts." When Borge heard this, he remarked: "That guy really has his work cut out for him!"

Actually, he plays at least three complete classical numbers during every theater performance, and gives even to fragmentary music the best of his talents. But he is puzzled that audiences are pleased, no matter what he does.

"Once, I decided to play four classical numbers straight through," he says. "I thought that would be a killer, since people come to get laughs, not to hear music. But when I stopped, they asked for more."

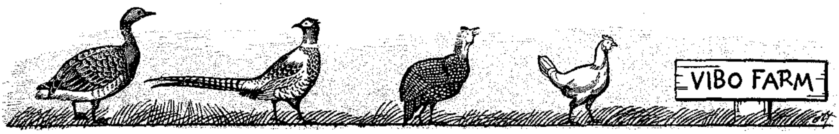
In addition virtually to teething on a keyboard, Borge studied at the Music Conservatory of Copenhagen, the University of Berlin, and in the studios of such famed teachers as Frederic Lamond and Egon Petri. His mastery of stage and audience, however, did not come as easily as did his music.

"Even from the first," he confesses, "I was scared to play before large audiences. I toured Denmark and Europe many times, but every time I sat down to play, I got the shakes. I knew everyone in the audience was a stranger, and each was saying: 'I've come to hear you play. Now play well!' "

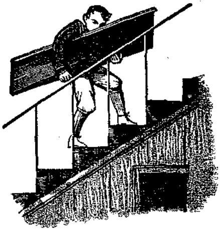
ESSENTIALLY a sensitive man who reacts to an audience the way a piano reacts to his own touch, Borge recalls how he got rid of audience fear and, accidentally, originated his pattern of buffoonery.

At 14, he was given the honor of playing Rachmaninoff's *Second Piano Concerto* as soloist with the Danish Royal Symphony. When an eyebrow began to misbehave, the audience tittered. As a result, the conductor nervously accelerated his beat, causing the orchestra to run ahead of the soloist.

Borge solved the inevitable chaos when, in the middle of a cadenza, he walked with great dignity to the



conductor's stand, turned the score back three pages, bowed to the orchestra and, winking to the audience, returned to the piano and resumed the concert.



During Hitler's rise to power, Borge lampooned the *Führer* from the stages of Europe. Soon after Denmark and Germany signed a non-aggression pact, one classic remark had the Continent chuckling. "The seventy million Germans," said Borge, "may now sleep soundly in their beds, safe from the danger of an invasion by three and a half million Danes."

These were funny but somewhat prophetic words. On April 9, 1940, Germany overran Denmark, and Borge was warned by friends to stay in Sweden, where he was appearing in a musical revue. Three days after the Nazis invaded Denmark, with the acid-tongued pianist on their liquidation list, Borge's mother became seriously ill. In disguise, he slipped past a Nazi cordon and into the hospital to see her. She pleaded with him not to come again; but she sensed that he wasn't paying serious attention.

Possibly she remembered the day in the Borge home when her young son wanted his grand piano moved. The instrument was in a small room facing North, whereas Victor preferred it upstairs where he could play with sunlight streaming on his face. The family decided otherwise.

Victor waited until a day when everyone was away and then, with a screwdriver, tackle, rollers and ingenuity, he proceeded to dismantle and move the piano. Sections that were cumbersome he merely placed on his back and carried. The entire operation took ten hours, but when the family returned, Victor was playing upstairs.

Fate, not the Nazis, finally made a momentous decision for Borge. His mother died, and he decided to get out of Europe. In September, 1940, he arrived in the U. S.

His fame had not preceded him, and he had the additional difficulty of a language barrier. After a discouraging week when agents kept telling him that no one had heard of Borge (and even if they had, how could they understand him in Danish?) Victor decided to learn English by attending the movies. He sat for 12 hours watching his first show —an all-cartoon feature which left him talking like Bugs Bunny.

Soon the persistent movie-goer spoke a fascinating brand of English, in which sentences were punctuated with distinctive sounds. Today, this punctuation routine is part of his show, with Borge reading some literary passages aloud and using an explosive sound for everything from a period to a semicolon.

Nearly all the material in Borge's show is based on personal experience. He writes his own lines, spends as much as a month perfecting a single joke. Although the following patter is hard to translate to paper, it is hilarious when uttered in Borge fashion, sandwiched between melodious bits of Tschaikowsky:

He tells of an uncle who invented a cure for which there was no disease; of another who crossed an

Idaho potato with a sponge, adding: "The result didn't taste very good, but it held an awful lot of gravy." Also, he had a grandfather who invented a burglar alarm—only to have it stolen from him.

While arranging sheet music, he murmurs: "Siberia is a mighty big country," adding sadly, "Nobody knows how big, because nobody ever came back from there." Then, as he sits down to play, he remarks: "This is a sonata for four hands. But it has never been played—who has four hands?"

Sometime during the show, he calls attention to the fact that he has made several record albums. "I'm not interested in their sale," he says. "As you know, the government gets the profit. But I've been in this country since 1940"—his voice is full of respect, almost awe—"and I have been happy during those years. What I want to convey to you is that if you like the American Government as much as I do, please buy the albums!"

ON THAT DAY 14 years ago when Borge arrived in the U. S., he found the going hard. After much discouragement, he landed a job playing at parties in Los Angeles. One evening Rudy Vallee used him to "warm up" a studio audience before air time. The audience loved the daffy Dane.

Representatives of Bing Crosby, who were present, signed him on the spot. And in December, 1941, Crosby put Borge on his Kraft radio show. Victor stayed with the cast for 54 performances. With Crosby behind him, he had finally arrived.

Borge admits that he sneaked onto Broadway last year with his one-man show. "I decided to appear before the Supreme Court of the theater," he says. Since the critic-judges handed down their favorable decision, his one-man show has broken all records—and perhaps can go on forever, if Borge wills it.

The Golden Theater is located in the heart of Broadway—an area jammed with big-name shows. Yet Victor packs his house nightly with virtually no advertising. His ability to hold an enthusiastic audience for more than two hours with the piano as his only prop is something of a mystery to the entertainment world.

When away from Broadway, Borge lives in Connecticut, where he recently bought a farm in Southbury. (He describes it as lying between Strawbury and Bluebury). But he becomes serious when he reflects upon its purchase.

"I had always wanted to own a piece of American soil," he says, "a place in the country with animals and birds."

ViBo Farm has 400 acres, thousands of pheasants, guinea hens, geese, and a new bird that Victor is breeding for the American table—the Cornish Rock game pullet. Working with Borge is John Ford, veteran gamekeeper. When asked about his plans for marketing birds, Borge says:

"I feel the same way as I do about my show. It's the audience that will make it, not I. If Ford and I can perfect a bird that people like, then we will have earned the price of admission."

Borge refuses to play the role of country squire on his farm. When he renovated the main house, a three-year job on which he acted as architect and decorator, he pitched in and helped to shape beams that didn't fit. Recently, when a request for ViBo geese, frozen and packaged on the farm, came from Bloomingdale's gourmet shop in Manhattan, Borge picked pinfeathers to help fill the orders.

His sense of humor injects itself into many rural projects. After draining a three-acre bass pond, he gave the fish away. When asked why, he replied:

"My favorite food is trout pan-fried in butter. Until recently I had been getting my trout the hard way. The bass in the pond ate the trout: I ate the bass. I decided it made more sense to get rid of the bass and put in my own trout."

Borge is serious, however, about his mastery of English. His attractive wife, Sanna, sits nearby when he has time to read newspapers and helps him over the rough spots. Nevertheless, his language is sometimes a problem.

Not long ago, while appearing in staid Boston and explaining the musical meaning of a song he was about to play, he mentioned that during a certain passage, the heroine came out and sang her "Die aria." The audience exploded.

When Borge's manager explained that the two words sounded like "diarrhea," the embarrassed Borge had to be pushed on stage to take his bows. However, that slip of the tongue has now been embroidered into a routine about grand opera that Borge recently gave on the sacred stage of the Metropolitan, while appearing as a guest on Sullivan's TV show.

Today, a considerable number of people ask: What is Victor Borge's secret? Has he developed a magic routine for eliciting laughs?

Last summer in Canada, Borge observed a cooing infant in the front row of the theater. He dropped his normal routine and built his entire two-hour show around the baby and its bubbly noises. It was one of his best performances.

There is no doubt that Borge has a method to his madness. He drops insults with an elegant detachment that places him above everything—including recrimination. He sticks barbs of wit into pomposity, mixes talent with lunacy, and blends the whole with beautiful music.

Watching his show, time ceases to be important: two hours become twenty minutes. Only a few of history's great humorists have had the ability to work such alchemy.

It is inevitable that Borge will have imitators. His advocates dismiss this idea by snorting: "You can only write the National Anthem once!" But Borge himself is more realistic. "Of course, there will be imitators," he says, "and maybe some of them can do this sort of thing better than I can. But all I ask is that they have the ability to make the people laugh. If they can do this, I forgive them anything!"

Memory Test

If you want to test your memory, try to remember the things that worried you yesterday. —ANONYMOUS

Signature in Pounds

by KATE SMITH

George was not a spendthrift, really. But he was only 12 years old, and away from home for the first time in his life. He was used to all sorts of luxuries, and it was difficult, trying to stick to a budget. Besides, a naval cadet must live like a gentleman.

His grandmother was exceedingly wealthy, but she was a frugal lady who believed that extravagance was a vice. So like most of the boys studying at Spithead, on the southern coast of England, George received the small but respectable allowance of five pounds a month. And like most of the boys, he had always spent it long before the month was out.

Sometimes he borrowed a few extra pennies from his classmates, and sometimes he just managed to scrape through on what he had. But one day, he was so hard pressed for cash that he decided to take a chance and ask his grandmother for an advance on his next month's allowance.

He knew that his grandmother would be far from pleased at such a request. In fact, the good lady might be very angry. But he worded his letter carefully, giving a long list of excellent excuses. Prices were going up, after all. Five pounds didn't go as far as they used to. And a naval cadet had so many expenses that couldn't always be foreseen. He wrote the long note on his very best stationery, in a painfully neat script, and waited hopefully for the reply.

His grandmother's letter came along promptly, but there was no money in it. Instead, there was a grandmotherly sermon on the evils of squandering money, and a long list of excellent reasons for a young man to be modest, moderate, and thrifty.

George took his grandmother's rebuke very much to heart. A few days later with the same meticulous care, he answered her letter. "Thank you," he wrote, "for your advice. It did me good to be taught the value of money. I believe that I have learned my lesson well, because right after I received your letter, I started to be thrifty. One of my friends here likes to collect autographs. I showed him your beautiful signature. He bought it for ten pounds."

The grandmother whose signature could be sold for $50 (for that is how much ten pounds were worth in 1877), was Queen Victoria. She had good reason to try to instill, early, the virtue of thrift into her royal grandson, for he was later to reign a quarter of a century on the British throne as King George V.

Kate Smith stars on the NBC-TV network, Monday through Friday. With the singer on her program is producer-host Ted Collins.

The center of our solar system still presents many mysteries to Science

What's Behind the Sun?

by **JOHN PFEIFFER**

SUPPOSE YOU READ these headlines in your newspaper tomorrow morning: No More Sunshine After 1974! Astronomers Predict Death of the Sun—UN Declares International Emergency.

Suppose also that the evidence for the approaching catastrophe turns out to be unassailable, and that 20 years is considered enough advance notice to organize a tremendous drive to stockpile fuel to heat a sunless earth.

The drive is launched immediately. All men and machines are mobilized. The earth's great petroleum and natural gas reserves are drained dry and kept in special storage tanks. Miners begin extracting seven trillion tons of coal, a supply which was supposed to last 2,000 years. They dig up every ounce of the planet's millions of tons of accessible uranium ore.

Finally the sun starts flickering, fades, then sputters out. We are ready with our carefully hoarded fuels which will be burned at just the rate necessary to match the energy once provided by the sun. How long will they last?

All our reserves will be consumed in about 72 hours—that is, all but the uranium. And the entire supply of our vaunted nuclear fuels is good for perhaps 60 minutes more of heat and light. After that—eternal night and death for every living thing on earth.

The sun generates power on an inconceivably vast scale. It squanders enormous quantities of energy which pour out in all directions to other planets and to outer space. It gives our earth only about one two-billionth of the total. Yet, if we had to pay public-utility rates for the tiny fraction that the U.S. receives, our annual bill would come to 327 million billion dollars!

The sun is a global furnace of blazing, spinning, twisting gases—iron, nickel and other vaporized elements, but mainly hydrogen. Out of this incandescent mass spurt crimson geysers. Matter moving at jet speeds of 100 miles a second soars as high as 350,000 miles above the sun's surface. If these flames were set on our moon they would easily envelop the earth. Some of them rise and fall like fountains; others curve back in arcs and look as if they are being sucked into the furnace.

Sometimes great sheets of gas rise and stay put, like curtains hanging by invisible supports. According to one theory, they are kept in place by the pressure of sunlight, since light exerts a push just like water.

Under these great curtains of gas on the surface of the sun, colossal storms rage. Whirlpools of glowing gas swirl down into the depths. The funnels of the giant eddies form conical holes so wide across that the earth and moon could be dropped in like pebbles in a bucket.

THE MOST REMARKABLE feature of all lies hidden from even our largest telescope—the sun's gaseous core. The outer regions are "vacuums," as rarefied as the air in the upper stratosphere. But weird gases exist at the interior. They are subjected to pressures of about 100 million pounds per square inch and are fantastically heavy. A toy balloon filled with them would weigh five tons.

All the heat and light that make life possible are created in this massive core. To accomplish this, the sun becomes a parasite of a strange sort, literally feeding on itself. Every second it consumes four million tons of its own gases, the weight equivalent to a fleet of 80 battleships. Just 24 hours from the time you read this, the sun will be more than 345 billion tons lighter. Yet it has been shining away for at least two billion years—and has ten or more billion years to go.

The workings of our solar furnace are more than a matter of academic interest. Many of these facts are of prime importance to the U. S. Department of Defense. About four years ago, atomic scientists held a crucial meeting at Los Alamos to discuss the chances of making a hydrogen bomb. This superbomb was supposed to work by nuclear fusion, joining lightweight atoms together instead of splitting heavy ones, as in the atom bomb.

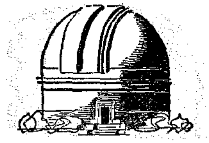
Physicists cited the sun as proof that the job could be done. In the sun's interior, four hydrogen atoms are merged to form an atom of helium, but in the process an infinitesimal bit of matter is destroyed and turned into pure energy. This reaction, carried out on a mass-production basis, is the spark that lights the sun—and detonates the hydrogen bomb.

Of course, the bomb explodes and the sun simply sizzles. Luckily for us, nature has placed her fearsome creation under wraps. The sun's interior is seething at temperatures as high as 40 million degrees Fahrenheit.

A speck of iron heated to such a level would vaporize instantly. But that would be long enough to destroy everything within a radius of more than a thousand miles. If the speck flared up over Times Square in New York City, Kansas City and Miami and Canada's Hudson Bay area would all be burned to a crisp —as well as everything in between.

Our earth is protected from this intense heat and radiation by two lines of defense. The first is the sun's outer atmosphere, a barrier tens of thousands of miles thick. It acts as a blanket to smother nuclear fires inside the sun. Otherwise, the sun would explode.

As it is, "local" disturbances occur on a spectacular scale. Dr.



Donald Menzel, Harvard University's sun expert, points out: "Some solar explosions have mushroom clouds up to twice as big as the earth. Some are several hundred thousands of miles across." Even a smoldering sun, however, would be too hot for life on earth.

The second line of defense is to be found in our own atmosphere. This is a "radiation filter," a spherical shield about five miles thick that surrounds the earth like the shell of a nut. Scientists have identified it as a layer of ozone, an electrified form of oxygen. The gas produces the peculiar acrid odor you detect after a particularly violent lightning storm. This blue layer, so called because of the faint blue color of ozone, floats 30 miles above the earth's surface.

It is a general rule that the higher you go the colder it gets. At an altitude of 20 miles or so, for example, the temperature tumbles to 115 degrees below zero. But despite the incredibly cold surrounding atmosphere, the blue layer registers 175 degrees Fahrenheit, absorbing almost all of the sun's searing ultraviolet rays. If enemy researchers somehow managed to rip a hole in the screen, they would unleash a barrage of death rays more terrible than any described in tales of fantasy.

A properly located hole could incinerate the U. S. The Great Lakes would vanish in clouds of steam; the Rockies turn into streams of molten granite.

Still, the enemy would enjoy only a brief victory. The ozone shell spins together with the earth, but not perfectly. It slips somewhat, like a loose auto tire on a rim. In a few weeks the hole would move. The lethal beam from the sky would creep across the Pacific Ocean to Asia and Europe, leaving charred wasteland in its wake.

The prospect of harnessing this vast, incredible energy of the sun has long intrigued engineers. After the Civil War, John Ericsson, builder of the warship *Monitor*, designed a $100,000 solar boiler which used a parabolic mirror to collect and focus heat rays.

But it is not always done with mirrors. The power-packed rays of the sun, speeding through 93 million miles of space, influence vital chemical reactions on earth. They "trigger" the process of photosynthesis, which plants use to create complex substances out of air and water.

Striking our skin, they furnish the energy cells needed to manufacture bone-building vitamin D. Also, they exert a little-publicized effect on certain compounds—a fact which hints at new ways of trapping solar energy.

For example, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, there is an experimental house which is almost entirely heated by the sun. It is a typical New England frame dwelling, and the only unusual feature visible to the passerby is the south side of its peaked roof, which is made of glass, like the roof of a greenhouse.

The sunlight, passing through, falls on copper collector plates, blackened on the sun side to absorb heat. Circulating water picks up the heat and flows to a 1,200-gallon tank—a heavily insulated giant "Thermos bottle" which can keep the water hot for weeks.

Another way of putting the sun to work may develop from experiments of scientists at MIT on photogalvanic batteries. They have discovered that electrical currents are produced when two wires are dipped into a solution of iron salts and "thionine," a purple dye, and the solution around one of the wires is exposed to light. The battery is charged by light and discharges itself within a few seconds in the dark. Some day, streamlined versions of such "sun batteries" may run industrial plants or provide power for farms or homes.

Many engineers believe that solar energy is the best bet for new power sources of the future. One as yet unpublished report estimates that it would take $10,000,000 and ten years to develop a practical sun-power plant. And it concludes hopefully: "The problems that must still be solved before the sun irrigates deserts, milks cows and vacuum-cleans rugs are no more difficult than those that confront the designers of an atomic power plant."

BUT THE SUN is not only an almost inexhaustible source of energy whose uses will challenge man for years to come. It is also a mighty broadcasting station, emitting radio and high-frequency radar waves as well as heat and light rays.

This discovery, which has opened a new era in solar research, came about one afternoon in 1940 during the Battle of Britain. Watchers scanning a radar screen perched on the cliffs of Dover were following clear images of Nazi bombers on their way back to Germany after a 20-minute air raid. Suddenly the images broke up into a series of ripples, resembling reflections on the surface of a pond after a rock has been dropped in.

Then the images disappeared entirely and were replaced by a jumble of meaningless flashes—radar "static." Experts figured that the enemy had invented a new super-powerful type of radar jammer which blacked out normal signals and was being used to conceal a large-scale aerial attack.

The hunch turned out to be partly correct. Jammers were definitely at work, but *not* the Nazi-operated variety. That day, and on subsequent days, the interference stopped promptly at sunset.

The sun was doing the jamming—first evidence that it was sending out messages which our man-made instruments were receiving. Since the war, more than 20 special radio telescopes have been built to tune in on the sun's electro-magnetic signals. These have antennas instead of lenses or mirrors, dish-shaped affairs and pyramidal horns which look like oversized hearing trumpets. Messages are received as hisses and wails in a loud-speaker, or jagged patterns on a television-type screen.

Solar broadcasts have already revealed some startling facts. The radio-sun is four times larger than the body we know. If your eyes were sensitive to radar waves, you would view a strange and awe-inspiring sight. There would be a huge blob in the sky. Just before slipping out of sight for the night, it would dominate the whole western horizon—looking about as big as the top of a circus tent. Radio sunsets would cover the dome of the heavens and resemble a dozen northern light displays going on at the same time.

The visible sun shines with a uniform brightness; at any one time all parts of its surface seem to be equally luminous. But the radio-sun would appear "brighter" at the edges than at the center. We would see it as a kind of spinning wheel, with a vividly glowing rim and a relatively dark hub. Furthermore, the radio-sun does not shine steadily. It flares up from time to time, producing radar pulses up to 10,000 times more intense than normal.

The outbursts come in cycles. They are the result of sunspots, the solar tornadoes which affect weather, radio reception—and, according to some people, business cycles and even politics.

Sign Language

The dilemma between "Don't You Dare" and "Won't You Please" was neatly solved by a church in a New England town. A state road was cut through, calling for a new entrance drive and a new lawn.

Wisely, the church fathers waited to see what people would do with their feet. Then, where the footprints were thickest across the newly graded front yard, they staked out the path. At each end they put up a small sign: Please Use Your Path.

A school cafeteria was having trouble with paper napkins and empty milk cartons until the athletic instructor put wire baskets at the end of every table, each equipped with a miniature basketball backboard complete with ring and netting. Painted on the backboard was: Can You Hit This?

Every new residential development dreads the mixture of children on wheels and cowboys driving delivery trucks. One solved the problem with a big sign like a school slate, reading: Careful: 29 Children Play Here Each Day.

Residents of a dead-end street took more direct action. They cut a shallow ditch across the road and put up a sign that simply said: Slow . . . Bad Bump.

The man who painted the entrance of a library was one step ahead of his public. To the usual pedestal sign reading Wet Paint, he added See For Yourself, with an arrow pointing to a fresh sample. Then, to the bottom of the sign, he tacked a clean rag.

Jet planes parked on the ready line at air defense fields have a large red sign out front that says meaningfully: Hot Guns. At one airfield, planes with ejection seats powered by a cannon shell have a warning board for mechanics that reads: Seat Loaded—Don't Lose Your Head.

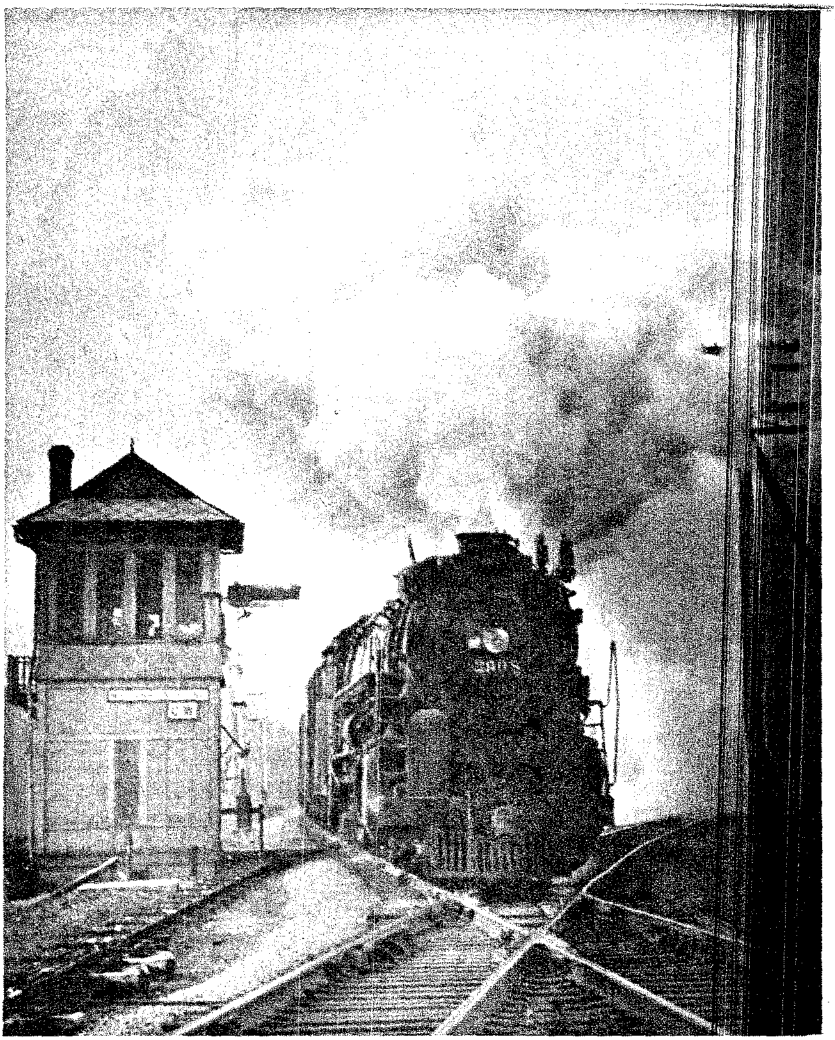
An eating place in Connecticut has a polite plaque on the door saying: Our Cats Don't Like Dogs.

—Perry Githens

Back Home In Indiana

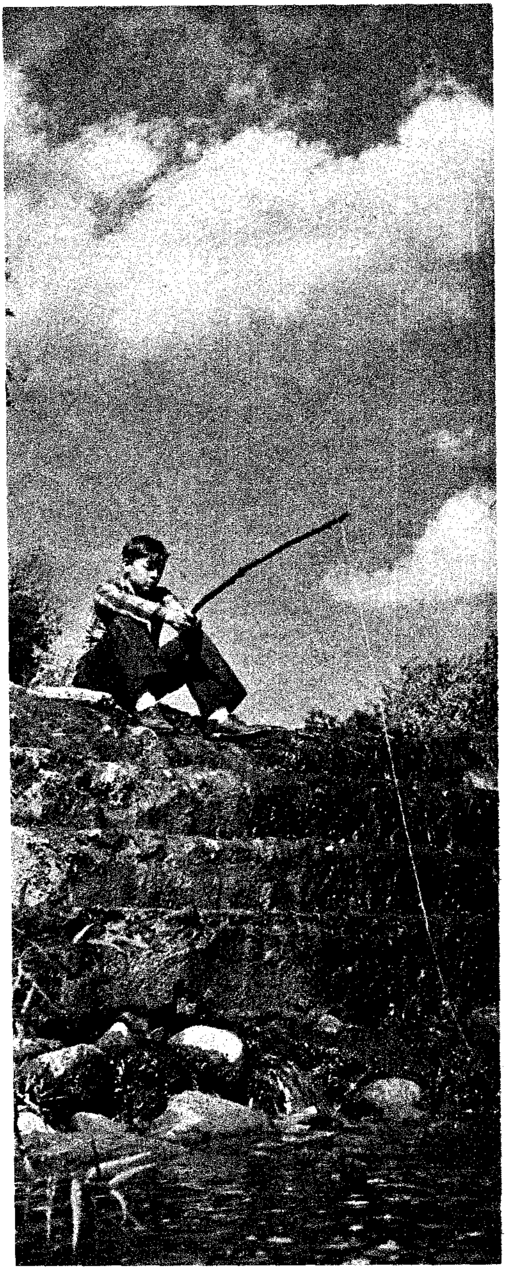
By Herb Shriner

THESE PICTURES OF INDIANA tell their own story of people and places and moods which have contributed so richly to American life. When they are combined with the native wit of Herb Shriner, who is known to CBS-TV millions as the best of all Hoosier humorists, the result is a unique tribute to Indiana and to the old-timers who live there and love it.—The Editors.



WE WERE SURE PROUD of our railroad crossing. We had an awful good watchman, but he was kind of hard of hearing. When the trains got to sneaking through on him, he took to sitting on the tracks so he wouldn't miss any. He's gone now.

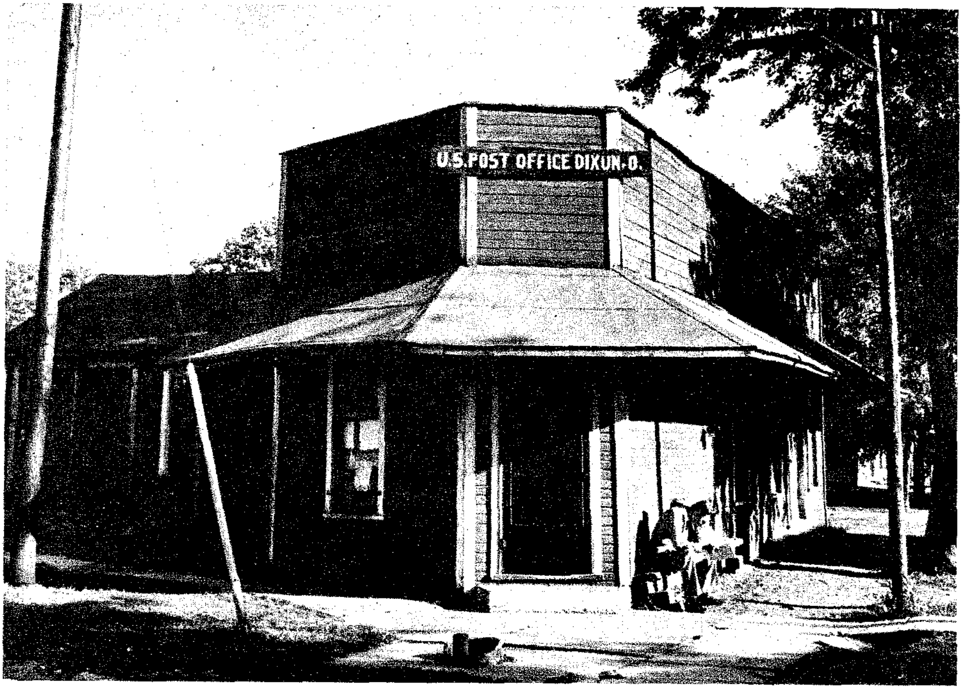
FOLKS IN THE HOME TOWN decided to have themselves a one-way street. Trouble was, we only had one street, and when they made it one way, everybody got stuck on the other side of town and couldn't get back . . . Now they've decided to put up a traffic light . . . Haven't bought the light yet, but they have picked the colors.



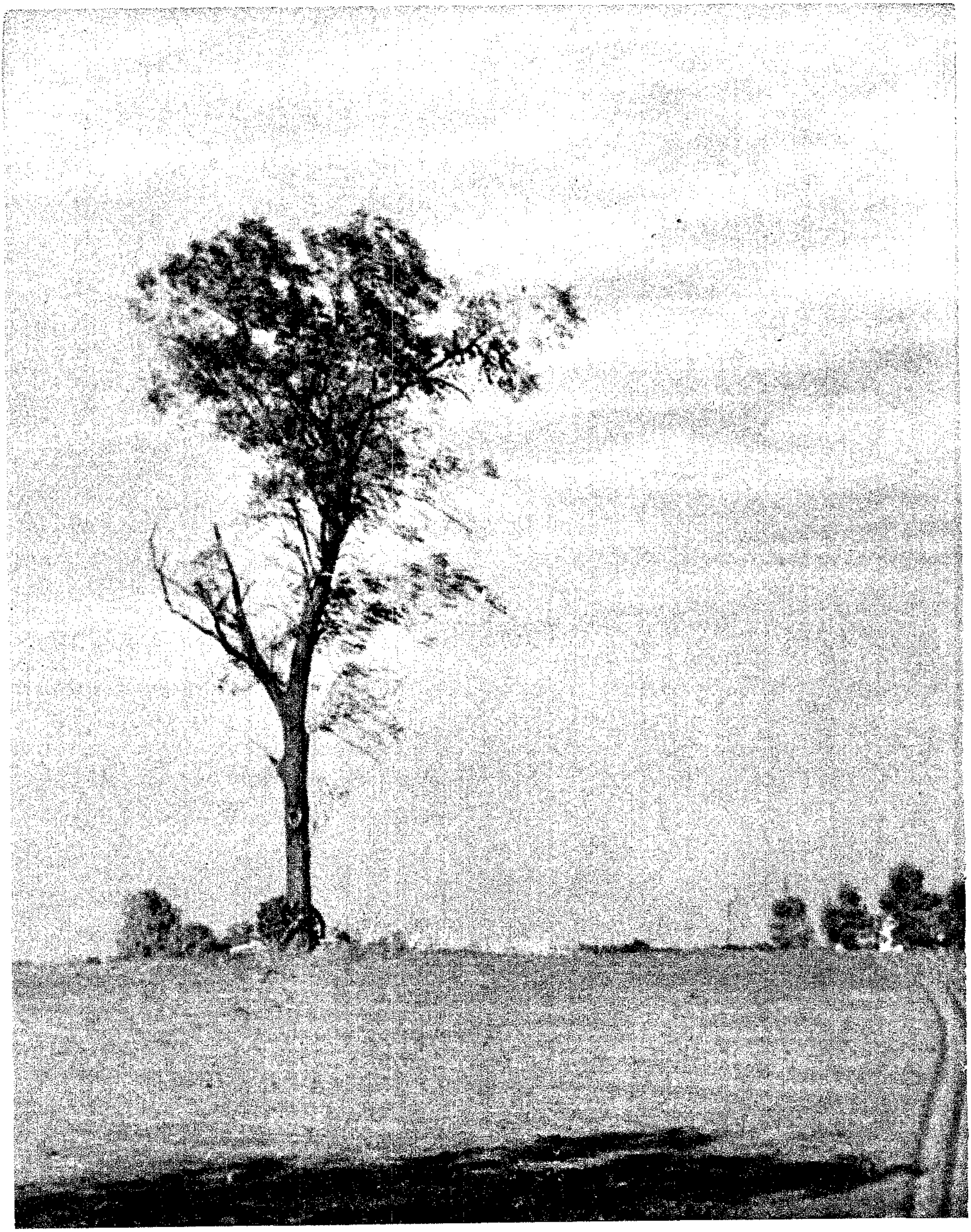
KIDS DON'T SEEM TO LIKE to go fishing these days like they used to. Nowadays, they'd rather earn money doin' chores 'round the house. 'Course today, they're well paid. I know of a little feller who was hired by his mother to do chores around the house . . . soon he was getting so much money for it he hired his father to do the work.

THE OLDER MEN THAT HUNG AROUND the general store used to say that you were getting kind of old when you spit on the stove and couldn't hear it sizzle. Card games never got too popular around the store 'cause there was only one fella that knew how to shuffle. That kind of took the fun out of playing, 'cause unless you sat at his table, you'd keep getting the same cards back.

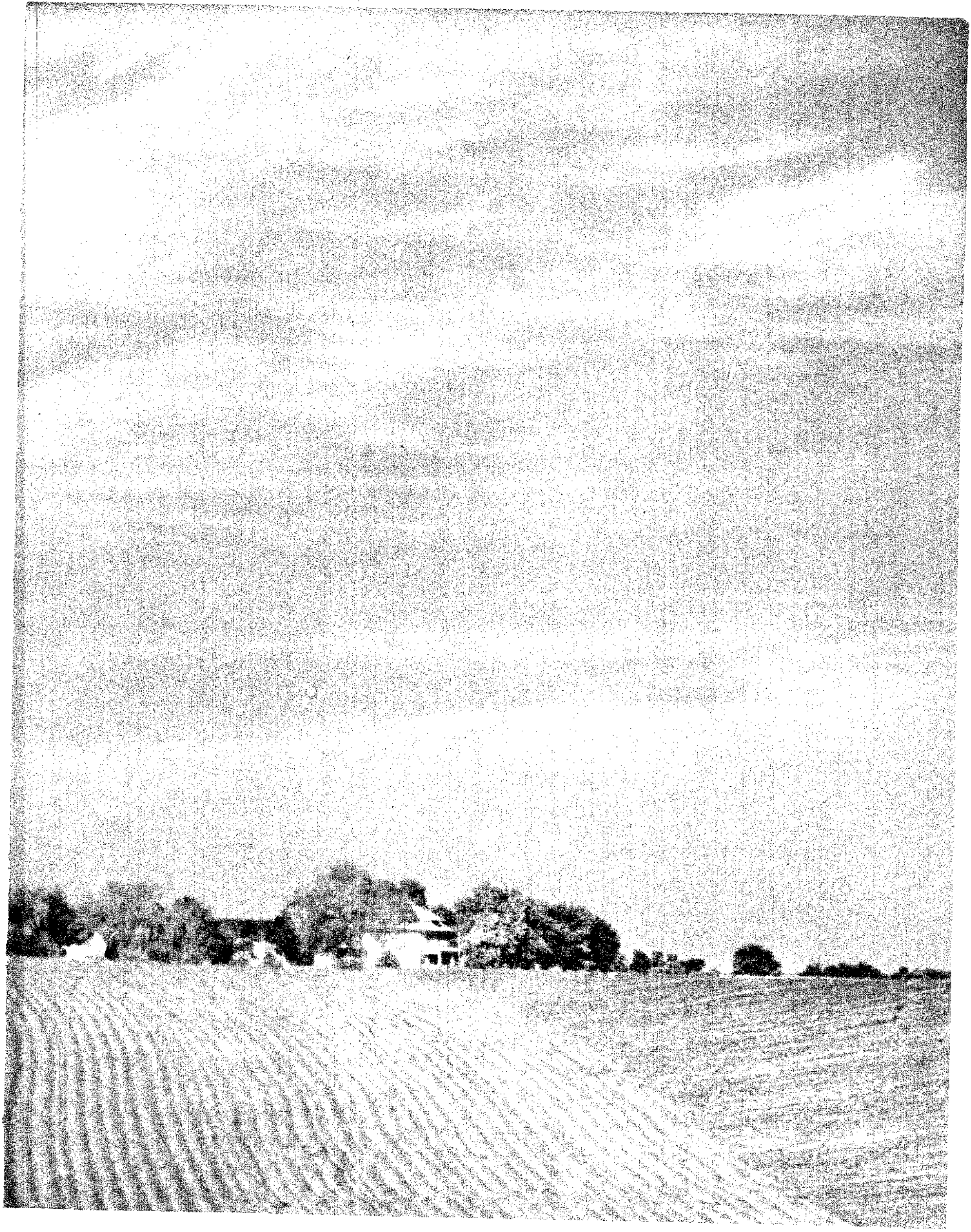
THE MOST NOSTALGIC THING I remember about my home town was the blacksmith's shop. The blacksmith and the shoemaker kept the town moving. But during the Depression, the shoemaker had it bad—folks were having their shoes halfsoled one at a time. I hate to see these oldtimers go.



IN SOME OF THE HOUSES IN TOWN, you could sit on the front porch in Indiana and look across the street into Ohio. In fact, I used to know a fellow who'd cross over to the post office once in awhile, but he'd never stay long—had to come right back 'cause he always got so darned homesick.

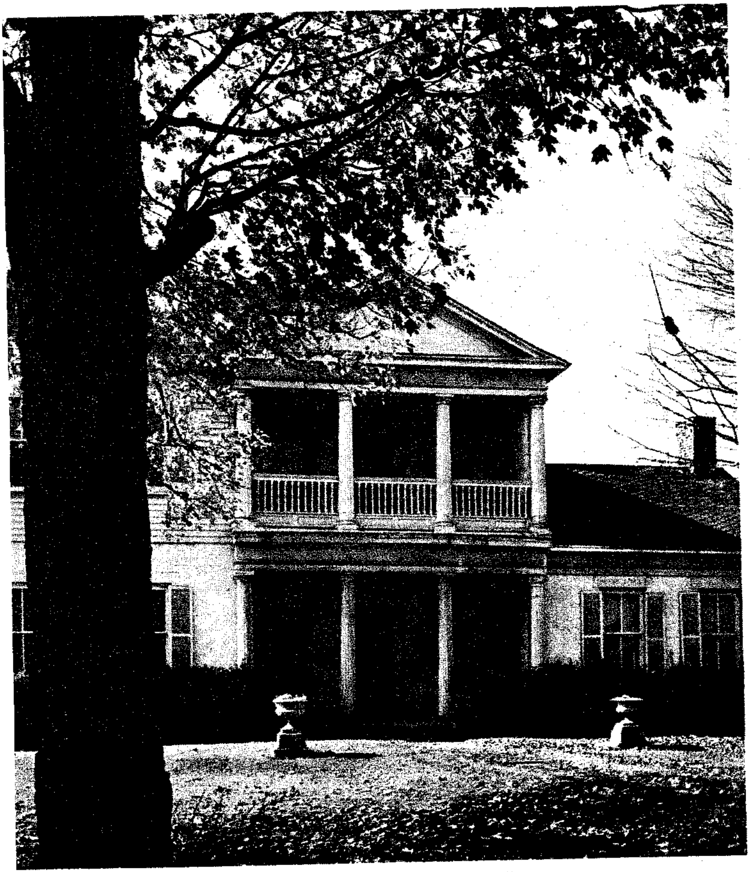


One thing about Indiana, it's sure peaceful. Nobody worries about war or taxes or anything. The truth is . . .



. . . it's so peaceful that if an A-bomb fell back home, the darned thing'd probably just lay there and grow.

A LOT OF FOLKS built fine big houses. I remember one feller 'specially who had a big home. Rumor was, he was so rich that when they served dinner, they had a fork on the table for every course . . . Even though he was rich, another rumor had it that his money was all tied up in forks.

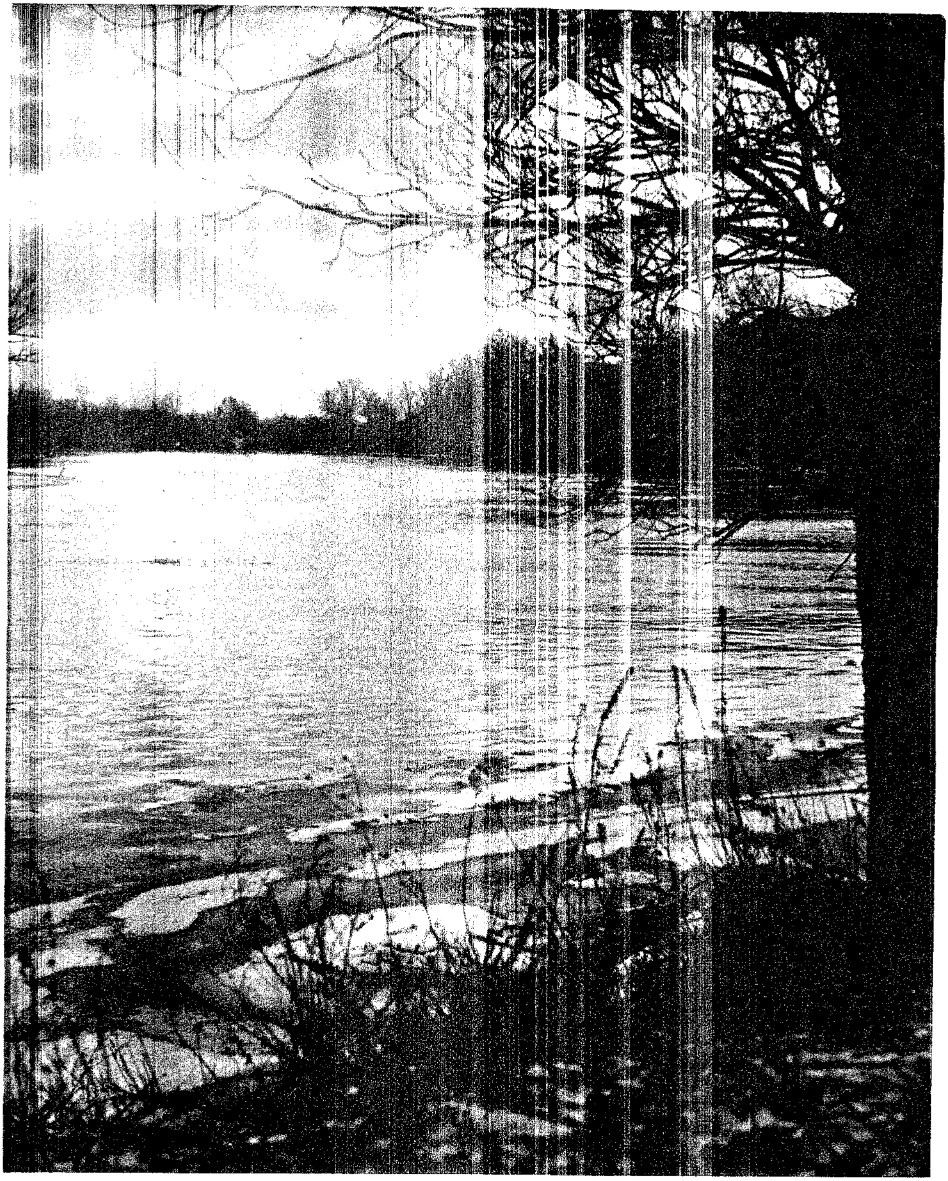


Coca-Cola
SUMPTER'S GROCERY

I REMEMBER how I used to work Saturdays down at the old grocery store—my job was to trim the windows. Not fancy like the big city store window. All we did was dust the penny candy and once a month put in some clean fly-paper. One of the big items we sold was tea—people loved iced tea. Trouble was they could only have it in winter-time—that was the only time we had any ice.

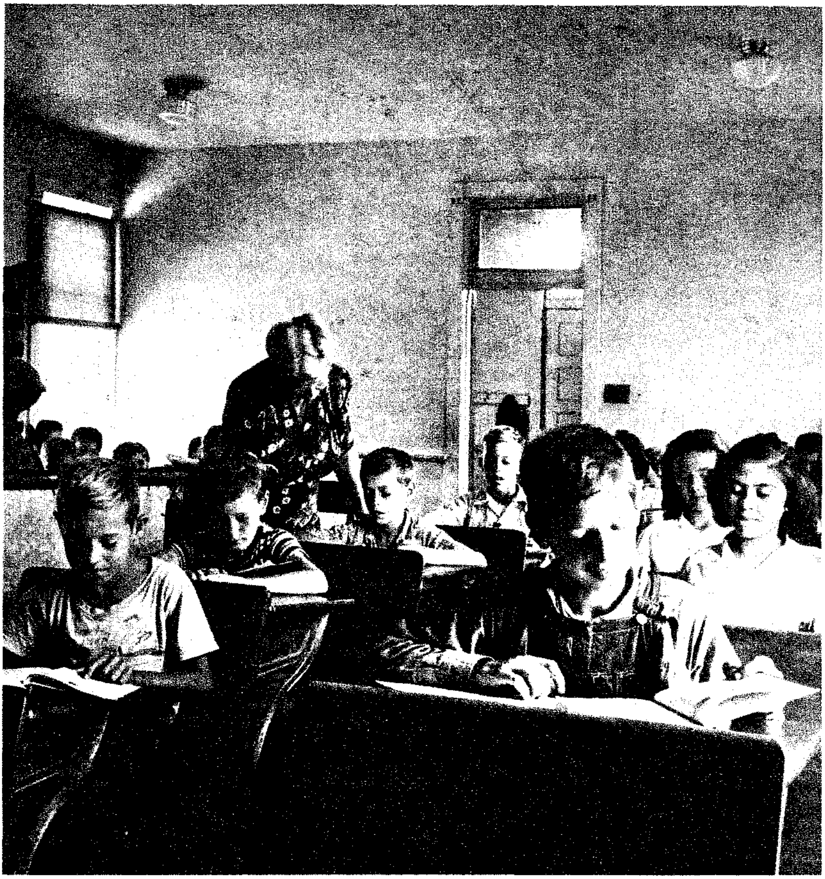
'Course there was always a bunch of fellers out in front settin' and thinkin'—or sometimes they'd just be settin'. There were never any strangers in our town—if once in a while you saw a face you didn't recognize, it was just somebody you already knew—with the mumps.

THESE ROADS ARE REALLY IMPROVED NOW. As far as I know, two buggies can even pass through at the same time. You see a lot of automobiles taking the place of the horse. Fact is, today it's sort of a combination—the engine taking the place of the horse's front end and the driver is taking the place of the rest.

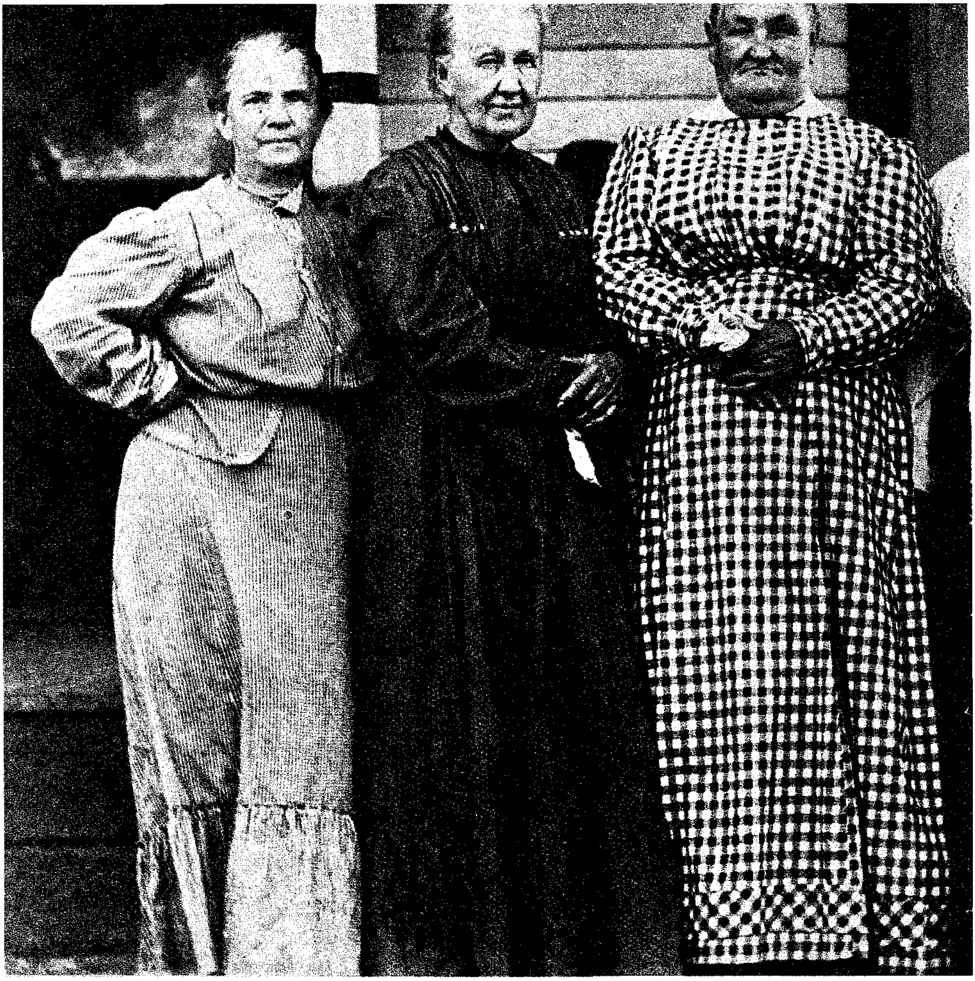


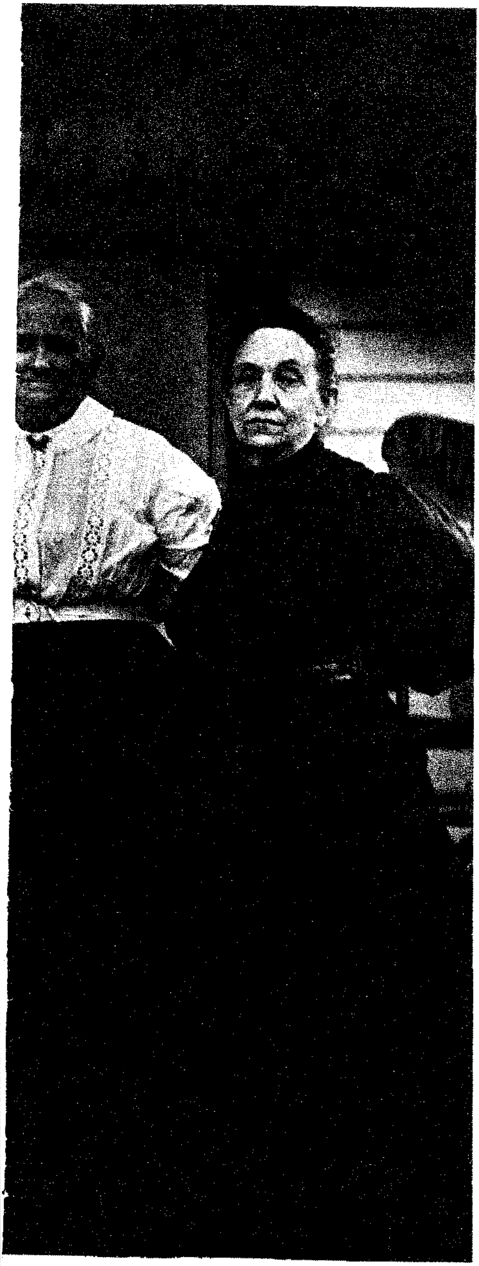
ONE OF THE BEST SPOTS in the world to romance your girl was on the banks of the Wabash, under the harvest moon. We used to drive there in the old flivver with our girl friends. Riding in the rumble seat with your girl was a lot of fun, except that it always got kind of cramped—even in summertime when you had the lid up.

WE ALWAYS HAD A BIG CROWD at the barbershop, especially on Saturday nights when everybody would come and sit around and watch haircuts. We had a good shoeshine boy at the shop, too—a self-made man. He started out with only one can of shoe polish and in no time at all, he'd worked his way up to two colors.

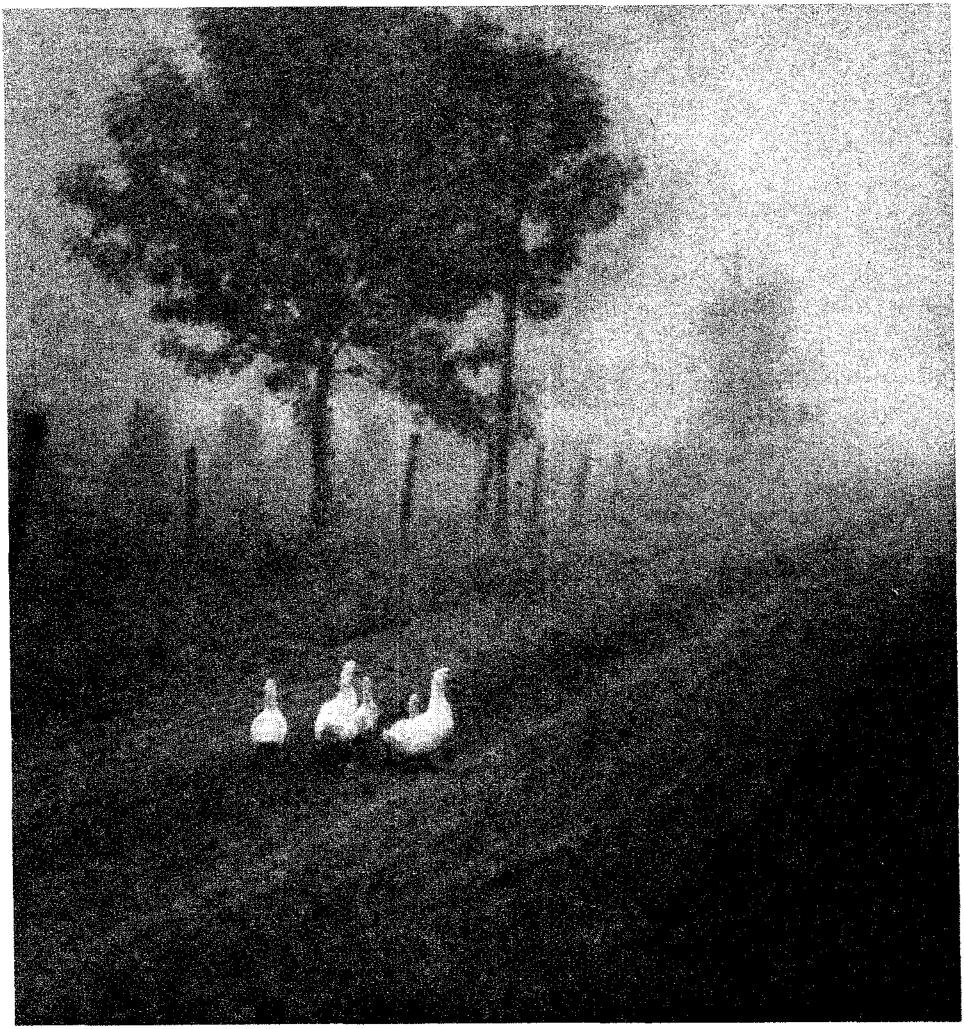


SCHOOLS BACK HOME are gettin' better today—but I like the old one-room school—all the classes were in the one room. You'd start out sittin' in the first row and move back as you grew taller. When you finally got pushed out the back door, you knew you were graduated . . . I'll never forget the day I finally got out of school—boy! that was some fire! . . . I had an awful pretty teacher, though. I used to bring her an apple every day. When I started bringing her flowers and candy, she said I was old enough to quit school. There was a kid who sat behind me; he was pretty smart. I remember the test we had where you put those square pegs in the round holes. He was the only kid who could do it. Of course, he was stronger than most kids!





WE HAD SOME FINE Hoosier women out our way. They usually got in touch with their friends by telephone. Usually their talking was done on the party line. They got all the news from it, too. In fact, they liked it even better than the newspaper, 'cause the newspaper would tell them who was seen with whom, but the party line would tell them what they were seen doing.

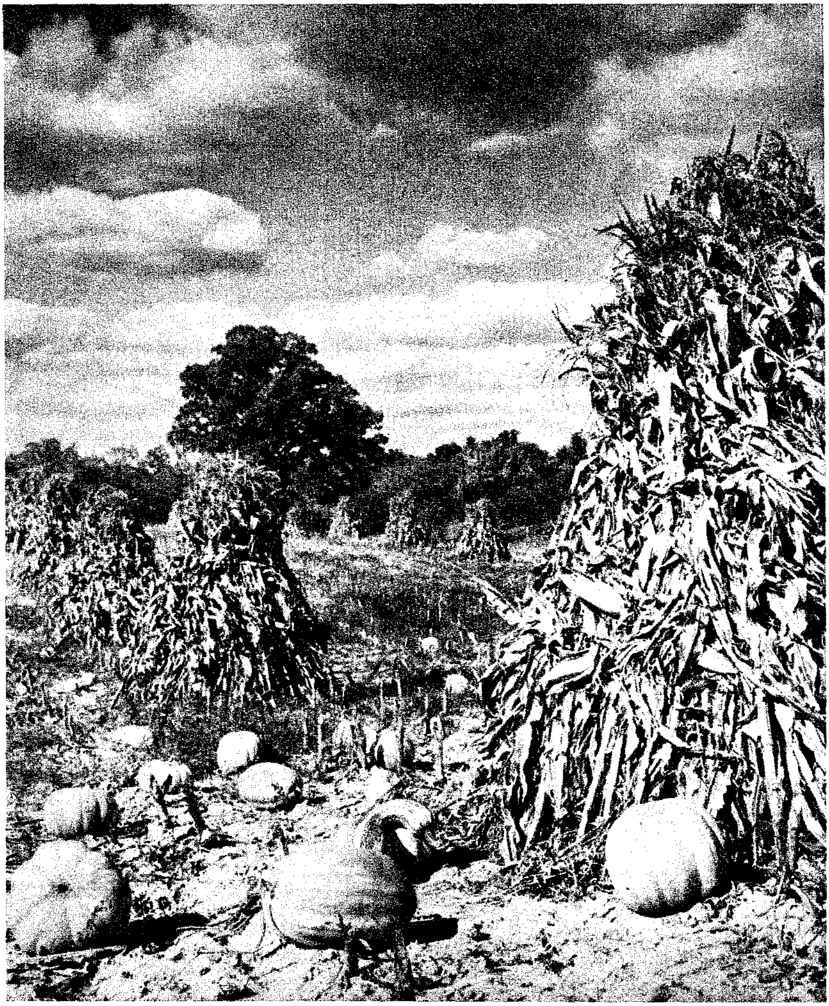


THIS PICTURE REMINDS ME of that old expression, "nice day for ducks." Back home it used to get so foggy that one day, when a real thick fog finally lifted, it took two ducks right up with it.

COVERED BRIDGES were a swell spot for spooning. We used to say a horse wasn't worth much unless he had the sense to slow down when he got to a covered bridge.

THIS HERE'S "THE LIAR'S BENCH." It was an awful good place for the town fathers to talk politics. This is where I first heard about a local fella who had his farm surveyed and found out it was in Ohio, not Indiana. We all felt sorry, but he was glad—he said he never did like the Indiana weather. Of course, we all hated to see him leave.

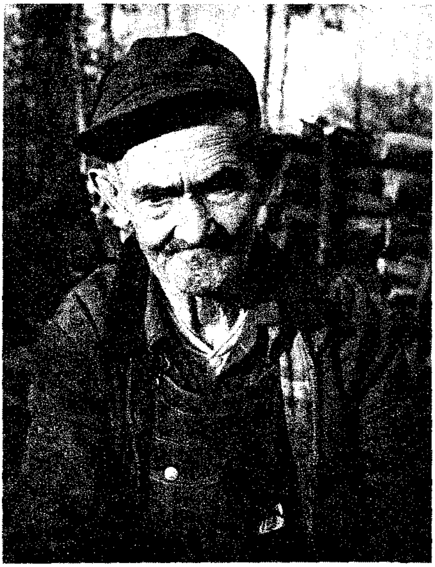
ONCE IN A WHILE someone would let a house run down, but only if they happened to be too poor to paint and too proud to whitewash. In most towns, everything was kept neat by people trying to keep up with the Joneses. The reason our town looked kind of dusty was that there was nobody in town named Jones. Until a family named Jones moved in, we were really going to the dogs.



Everybody who has ever seen harvest time in Indiana has tried to describe it. The only few of them that ever got away with it were poets . . . and even some of them just barely made it. But one of our own local poets, James Whitcomb Riley, put it in a way to my liking:

. . . But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the early, autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

KIND OF HURTS to see a man who looks disappointed. Reminds me of a cousin. He went through his whole life looking disappointed. It was on account of something that happened to him when he was a kid. He'd once painted the church steeple from the bottom up. He had to sit up there for three days waiting for the paint to dry. They had to send apples up to him by slingshot so he wouldn't starve. Speakin' of disappointment, reminds me of another feller I knew—his wife passed away and left him with a sinkful of dirty dishes. He felt real bad about it, too, because they'd been married for 30 years and he was just gettin' to like her.



NOTHING MAKES ME AS HOMESICK as the thoughts of the old general store. I'm homesick for the prices, too. My mother used to be able to buy a pound of sugar for a nickel. With today's prices, it costs more than that just to call up for it. I guess I've got a pleasant memory for every item on the old store shelf. When I think of it, I wonder why I ever left the old home town. I guess I never would have, but one day I was playing baseball, and I ran out of town to catch a fly.

HORSESHOE
25

AND SO THE FRONT-PORCH PHILOSOPHER ends a journey through the land of his youth. Blended with the humor of his reminiscences is a certain nostalgic warmth that bespeaks a native's love for everything he finds and remembers—back home in Indiana.—The Editors.

McKay of the Mormons

by L. GLEN SNARR

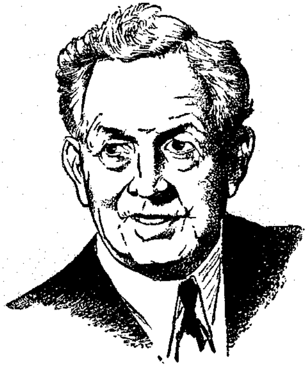
He is an eminent churchman, a skilled executive and the idol of his grandchildren

IN BERLIN, TWO GERMAN CHILDREN stood in a long line waiting to shake the hand of a handsome silvery-haired American. A woman noticed them among the adults and told them it might be a long wait.

"But we don't mind," the older child answered. "It's important to our mother that we shake his hand."

"And why is that important?" the woman asked.

"Because our mother is sick and couldn't be here. So she sent us. We're to hurry back and tell her about it. She says that if we get to see him it will help her get better."



The mother, living in the Russian zone, was a member of the Mormon Church; and the American visitor was David O. McKay, President of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and hence of all the Mormons. Since she could not come to him, she had sent her children to greet him and shake his hand.

When McKay learned about the children, he stepped from the receiving line and talked to them. Then he gravely shook the hand of each of the children and gave them a handkerchief from his pocket.

Returned to Salt Lake City, he wrote Church members to check on the family. "We are having our difficulties," the woman told them. "But we are happy. And our most cherished possession is a handkerchief given my son and daughter by President McKay."

That is typical of the devotion that he commands from the 1,500,000 members of the Mormon Church to whom he is not only a great and popular leader but also "Prophet, Seer and Revelator." McKay looks the part of a religious leader with his mane of wavy white hair, classic features and hazel eyes, his massive shoulders and rugged six-foot frame. At 80, when most men seek their slippers and the fireside, he is still vigorous and dynamic.

To the world, David O. McKay is a dignified spiritual leader; but behind the scenes he is a laughter-loving individual, a man of action and one of the nation's top business executives as well. For when he became the ninth President of the Mormon Church in 1951, he also became head of the business empire founded by Brigham Young.

Soon after he led the pioneers to Utah in 1847, Young established railroads, banks, hotels, a newspaper, stores and numerous other businesses. Many of these are still controlled by the Church, along with modern additions such as radio and television stations. McKay deftly directs these and a multi-million-dollar church welfare plan, a major university, half a dozen hospitals and a farflung education program.

From the time he gets up at six A.M.—a habit left over from his early life as a farm boy—McKay's day is full of varied activity.

He will deliver a spiritual sermon and the next hour advocate the Golden Rule as a sound business practice. He will warn his followers of the evils of communism or tell them to beautify their houses. Occasionally he lashes out at bad government.

Once he asked, "Is it possible that this city is looked upon by crooks as a 'fixed' city?"

Worried city officials hurried to stamp out anything resembling gambling or vice; thus he got action with one paragraph in a 2,000-word address delivered at a Mormon conference, a sample of his tremendous power.

A visiting executive recently asked Gus P. Backman, secretary of the Salt Lake City Chamber of Commerce: "How much does this man McKay make? He runs a vast church and several big companies; it must be plenty."

"McKay receives no salary," Backman replied.

The visitor whistled. "Oh, so he gets a percentage of the profits?"

"No," said Backman, quietly. "He receives neither salary nor percentage, only a moderate living allowance."

This allowance, which covers only actual expenses, is probably considerably less than $9,000 a year.

McKay receives expert help, in running the Church's many activities, from a number of brilliant advisors. Stephen L. Richards, a keen executive, and J. Reuben Clark, Jr., former U. S. Ambassador to Mexico, are his counselors in the First Presidency. The Council of Twelve Apostles includes such distinguished men as Ezra Taft Benson, Secretary of Agriculture.

PERSONS WHO MEET MCKAY for the first time usually are surprised by three things: his dual role as churchman-businessman, his energy and enthusiasm at the age of 80, and the obvious enjoyment he gets out of life.

"We don't need to be long-faced and pious to be religious," he declares. "We shouldn't be gloomy when we worship God; we should be happy. Sometimes I'm overwhelmed by the joy to be found everywhere."

That happy life began on a farm in the tiny mountain town of Huntsville, Utah, on September 8, 1873. As a boy, McKay was taught to "work hard, pray hard and enjoy life."

When he was eight, the Elders of the Mormon Church called on his father. "Brother McKay, the Lord has need of you to preach the Gospel in Europe," they told him.

"Certainly," he said, then called his family together. "David, you are the man of the family now.

You'll have to work hard and help your mother."

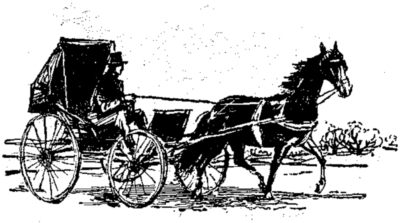
Every morning before school, David fed the farm animals, carried water, milked cows. After school, he did other chores; he could drive a team or work in the fields as well as men twice his age.

Young David attended the tiny Huntsville School and Weber State Academy in nearby Ogden, then returned to Huntsville to teach. After a year, he made up his mind that teaching was to be his life's work and set out for the University of Utah to prepare himself. There he played on the university's football team, was class president and valedictorian.

No sooner did McKay receive his diploma, in 1897, than he was called by the Church to serve as a missionary—traditional task for most young Mormons. Like his father before him, David was sent to Great Britain and the Scottish towns where his grandfather had lived.

One event occurred on his two-year mission that was to affect his entire life. During a meeting of Mormon leaders and missionaries at Glasgow, James McMurrin, a high-ranking Church leader, pointed to McKay and said: "If you will keep the faith, you will yet sit in the leading councils of the Church!"

President McKay says of that incident: "With the resolve then and there to keep the faith, there was born a desire to be of service to my fellow men. And with it came a realization, a glimpse at least, of what I owed the man who first carried the message of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to my grandfather and grandmother, years before in the north of Scotland."



When he returned to Utah as instructor at Weber Academy, McKay spent most of his spare time working for the Church and the community. He was married in 1901 to charming Emma Ray Riggs, whom he met while at the university, and soon afterward was named principal of the Academy.

In 1906, McKay went to the April conference of the Church (conferences are held twice a year), wondering, like thousands of other Mormons, who would be named to fill the three vacancies on the Council of the Twelve Apostles, the governing body of the Church.

Summoned from a family dinner to a secret rendezvous with Church officials, he was told, "The Lord wants you to be an Apostle."

McKay was amazed. "But I'm neither worthy nor capable," he protested.

"Not worthy?" exclaimed the Elder. "What have you been doing?"

McKay hastily corrected himself. "I've done nothing I'm ashamed of. But still, I'm not capable."

"Do you doubt the Lord's ability to make you capable?"

The youthful teacher had no reply; and later that day he was sustained by an assembly of 8,000 Mormons as a member of the Council.

Then 32, McKay was one of the

youngest men chosen in modern times to become an Apostle. And because of his youth and love of hard work, he drew many of the Church's most difficult assignments.

By horse and buggy, he traveled throughout the West to preside at district conventions. In 1921, the Church picked him to go on a round-the-world tour of its missions. He directed the Church's vast educational program, then its Sunday Schools. Next it sent him to London as president of all European missions.

Heber J. Grant, in 1934, chose him as one of his two counselors in the First Presidency. George Albert Smith, who succeeded Grant as President, also picked McKay as a counselor.

When Smith died in 1951, McKay conducted funeral services for him on April 7th. On April 9th, 45 years to the day after he was sustained as an Apostle, David Oman McKay succeeded Smith as President of the Mormon Church.

As PRESIDENT, MCKAY is a tireless worker. He travels from one end of the U. S. to the other, meeting with Church members. During a 50-day visit to Europe in 1952, he made 45 addresses. Last year, in Los Angeles, he laid the cornerstone of what will be the world's largest Mormon Temple and this year took off on a trip to England, Africa and South America.

The Mormon leader seeks relaxation from his strenuous schedule by taking his wife to the movies, a good drama, or perhaps a basketball game. His favorite diversion, however, is to return to the old family home at Huntsville.

He stables his riding horses here; and whenever he can, slips away from his myriad duties to train them. He is one of the best horsemen in the West, and his horses will gallop the length of the pasture to him when he calls their names.

The old farm house also is the scene of memorable reunions for the McKay clan. On these occasions, McKay frolics with his grandchildren and regales them with stories.

The 80-year-old man who relaxes with his grandchildren or trains his horses is the McKay few people know. To most of the world an eminent churchman or skillful executive, yet, to the kids who look forward to family reunions on an old farm, he is just a lovable "grandpa" who hasn't forgotten how to enjoy life.

Male vs. Female

ONE OF THE BASIC differences between men and women is clearly demonstrated by the fact that a woman can go into raptures over a sheer pair of *empty* nylon stockings.

WHEN A MAN breaks a date, he has to. When a girl does, she has two.

—Wall Street Journal

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Is It "A" or "B"?

Meredith Willson, writer and producer of "Ev'ry Day" (NBC radio network, Mondays through Fridays, 9:45 to 10 a.m., EST), stars with his wife, Rini, in a program of music and amusing chatter. They both know the usefulness of a wide vocabulary, and challenge you to respond correctly to their conversational gambit by selecting an answer from either "a" or "b." (Answers on page 78)

1. This weather is enervating.
   a. Yes, it certainly wilts one.
   b. Yes, it gives one pep.
2. That's a delusion.
   a. Yes, it looks like a lake.
   b. Yes, he fancies he's a mogul.
3. That material is iridescent.
   a. Yes, it's very bright.
   b. Yes, you see a lot of colors.
4. They pay a nominal wage.
   a. Yes, almost nothing.
   b. Yes, one should save money.
5. He peregrinates.
   a. Yes, he's been a lot of places.
   b. Yes, he's undependable.
6. The prognosis is favorable.
   a. Yes, it looks natural.
   b. Yes, he'll probably recover.
7. He's intransigent.
   a. Yes, he can't get settled.
   b. Yes, he won't compromise.
8. He looks like a troubadour.
   a. Yes, a real bullfighter!
   b. Yes, he sings with an air of old romance.
9. He's a good lapidary.
   a. Yes, those diamonds are perfect!
   b. Yes, those colors blend!
10. Look at the mignonette.
    a. Yes, such a delicate color.
    b. Yes, such a cute little fellow.
11. Oh, it's just a peccadillo.
    a. Yes, no need to scold him.
    b. Yes, I wouldn't buy it.
12. It's soporific.
    a. Yes, it's just second-year college stuff.
    b. Yes, makes me sleepy.
13. He's faced with astigmatism.
    a. Yes, his eyes seem weak.
    b. Yes, but maybe he can compromise.
14. It must be done vicariously.
    a. Yes, it's a dangerous job.
    b. Yes, the main guy won't be there.
15. His expression is macabre!
    a. Yes, positively ghastly.
    b. Yes, he looks expectant.
16. This book is jejune.
    a. Yes, it has youthful appeal.
    b. Yes, empty. Falls flat.
17. That old barn looks fuliginous.
    a. Yes, about to fall down.
    b. Yes, gray and smoky.
18. Wasn't that a jackdaw?
    a. Yes, but he flew away.
    b. Yes, he holds good cards.
19. The peroration was tiring.
    a. Yes, the whole speech was.
    b. Yes, a simple design would have done as well.
20. The plan is sub rosa.
    a. Yes, entirely too utopian.
    b. Yes, we can't broadcast it.
21. I hear Ed's the protagonist.
    a. Yes, he has the leading role.
    b. Yes, he carries a grudge.
22. That's a big stanchion.
    a. Yes, a draft horse.
    b. Yes, it's to hold the roof.
23. He's quite a gourmet.
    a. Yes, he knows his food.
    b. Yes, he chases all the girls.
24. That medicine is innocuous.
    a. Yes, perfectly harmless.
    b. Yes, better leave it alone.

Ever Had Bursitis?

by ROBERT RUSHMORE

Perhaps you called this ailment "athlete's elbow" or "housemaid's knee"

THE PAIN, some doctors say, is one of the most agonizing of any affliction which can strike the human body. The cause? A commonly known, non-fatal and usually curable ailment named bursitis.

Tom, a 45-year-old commercial artist, is a typical example of someone who has had two attacks of bursitis, yet knows little about it. The first attack crept up so slowly that he assumed he had "thrown out his shoulder" working in an awkward position at his drawing board. Then the pain clamped down with savage fury.

Tom's doctor sent him to the hospital, gave him pain-killing drugs and immobilized the arm by tying it up in an elaborate sling, then the best-known treatment.

In a few days, the pain got better and Tom went home. Massage and exercises, such as creeping up a wall with his hand, restored the arm to normal.

His second attack came on sharply in the middle of the night—a characteristic of bursitis. This time he went immediately to the doctor, who, instead of sending him to the hospital, gave him an injection of novocaine. This new treatment gave almost immediate relief.

"I remember playing a very long game of golf just before the second attack," Tom says, which is about as close as he can come to why he really got it or what caused it.

Every time you move, muscles and tendons in your joints ripple over the bones of your body. Every time you iron clothes or polish the car, mow the lawn or shovel dirt, extra strain is thrown on these muscles and tendons. Baseball pitchers, miners and pianists, in particular, make unusual demands on certain muscles in their arms.

To prevent these muscles and tendons from rubbing against your bones and creating friction, nature equips you with a set of bumper-like sacs called bursae. They secrete a substance named synovia, which sounds like a musical comedy kingdom in the Balkans but is actually a highly efficient lubricating fluid.

Everybody is born with a certain number of bursae; and those whose occupations cause them to put a severe strain on their joints develop additional bursae to prevent friction arising from their extra-developed muscles.

If you bump a bursa while cleaning, or wrench one carrying a heavy suitcase, the sac can swell and secrete too much synovia. Then, instead of lubricating, the bursa expands and pushes out against all the nerves in the moving parts around it. The more inflamed the sac becomes, the more pressure it applies. Pressure means pain and a swollen bursa means you have bursitis.

Bursitis is a strange affliction;

doctors can understand why tennis players and violinists get bursitis. These people use their arms far more than average. But why should an office worker with no history of bursitis in her family, nor, for that matter, arthritis, get this painful disorder?

One clerk-stenographer whose job involves a certain amount of typing and opening of file drawers—but no more than countless others who never develop bursitis—has had three attacks in five years. She can't remember falling or bumping her arm or doing anything that was more of a strain than usual.

Her physician has been able to relieve each attack and get the girl back on the job in about a week's time. But he is powerless to prevent these attacks or explain what causes them.

The man most susceptible to bursitis is that former football star and all-around athlete who has grown slightly soft. Still considering himself a creature of infinite strength, he moves the piano instead of asking a neighbor for help. Along about sunset the groans of bursitis begin.

Scientists have discovered that besides a blow directly on the bursa or one which travels along the arm in such a way as to shock the bursa, infections can also cause the ailment.

It is not always easy to diagnose. When there is no surface swelling, the physician must guess the cause of the pain underneath. The only sure sign of bursitis is when it attacks the shoulder. Here, in your largest bursa, which is crescent-shaped and measures an average inch and a half, deposits of calcium, like mounds of toothpaste, will begin to pile up.

If this continues unchecked, these deposits become gritty, harden and lock the shoulder joint into place, causing the condition known as "frozen shoulder." Fortunately, operations to relieve this condition are about 95 per cent successful.

Bursitis often gets mistaken for its more widely publicized cousin, arthritis, even though a test exists which can usually differentiate between the two. If you should wake up one morning with a sore arm, move it around into various positions. If the pain remains constant, you're more likely to have arthritis. Stabs of pain which you feel only in certain positions indicate bursitis.

Today, doctors have great success in curing acute cases of bursitis with deep x-ray therapy or with injections of novocaine, which are flushed into the shoulder bursa and then drained, taking the soft calcium with them.

Cortisone recently has produced dramatic cures. Doctors have reported cases such as a woman who had suffered four agonizing years with bursitis and attained complete relief in one day, thanks to cortisone. But, as in the case of arthritis, doctors cautiously point out that the wonder hormone sometimes only brings relief and not a complete cure, particularly in cases of chronic bursitis.

Chronic bursitis, however, is in a class by itself. It is a disease striking specialists. For that reason, whole string sections of orchestras have been decimated when men who play instruments requiring bowing have succumbed to the ailment.

Occupations have given their

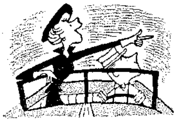
names to forms of bursitis, as "miner's elbow" and "housemaid's knee." Unfortunately, these people must continue at work which constantly aggravates inflamed bursae.

A standard cure of miner's elbow is to cut out the offending bursa, which has developed because of the special strain that the miner puts on his arm. But there is no guarantee that the bursa won't grow back once the miner returns to work. This is the reason why bursitis is chronic—but usually only for a special group of people.

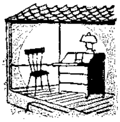
In the world of sports, "glass arms" and "tennis elbows"—both forms of bursitis—are common. In the early days, tennis players were always cutting and chopping at the ball rather than working it as champions do today. Those early players developed tennis elbow much more frequently than we do now. In fact, some of them would proudly display a great lump of muscle which would develop on their forearms from the tense, strained way they played.

If you develop tennis elbow, study the game you are playing. Make sure that your strokes are smooth—that any tricky cuts or chops aren't putting an extra strain on your arm.

Naturally, you can't avoid an accidental blow on your arms, shoulders or legs. The acute bursitis which sometimes results, while painful, can be cured completely and quickly. On the other hand, you can avoid doing everyday tasks, such as ironing or driving a car, in awkward positions. You can always rest your arms, or use pillows to obtain a more comfortable position in the driver's seat. Whether you're rowing a boat or beating an egg, a relaxed kind of coordination will keep bursitis away.



Her Method



DRIVING ALONG a lonely New England road one day, we noticed some early American furniture on the porch of an old farmhouse.

"Let's stop," I said. "Those people don't seem to value what they have or they wouldn't leave such beautiful pieces exposed to the wind and weather. Perhaps we can pick up some bargains."

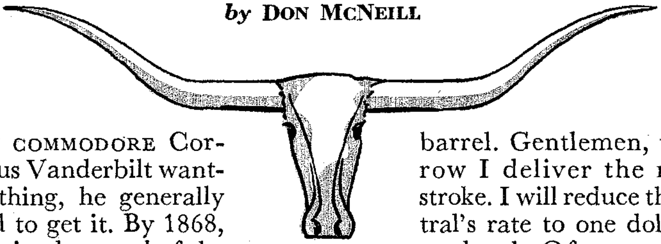
I rang the doorbell and a lovely old lady invited us in. We sat in the living room talking about this, that and the other thing, until finally I gathered my courage together and said, "You seem to have some furniture on the porch that you have no use for, and I would like to buy the little desk, the rocking-chair and the lamp, if you would sell them to me."

The old lady hesitated, then admitted, "It's this way. My husband goes to work early in the morning and my daughter is married and lives in New York, and sometimes I get so lonesome that I could scream. When that happens, I pick up my nicest pieces of furniture and put them out on the porch and then I know I'll have company for a while."

—From a forthcoming autobiography by Juliet Lowell

When Vanderbilt Lost

by **DON MCNEILL**



WHEN COMMODORE Cornelius Vanderbilt wanted something, he generally managed to get it. By 1868, he had gained control of the New York Central, and he was now determined to get hold of the Central's rival railroad, the Erie. But the directors of the Erie did not intend to sell. They were just as determined as the Commodore, and a good deal more unscrupulous.

The old Commodore tried every possible maneuver to get hold of Erie stock. But for once in his life, he was out-maneuvered. When he realized that his plans had been thwarted, he was furious. "All right!" he told his associates. "Gould and Fisk, those rascals, have won round No. 1. But now comes the second round, and this one is mine. If I can't buy the Erie, I'll ruin it!"

And so, in May, 1869, Vanderbilt started one of the most fantastic price wars in American history. He reduced the Central's rate for shipping cattle from Buffalo to New York by 75 percent—from $160 per carload to $40.

Jay Gould and Jim Fisk reacted just as the Commodore had expected. They lowered the Erie's rate to $1 per head of cattle. Now Vanderbilt literally danced with glee.

"Just wait and see what happens to those two! I've got 'em over a barrel. Gentlemen, tomorrow I deliver the master stroke. I will reduce the Central's rate to one dollar per carload. Of course, this means that our railroad will lose a lot of money. But gentlemen, it's worth it! Just let Gould and Fisk try to get below one dollar!"

Next day, when the new rate was announced, the Commodore could hardly contain himself. Impatiently he waited for some reaction from the owners of the Erie. But a week slid by, and still Gould and Fisk did nothing about their rates. The Central was getting every head of cattle to be shipped from Buffalo to New York. Obviously, Gould and Fisk had given up the fight. Vanderbilt sat back in his chair and serenely awaited the ruin of Gould and Fisk and, with them, the Erie Railroad.

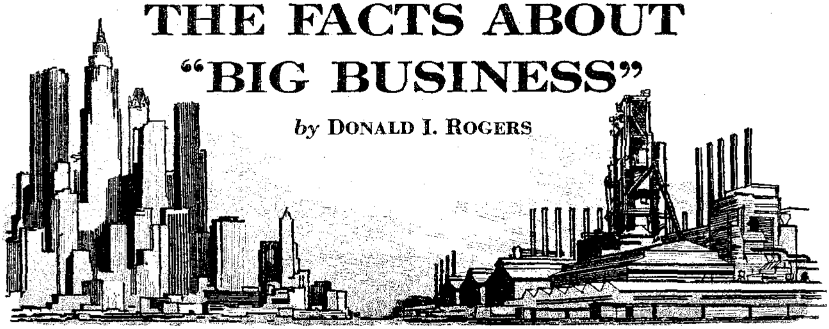
But the Commodore's elation was shortlived. For just a few weeks later, he found out—too late—that Gould and Fisk had not given up the fight at all.

Instead, they had secretly purchased 6,000 head of cattle and shipped every one of them from Buffalo to New York on Vanderbilt's Central—at the ridiculous rate of $1 per carload. By the time the Commodore got wind of the matter, Gould and Fisk had sold their cattle and cleared a small fortune.

Don McNeill is Toastmaster on *The Breakfast Club*, ABC-Radio, Monday through Friday.

THE FACTS ABOUT "BIG BUSINESS"

by DONALD I. ROGERS



How a pioneer research project has disproved some long-standing American myths

During the past 60 years, many Americans have been persuaded that the particular kind of Big Business which flourishes in our free-enterprise economy poses a big threat to individual freedom.

Scholars, editors, public officials and legislators have warned us of dangers from monopolies, trusts, cartels and holding companies. They have cautioned us against the power-lust of the "Economic Royalists." We have been led to believe that only the "little fellow" struggles in competitive enterprise, while the rich and powerful enjoy near-dictatorial lives in a business world relatively devoid of competition. In short, most Americans have been told, in one way or another, that Big Business is bad.

Not many scholars or professional economists have ever checked the facts to discover whether the theory is true. Today, however, there is an important piece of news for every American who works for a living. A team of professional economists have completed the backbreaking task of analyzing Big Business, past and present, to learn whether our basic fears about corporate wealth are justified or based on mass delusion. And the result of this vast research project has proved that the theory of dictatorial "Big Business" is wrong.

The study was financed by the Sloan Foundation and the Falk Foundation, which decided to risk their beliefs in the virtues of Big Business by seeking out the facts and publicizing them. They retained the Brookings Institution of Washington, an outstanding research organization whose objectivity and impartiality are guaranteed by reputation and the existence of an independent endowment. To head the task force, Brookings assigned from its staff a professional economist, A. D. H. Kaplan, who had for long shared the opinion that Big Business did indeed stifle competition.

Months later, with voluminous reports and masses of statistics behind him, economist Kaplan, one of the most respected men in his field, was ready to exonerate large-scale enterprise of almost all the evils ascribed to it. In fact, Kaplan found that, contrary to public belief, Big Business and Big Businessmen work under more rugged competition than the little fellows; that the hazards are greater, the casualties larger; that there is no dangerous concentration of economic power in this country; and that Big Business, *per se*, is much more of a blessing to the nation than many Americans realize.

A stranger among us might wonder why Americans have to be given proof of these facts. He might ask: Is this not the same Big Business for which a majority of you work? Is this not the Big Business which was so important in winning two World Wars and which, perhaps as much as any other factor, forestalls a third? Is this not the same Big Business that has given you the highest standard of living in the world—better homes, better cars, better furnishings, clothes, food and more comforts than any other people enjoy anywhere on the globe?

A stranger might not understand that since we Americans have no real economic policy, other than something we embrace with the general phrase "free enterprise," we are instinctively skeptical. We are also instinctively wary, because most of us carry a vivid memory of the Depression, and many of us still blame Big Business for the '29 crash and the Bleak Thirties.

Kaplan embarked upon his assignment with that same vivid memory and that same instinctive skepticism. Twenty large corporations made available to him, and to eight university economists of national standing, their private books and histories so that, for the first time in history, economists could learn firsthand the facts about Big Business.

Kaplan sought only documentation. And he discovered that there is *more* competition in the U. S. today than ever before. He found that competition is not maintained by the zeal of the Department of Justice, as many have believed, but by the very nature of our economic system.

Is it true that the biggest corporations are taking over more and more of the production and distribution of goods and services? No, says the Kaplan report. The earnings of corporations alone disprove this idea. If it were true that they are gobbling up the producing-and-distributing pie, then they would be getting an increasingly larger share of the national income. But they are not!

On the contrary, the percentage of national income earned by the small corporations and unincorporated businesses is going up.

National income grew from $87 billion in 1929 to $223 billion in 1948. Big corporations got 6.1 per cent of the income in 1929, but only 5.3 per cent in 1948. Small and medium-size corporations got 5.4 per cent in 1929, and 8.5 per cent in 1948. Unincorporated businesses got 15.9 per cent in 1929, but garnered a relatively large 17.8 per cent in 1948.

Maybe so, say the skeptics, but isn't it true that it takes so much money to set up a large business enterprise today that the established Big Business companies are protected against newcomers? Doesn't size itself have the power to suppress effective competition?

Wrong again, say the Kaplan

figures. Out of the 100 largest corporations in the U.S. in 1909, *only two* were still as important in their respective industries by 1948. And these two were Du Pont and General Electric, leaders in growth in their respective fields. In fact, only 36 of the giants of 1909 were even listed among the top 100 of 1948!

The Kaplan research team learned that it takes consistent effort to fend off increasingly stiff competition as a business grows bigger or becomes more important in its field. We recognize this in the arts: we accept the fact that an actor faces tougher competition as his path leads closer to stardom. Yet we have refused to admit the same is true in other areas of endeavor—namely, industry.

Is our economy more dependent on any individual firm today than it was 50 years ago? The Kaplan report answers: Less. Any one of the corporate giants could be destroyed by legislation or disaster, and a number of competing corporations could step in and assume the task of industrial leadership almost overnight.

Economists often have criticized growth of corporations through merger. It is not healthy growth in a competitive society, they contend, when a corporation merely extends by buying up competitors. But this isn't done as much as is supposed. Otherwise, it would be more profitable just to start small businesses in competition with the giants and sell them at a profit to the big ones.

Why do corporations merge? Usually, finds the Kaplan inquiry, to get a strategic competitive advantage. So what? That is what competition is for: to get the jump on competitors.

Most of the time, integration represents an attempt by a company to make better and fuller use of resources and potentials, of plants, of products and by-products, of management, scientists, researchers, of sales force or brand name. Innovation, growth, knowledge of what customers want—all these, plus managerial know-how, lead to corporate success.

Harking back to Kaplan's "100 largest" corporations, the companies that have grown are clearly those that have been able to convert their technological progress into the preferences and needs of customers. Few that have stuck to traditional product lines—and none that have retained traditional methods—have grown in stature in the family of the top 100. That is competition at its keenest, and we consumers provide it.

Competition does not come alone from within an industry which a Big Business dominates. The old locomotive companies nearly perished when General Motors introduced diesel engines. Now, with General Electric and Westinghouse, they are trying to recapture a market. Three industries are involved here: motors, rails and electrical

---

For many years, Donald I. Rogers has studied the American business scene as business and financial editor of the *New York Herald-Tribune*. A veteran newspaperman, he recently wrote a book on family finances, "Teach Your Wife to Be a Widow," which was condensed in the June, 1953, issue of CORONET.

equipment, all after one market.

For years, makers of soap had an easy market because they controlled nearly all the sources of glycerin. But the chemical subsidiary of an oil company developed a process for synthetic glycerin that removed this singular advantage.

Every oil company today is also a chemical company, and the competition is keen. It is this sort of competitive enterprise among the giants that leads to America's fantastic progress. In fact, the chemistry industry contains more "outsiders" than it does purely chemical companies. Invaders include the oil companies, natural-gas producers, distillers, photographic film companies, glass manufacturers, rubber companies and coal mines.

Competition doesn't always come from new companies invading a field. The Aluminum Company of America for years has been held up by the professional economists as the extreme example of monopoly in business. So convincing was the argument that the U. S. Government thought it wise both to bring anti-trust action against Alcoa and to create two new aluminum producers.

Yet, the Kaplan report notes that aluminum has few if any natural or exclusive uses. When aluminum invaded the cooking-utensil market, it had to displace iron, and later it had competition from copper, steel and glass, all of which make excellent cooking utensils. It had to fight copper for a position in electrical transmission lines. It has had to compete—and still does—with wood and steel and glass and cement in the building industry.

How about the price of aluminum during this period of competition? Did the "monopoly" freeze prices—or increase them? Quite the contrary. When the Kaplan investigation studied aluminum in 1948, the price was about 15 cents a pound, less than half the price prevailing 30 years before.

MANY MAY REMEMBER the Temporary National Economic Commission report compiled by the government in the 1930's—perhaps the first official documentary expression of bias against Big Business. One of the "discoveries" of the report was the existence of something the professional economists call "oligopolies." An oligopoly is like a monopoly, except that it involves more than one company. Where three or four companies get a major portion of the earnings and have a lion's share of the sales of any one industry, they are said to constitute an oligopoly.

Kaplan found a typical oligopoly in the tire industry, since 75 per cent of the output is in the hands of four giant manufacturers. However, he found no "contrived scarcities." Instead, he found unusually vigorous competition. The advertising in newspapers and magazines, on radio and television, show this to be true. And he found that the Big Four's profits were "well below the average for manufacturing for the last 30 years."

A curious fact about American ingenuity—that quality we pride ourselves on—is that it breeds monopoly. Let a corporation research lab come up with something new and good, and it enjoys a monopoly for awhile, either until its patents expire or its rights are lost in some other fashion—or until a competing company comes along with something better.

American Viscose had such a monopoly in rayon until 1920. Then Dreyfus Brothers and Celanese had a brief monopoly in cellulose acetate rayon. Later, du Pont had a monopoly in nylon, then Orlon, then Dacron. But other companies have had monopolies in Vinylite, Vinyon, and so on.

Did Americans lose in any of this? Each new fiber, each new filament developed in the laboratories, brought new, stiffer competition to the industry, and at the same time offered the weavers of cloth and makers of clothing a host of new fibers so that customers could select a host of new articles of apparel. Surely there is nothing reprehensible in this.

If we are satisfied that we want free enterprise in this nation, and that under free enterprise there shall be free competition for a fair profit, always existing at the pleasure of the customer in a free market, then size connotes nothing except a company's rate of progress and success. If it didn't get bigger, something would be wrong.

General Motors, biggest of the big, is a combine of car manufacturers. Yet there are still 14 other cars manufactured to compete with GM's "big five." Nobody forces an American to buy a Chevrolet, Pontiac, Buick, Oldsmobile or Cadillac.

Perhaps it is time to admit that we have been subjected to intensive and well-planned propaganda. In the world to come, such manufactured prejudices could be dangerous. Now that we know the mission of Communism is to destroy America's Big Business, it would be well to ask ourselves why it is that the Russians so dislike our giant corporations. And it would be well to know what we are talking about when we criticize the system that made us the greatest nation in the world.

Kaplan, a foremost economist, found he had been wrong in certain beliefs about Big Business. But Kaplan went into the competitive angle only. There should be other economic studies of the same nature. Americans should be told the truth about all the important features of our economic system.

Republicans or Democrats, capitalists or laborers, we Americans are moving into a new age where the truth about "Big Business" may be an elusive butterfly in a storm of semi-truths and lies. But if we enter it armed with studies like the Kaplan Report, then we shall have facts, not theories, at our disposal. And facts, as always, are the strongest weapon in the hands of an enlightened people.

Is It "A" or "B"?

(Answers to quiz on page 69)

1. a; 2. b; 3. b; 4. a; 5. a; 6. b; 7. b; 8. b; 9. a; 10. a; 11. a; 12. b; 13. a; 14. b; 15. a; 16. b; 17. b; 18. a; 19. a; 20. b; 21. a; 22. b; 23. a; 24. a.

LU
MEN
WORKING

A public-spirited utility company has wrought wonders in many drab communities

New Looks for Georgia

by LUKE GREENE

LATE ONE HOT afternoon last summer, a young New York couple were driving happily along U. S. Highway No. 1 near the city limits of Alma, Georgia, deep in the heart of Dixie's pineland plains. They had been married only a few hours before and now they were on their way to Miami for their honeymoon.

As they came to a stop at the traffic light, a policeman, seeming to appear from nowhere, motioned them to pull over to the curb. Sauntering up, his face a dark cloud, he placed his hand firmly on the door and said:

"You're being pinched." Then his face suddenly lighted up in a huge grin as he added, "But in the name of hospitality."

He explained to the bewildered newlyweds that they were "victims" of the city's "Welcome Tourist" game. They would be Alma's guests for the night, with lodging and meals at the best motel; they would receive gifts from the city's merchants, have their tank filled with gasoline, and be escorted on a sightseeing tour, all "for free."

Incidents like this, repeated many times in various forms last year, helped Alma to become one of Georgia's champion home towns. The better home town movement, sponsored for the past ten years by the Georgia Power Company, is much more than mere tourist promotion. Because it emphasizes all forms of civic progress, it is literally changing the face of many one-time bleak, listless, unattractive Georgia towns.

The movement began back in 1943 when Charles Allen Collier, then vice-president in charge of sales for the Power Company, was driving through the heart of Georgia, appraising small towns for signs of future prosperity. He wasn't encouraged by what he saw. Most of the towns were down at the heel.

Worse still, there didn't seem much hope that they would improve.

The cream of the state's young manhood was away at war. They had traveled, seen new sights, better ways of living; and as the worried businessman surveyed the junk piles, unpainted stores and sagging rusty tin awnings in virtually every town, he kept asking himself, "Will the boys come back to these dingy surroundings? And if they do, will they stay?"

And so this native son, whose father, Charles Augustus Collier, was director general of the Cotton States and International Exposition in Atlanta in 1895, had an idea that was destined to give a rebirth to civic pride all over Georgia.

Why, he reasoned, shouldn't the Georgia Power Company donate some of its earnings each year as prizes to towns that washed their faces, spruced up and presented an inviting place to settle down to the boys who would soon be returning from the battlefields?

Back at his office in Atlanta, Collier drew up plans for this experiment in community development; and, once on paper, they were quickly transformed into action. The results amazed even Collier himself. The first year more than 200 towns entered the contest and gave themselves a "new look." And like a stone thrown into a placid lake, the movement spread throughout the entire state.

One of the towns winning a first prize of $1,000 was Leary (population 721). Like many other small towns, Leary had its pigpens, junk piles, littered vacant lots.

Mrs. Harvey Jordan, the energetic 36-year-old wife of the mayor, took her movie camera and photographed some of the town's worst eyesores. "Those pictures gave us a shock," Mrs. Jordan says.

Within 24 hours after the drive was begun, merchants had torn down the rusty, battered tin awnings that for years had greeted passing motorists. Store fronts were painted and a vacant lot in the middle of town was cleared and planted with grass.

Frank Lunsford, a farmer, decided that Leary needed a wayside park and hauled in tons of dirt to fill an unsightly lime sink. Clay Melvin equipped it with metal swings, for the use of children of tourists who might stop to take advantage of Leary's hospitality.

A $30,000 swimming pool was constructed, with fresh water supplied by a new 800-foot well which also provides running water to scores of Negro citizens.

Members of the industrial committee heard that a northern businessman wanted to set up a grain elevator in Georgia. The town bought a lot, cleaned it up and then sold the idea of Leary as a location. Now a shiny new 50,000-bushel elevator rises a few blocks from the town's business district.

Then there was Douglas, the town that did something about juvenile delinquency—before it had any. It built a $150,000 recreation center, bandroom and cafeteria for its youngsters.

"We knew our young people needed a place to play and to gather for teen-age activities after school," said Mrs. Montgomery Preston, a member of the contest committee. "We needed an incentive to get such a place built. Once we tried a negative approach. We gathered statistics on juvenile delinquency . . . and found we had none."

The townspeople pitched in and through a unique, self-imposed taxation plan, contributed half of the ten per cent saved each month by paying utility bills early. By the time the recreation building and cafeteria were completed, the town had the money to pay for it.

One of the proudest towns in the state is Nicholls, which got its first doctor in years by entering the champion home town contest. The folks in this community had become pretty discouraged over the prospects of getting a permanent doctor. Three had come and gone. And as the citizens looked over their town, they agreed they had precious little to offer an ambitious young physician—"just good folks and sick folks," as one person put it.

"You haven't had your heart ache until you've seen a mother with a sick child in her arms, begging somebody to take her to the doctor," said Jimmy Wrenn, a local merchant. "We had no doctor, and most of the time we couldn't get one to come out from some other town. They don't have enough, either. More than one of us has seen people die, simply for want of medical care."

As a last resort, Wrenn and his fellow townsmen decided to build a hospital. A piece of land owned by the city was sold to buy the site. Pulpwood was cut and sold to get the first materials. Then a veterans' class in masonry began construction of the building. Deciding the doctor would also need a home, A. C. Blalock built a neat, attractive house just a few blocks from the hospital.

WELCOME
CHAMPION HOME TOWN AND
SWEEPSTAKE WINNER OF
GEORGIA

With this inviting arrangement, Dr. Jack R. Duley, with his wife and three children, settled in the new house and is now seeing from 20 to 30 patients a day in the nearby hospital.

Wrinkled, white-haired "Uncle George" Graham, 85-year-old Negro citizen, summed it all up in these words: "We been here a long time, me and Nicholls. We started about the same time. Nicholls come from nothing and now it's going to something."

SINCE THE community development program was launched by the Georgia Power Company in 1944 it has been instrumental in promoting 1,808 paint-up, clean-up campaigns; 2,656 recreational projects; 1,788 street and sidewalk improvement projects; 2,844 school improvement projects, including new schools; 2,647 church improvements, including new churches; 429 hospitals and clinics, new and expanded; 330 new hotels and motor courts; enactment of municipal improvement laws in 489 towns and the erection of new public buildings in 152 towns, as well as numerous other improvements.

Collier, who retired recently, will readily admit that the more than $8,000 the Power Company gives away each year in prizes to nine winning towns, together with the money spent in administering the program, is good business.

Four years ago, Franklin, which is named for the famous American, Benjamin Franklin, was a sleepy agricultural town of 432 located beside the muddy waters of the Chattahoochee River.

But much as Rip Van Winkle awoke from his long sleep, the residents of Franklin, in 1949, rubbed their eyes and looked to the future with a new hope and a challenging slogan—"Franklin Builds for Today and Tomorrow." The motivation was the champion home town contest. In 1950, Franklin won the $1,000 prize for towns of less than 750 population, and came back in 1951 to win the sweepstakes prize of another $1,000.

What happened to Franklin? Its citizens began to work together as a group, and they have never stopped. The campaign enlisted the support of 95 per cent of the people, white and Negro. And it has reached into every phase of community life—business, industry, municipal development, education, recreation and entertainment, health, agriculture, religion, family and home life, and race relations.

One of the sparkplugs in Franklin's drive toward better living was a rotund, jovial Methodist minister, the Rev. J. C. Adams. He is known as the "Bishop of Heard County" because he has spent 24 years in the same charge. For his service to the community he was awarded an honorary doctor of divinity degree by Atlanta's Emory University.

Today, Franklin is a picture of beauty and cleanliness. Turning its back on its agricultural past, the town is looking more and more to an industrial future.

Admirable Expedients

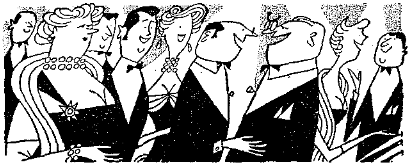
STUDENTS ASSEMBLING at the start of one of John Ruskin's lecture courses found a sign on the door saying that the opening had been postponed until another day. On the second date, about half the original number of students showed up, only to find another notice of postponement. On the third date a very small percentage of the original number appeared. To these, the famous philosopher, who had used this method of discouraging those who had no patience or real desire for the work, simply said: "I think the class is now sufficiently winnowed down. Let us go to work."

—CHARLES M. CROWE
On Living With Yourself (Abingdon Press)

IF THERE ISN'T, there ought to be an old saying that when you stimulate human wants, you stimulate human effort. A manufacturing plant in the Canal Zone employed 20 local women. After some three months of steady and reliable work, they failed to report. The manager offered more money and shorter hours without success. Then he learned that his erstwhile employees had satisfied their wants in the three months and could see no point in further work. So—he wired a large mail-order house to send each of the 20 a general catalog. Before long all the women had returned to their jobs.

—CECILIA H. BURNHAM (*Rotarian*)

Hollywood, U.S.A.



BOB HOPE, at one Hollywood Academy Award program: "I have never seen so many furs, beautiful gowns and jewels as are here tonight—why, it looks like a PTA meeting in Texas." —NBC-TV

A LOS ANGELES BOOSTER was describing the always-beautiful local weather to a skeptical out-of-towner when dark clouds suddenly began to pile up overhead.

"Don't worry," said the booster cheerfully. "They're just empties coming back from Miami."

—Tony Bennett

AN ACTOR WHO HAD NOT been employed in his profession for many, many months finally got up the courage to approach a wealthy friend for a loan to tide him over.

"But you can't be hungry," kidded the friend. "After all, you have a toothpick in your mouth."

"Well," replied the actor, "you know how it is here in Hollywood. A guy has to put up a front."

—*Wall Street Journal*

IN HOLLYWOOD, it takes years to become a star overnight. —Eddie Cantor

ONE OF THE CLASSIC TALES of technical accuracy in Hollywood concerns the chirping of crickets. Shortly after the advent of talking pictures, producer Walter Futter wanted to record the sound of chirping and had prop-men gather some thirty crickets. But the crickets wouldn't chirp.

So Futter called the entomology department of the University of Southern California and asked, "How do you make crickets chirp?"

"It's simple," they told him. "The cricket chirp is a mating call. Separate the crickets by sexes and they'll chirp."

It didn't seem quite so simple to Futter. But after a while he found the solution. He put every cricket in a separate box, regardless of sex. And sure enough, they chirped.

—Andrew Hecht,
Hollywood Merry-Go-Round (Grosset & Dunlap)

FRED ALLEN DESCRIBES a native Hollywoodian as: "An actor who lost both his option and the return half of his railroad ticket."

—Hy Gardner

PRODUCER GEORGE JESSEL had been telling a friend about the inefficiency of a certain film magnate, and concluded: "I told him how to run his studio, all right."

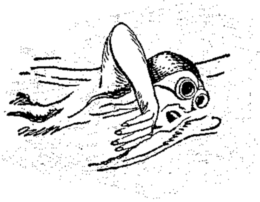
"Then what happened?"

"Oh, nothing," said Jessel. "We parted good friends. He boarded his yacht and I took a bus home."

—*Answers*

IN HOLLYWOOD a quiet wedding is one where only the press agents of the immediate families are present. —Peggy Caroline Fears

Her courage has made her the world's greatest woman channel swimmer



Florence Chadwick: *She Never Quits*

by **GRADY JOHNSON**

AS THE SWIMMERS splashed into the surf to begin the three-mile race, one of them, a husky high-school girl with boyish bobbed hair, seemed to lose her sense of direction. She swam off course to the right and was suddenly caught in a boiling riptide—one of those freakish reverse waves which drown hundreds of bathers every year.

"Riptide's got her!" spectators screamed, as with each stroke the dark-eyed 16-year-old was swept farther out to sea.

A patrol boat veered to pick her up. But before it reached her, she fought free of the current and headed for the first buoy, a mile offshore. Rounding it, she swam with easy, confident strokes to the two-mile marker, and came home 300 yards ahead of her nearest rival.

Asked by a spectator if she had been afraid, she replied confidently, "Oh, no! I always ride a riptide if I can find one."

Before the race, she and her father had spotted the riptide just forming and planned her winning strategy, secure in the knowledge that such tides dissipate themselves several hundred yards offshore and that those who drown, do so fighting them.

Today, 19 years after that race at Oceanside, California, Florence Chadwick's fearless, determined spirit has made her the world's foremost woman long-distance swimmer. Many experts call her "the greatest woman swimmer of all time."

Four years ago she broke Gertrude Ederle's 24-year-old record for swimming the capricious currents of the English Channel from Cap Gris Nez, France, to St. Margaret's Bay, England.

A year after that, in 1951, she made the swim from England to France as well—an endurance test no other woman and only nine men have ever passed.

In 1952, she broke the quarter-century-old record for the gruelling 24-mile swim from Catalina Island to Los Angeles. A television audience of 55,000,000 was held for 18 hours, thrilled by the suspenseful drama of a 140-pound woman pitting skill and will against the surging tides.

She stumbled ashore bruised and bleeding and a few thousand dollars richer from the sale of TV rights, commercial endorsements and contributions sent in by TV viewers. But her greatest reward, she says, was the opportunity it gave her to show millions of youngsters the way to health, sportsmanship and safety in the water.

Made acutely conscious of juvenile delinquency by tales told her by her late father, a retired detective of the San Diego homicide squad, she is convinced that athletics is the best way to keep youngsters from the marijuana evil he fought for 29 years.

Money alone does not interest her. When her mother tried to give her a restaurant if she would quit swimming to run it, she said, "Put a pool in it and I'll take it."

THE FIRST ENTRY in Florence Chadwick's scrapbook is this legend, pasted there when she was a child: "Winners never quit; quitters never win." It is the motto which has guided her life, which, even now, drives her on to greater achievements.

Not a natural swimmer herself, this phenomenal woman has won over 200 cups and medals; she has never been sick in her life; and has saved herself countless times when less experienced persons would have drowned.

Once, she was lost in a fog during an early morning practice swim a mile off Santa Monica. No one knew she was out, and for two hours she swam blindly, first in one direction, then the other, listening for shore sounds. But the silence was as thick as the gray mist above and the dark waters below.

"I was afraid to be afraid," she told friends afterwards. "Panic drowns more people than exhaustion and I thought, 'The water is my friend, put here by the Lord to hold me up.' "

Since it was salt water, she recalled her frequent advice to young swimmers, "You swim in it; you don't drink it."

She decided to swim straight ahead, not sure whether she was going toward land. Fortunately, her sense of direction did not fail her, and she made her way safely to shore.

But the chief reason for her lack of fear is her own confidence. "I don't know yet exactly how far I can swim," she says. She has outswum men far bigger and stronger than she.

Strangely enough, Florence Chadwick's success was founded on failure. At the age of six she swam in her first race, a 50-yarder at her home town of San Diego, and finished last in a field of seven. She cried and wanted to race again because she thought she could do better. The next year, at San Clemente, she finished next to last.

Disgraced by these failures, the girl practiced daily in the rough ocean water near her home. Her father, ex-detective Richard Chadwick, who helped train her until his death last year, bought her a gym set which he put up in the family garage. She worked out on it and sawed wood and cut down trees for exercise.

At 11, Florence won her first race—a six-mile swim in rough open ocean. But the victory cost her years of heartbreak. For, because she could swim great distances with ease, it was felt that the youngster should excel in short inland water races as well.

Early every morning, even in winter, she practiced in a quiet bay near San Diego. Her mother, little Mrs. Mary (Mom) Chadwick, bundled in overcoat and muffler, would follow her along the beach, stop watch in hand.

For five years Florence swam her heart out, aiming at a national championship. Then one day she had her mother time her in backstroke practice in a pool. To Mrs. Chadwick's surprise, Florence had come close to breaking a record.

Florence entered backstroke events and went on to finish second to Eleanor Holm in the Nationals at 14, and to win numerous sectional titles. But she never could win a national event.

In 1936, she suffered a blow to her confidence. By finishing fourth, she missed making the Olympic team. Feeling that she was, in effect, a failure, Miss Chadwick turned professional in 1945 to swim in an Esther Williams movie, to help support herself while the policeman she had married was in the Navy. After that she coached at the La Jolla Beach and Tennis Club until her marriage ended in divorce.

At the same time, she studied law with the view of giving up swimming entirely, but one night, thumbing through her scrapbook, she came to the creed she had pasted there as a little girl—"Winners never quit; quitters never win."

If she quit now, almost 30, over 20 years of training would be wasted. Taking stock, she realized she had virtually grown up in the ocean and that was where she would do the best: she was geared for long distances.

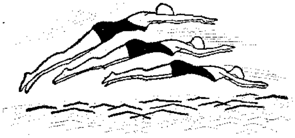
All her life, gallant Gertrude Ederle, first woman to swim the English Channel, had been her idol. Years before, just learning to swim, she had dreamed of emulating her. Now it became a compulsion.

Without telling friends or family, she took a job with an oil company in Saudi Arabia to earn money for a Channel attempt. There she swam six hours a day in the shark-infested Persian Gulf. She trained at the end of a rock fastened to an oil drum half-full of rocks.

In late June, 1950, her contract with the oil company completed, she flew to Wissant, France, in the Pas-de-Calais. Daily she practiced in the strong offshore tides, but newspapermen were watching another Channel contender, 17-year-old Shirley May France of Somerset, Massachusetts.

While crowds were seeing Miss France off, Miss Chadwick, covered in grease and wearing goggles, had already walked out into the water before a handful of people and was beginning to swim at 60 strokes a minute toward the white cliffs of Dover, 19 miles away. Ahead of her in a boat, her father, who had flown over to coach her, fed her four lumps of sugar every hour.

Five miles from Dover, Miss France encountered a strong tide and was taken from the water, sick and crying. The same tide swept Miss Chadwick off course into an area where British artillery was practicing. For a while it looked as though she would have to quit. Learning of her pluck, however, the Englishmen gallantly stopped firing and she fought her way to shore,



taking four hours to swim the last three rugged miles.

Her time, 13 hours and 20 minutes, was one hour and 11 minutes faster than Miss Ederle's famous 1926 crossing. And she had lost six pounds.

A ticker-tape parade awaited Miss Chadwick in San Diego. She rode it with only 45 cents in her purse, expenses of the swim having taken every dollar she had earned.

A year later, Miss Chadwick was marking time at Dover, waiting for good weather to try to swim the Channel in the opposite, more difficult, direction. Only her 69-year-old father gave her a chance. And he shouldn't have been there. Doctors had warned him about his heart.

After waiting 11 weeks she finally started in a fog and a rough sea. Where she was ignored on the first swim, now the eyes of the world were upon her through the boatloads of correspondents following. Three hours out, she was seized with violent stomach cramps and had to stop ten minutes at a time. The fog became so dense she could not see the lead boat ahead. Fumes trailing from its exhausts made her violently ill.

Her father pleaded with her to give up. Each time he called, she begged to stay in the water "another half hour." Finally she swam alongside the boat. A crewman told her that her father had been taking heart pills "by the handful" and had laid down to rest.

Between spasms of nausea, Florence told the crewman what to do in case of a serious attack—give him stronger pills which he carried in a pocket. Then she fell back, fighting her nausea with seasickness pills, swimming on heart alone. Night fell like black wet velvet. The boats became separated.

Halfway around the world in San Diego, a newspaper reporter knocked on her mother's door. Florence was lost at sea. Mrs. Chadwick replied: "Florence is all right. I know how she swims. She ought to be across right now."

Suddenly the phone rang with the news that she had arrived. In 16 hours and 19 minutes she had accomplished what no woman ever had done before.

SHE STARTED SWIMMING classes at local clubs and found a sponsor for a swim of the Catalina Channel. Her father had died shortly after her last English Channel swim, and so she persuaded her mother to go along in the launch.

Starting in a cold, rough sea, Florence was in trouble almost immediately, and had to quit one mile from her goal after 16 hours of swimming.

Alarmed, Mrs. Chadwick demanded to be carried out to the lead rowboat to investigate.

"I asked Florence how she felt," Mrs. Chadwick recalls. "She looked up at me blue in the face and said, 'Mom, if you don't take me out of here I think I'll die.'"

Instinctively, Mrs. Chadwick reached out and grabbed her.

"Why didn't you quit sooner?" the mother scolded. "All you had to do at any time was reach out and touch the boat."

"I know," Florence said simply. "I just couldn't do it."

For her second attempt, Florence was coached by her brother, Dick Chadwick. While her barefoot boatman, Karl Jorgenson, rowed standing up, Brother Dick knelt in the stern, feeding her broth and sugar every hour.

Despite stomach cramps, she finally wallowed over the seaweed at San Vicente, a point in San Pedro, and, before cheering thousands on the shore and millions on TV, stumbled walking in, cutting her legs on the sharp rocks. She had made the crossing in 13 hours and 47 minutes, beating George Young's record by two hours and one minute.

Taken to a hospital for examination, Florence said: "I'm going to church to thank God for the strength He gave me."

Now financially secure, Miss Chadwick has found that winners *can't* quit. Because England's Brenda Fisher beat her first English Channel record from France to England by 37 minutes, a year after she set it, Florence started plotting new channels around Europe to conquer in 1953, the year which was to mark the climax of her record-breaking career as channel swimmer from the Straits of Gibraltar to Bosporus and Dardanelles.

Recently, Miss Chadwick announced that she had given up long-distance swimming for a future on the golf links, but her statement brought looks of doubt to admirers who had watched her career starting with her first successful English Channel crossing.

Contrary to expectations, Florence Chadwick is soft and feminine, her well-developed muscles being long and pliable instead of knotty like those of athletes in quick-action sports. She is superstitious—won't wear a white robe because she lost a championship when she used one, and wears a lucky black silk-jersey suit on important swims.

If a person swims right, she claims, it is easier than walking. "The main thing is to breathe properly. This relaxes the swimmer while he gains confidence and energy. No one should ever drown. With air in your lungs you can't sink."

Recently, at a B'nai B'rith testimonial dinner in New York, she was introduced as "the world's greatest woman swimmer." Standing up, blushing, she motioned for Gertrude Ederle to take the bow. "Without her inspiration, I would never have tried a Channel swim," Florence declared. "*She* is the world's greatest swimmer!"

Kiddies Cornered

DOCTORS SAY that having a new baby in the home makes the days brighter. They could also include the nights. —*Grit*

NOTHING annoys the average child today like a disobedient parent.

ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES of 21-inch television is that Junior can't completely obstruct the view with his head.
—O. A. BATTISTA

"THEY DRIVE ME CRAZY!"

by MARTIN PANZER

Are you ever guilty of the irritating habits that annoy you so much in other people?

I KNOW ONE YOUNG COUPLE who by every standard of compatibility should be considered ideally mated. Ed likes music and Ethel likes music. Ed hates cards and Ethel hates cards. Both of them love to take long walks, to sample new foods, to read good books and to entertain friends. Both dislike artificiality and wild parties. And yet they frequently bicker and quarrel, carrying resentments against each other that they themselves cannot explain.

I have visited them and I think I know wherein at least part of the trouble lies. Once I saw Ethel go through a newspaper. She went through it like a cyclone, leaving it a shambles. When Ed picked it up to read, he had to go through a series of gymnastics to get the pages back in place. He did not say anything at the time, but he could not have helped being annoyed.

On another occasion, I saw Ed go to one bureau drawer for a pair of socks and a second for a clean shirt. He left both drawers partly open, and Ethel had to go to the bureau to shut them. I have no doubt that, consciously or unconsciously, she was resenting the fact that she had to follow him around, continually shutting drawers.

So many of these daily irritations could be eliminated and life could flow so much more evenly for people if they disciplined themselves to avoid doing the many trivial things that annoy their wives and husbands and other members of the family—trivial things which, when piled one on top of the other, finally make a real mountain out of a number of molehills.

A good way to eliminate this unnecessary hazard in the home is to write down the little annoyances of which you are constantly guilty. Then, for 30 days, make it a matter of strict personal discipline to avoid doing them.

Chances are, by the end of the trial period you will be a far more disciplined person, living in a far more smoothly running household. You will have substituted the habit of doing the right thing for the habit of doing the annoying thing, and all sorts of petty frictions will be eliminated.

You could, for example, start with the two annoying habits mentioned above:

1. I shall keep the paper neatly in order so that others may read it without difficulty.

2. I shall shut drawers after I have gone to them so that no one will have to shut them after me.

Then you could go on to other

daily disciplines, which might include the following:

3. I shall carefully replace the cap on the toothpaste tube after I have used it.

4. I shall shut faucets tightly so that there will be no irritating drip-drip to fray the nerves of others in the house.

5. I shall hang clothing carefully in closets so it does not crush or wrinkle the clothing of other members of the family.

6. After removing something from the refrigerator, I shall carefully adjust its contents so that the next person who opens the door will not be the victim of an accidental spill.

7. After having a snack, I shall rinse off cup, plate or soiled knife, instead of leaving these to clutter up the kitchen.

8. I shall get broom, dustpan and pet's dish out from underfoot after every use, so no one will trip or fall over them.

9. I shall make it a practice to place soiled clothing in a hamper and not leave it wherever I happen to be for someone else to pick up and dispose of.

10. I shall empty ash trays of ashes and butts, instead of expecting to have it done for me.

11. I shall refrain from placing wet glasses on unprotected furniture to avoid marring the veneer.

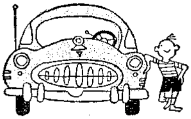
12. I shall switch off lights on leaving a room so no one will be annoyed by the thought of wastefulness.

13. I shall make it a practice to close doors gently, instead of slamming them or allowing them to slam.

14. In stormy weather I shall remove rubbers and galoshes before tramping through the house, and I shall leave wet umbrellas and clothing where they will do the least damage.

Rewrite the list, if necessary, to fit your own little crimes of irritation. Then follow through. You may be sure that your new policy of consideration will be noticed, and will stimulate reciprocation.

Soon you will find *yourself* being spared many of the irritations that used to bother you. The unspoken resentments that were in the past stored up, until some small, irrelevant incident served as the fuse for an explosion, will no longer stand in the way of pleasant and peaceful co-existence.



Canny Canova

I HAVE AN UNCLE who makes his five-year-old son drive a car because it's not safe for a child to be a pedestrian in California.

WHAT A DRESS! You can't tell whether that dame is inside trying to get out or outside trying to get in.

I HAVE A PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY. My brain is just like a negative—all it needs is developing.

—JUDY CANOVA

THE LAWYER WHO DARED

by **SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE**

IN APRIL, 1899, a long and bitter feud between miners and mine operators in Idaho ended in violence. Incited by union leaders, several hundred armed miners from Burke seized a train and forced the crew to take them to Wardner. There, with dynamite, they blew up two plants, killing two people and injuring several others.

One of the chief instigators of that bloody riot was Paul Corcoran, secretary of the union. But Corcoran would not stand by his men. He claimed that while the miners were blowing up plants in Wardner, he was home in Burke, minding his own business.

He was indicted for murder. At his trial, the courtroom was packed. Hardly a soul in Idaho doubted his guilt, but the prosecution's case looked hopeless. Witness after witness testified Corcoran was in Burke, 20 miles away, at the fatal hour.

While the defense was establishing an ironclad alibi, few people looked at the pale-faced young prosecutor. He had little to say. But when the defense had finished, the earnest young man threw a bombshell. He called a woman to the stand, who testified that she had seen Corcoran on the kidnapped train, sitting on top of a box car with a gun on his lap.

The jammed courtroom was electrified. But immediately, the defense called several railroadmen to the stand. They testified that anyone sitting on top of a car would have been thrown off.

"The track is uneven," they said, "and the train was speeding. Nobody could sit on a moving car."

The prosecuting attorney turned to the jury, "I will prove," he said, "that it *can* be done."

The defense attorney laughed. "How do you expect to prove it?"

"By doing it," replied the prosecutor calmly.

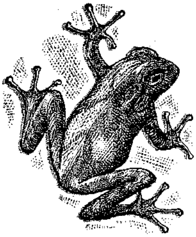
All his friends told him not to be foolish: he might kill himself. But the young lawyer had a special train made up, just like the kidnapped one. Then, while judge, jury and crowd looked on, he climbed to the top of a box car. "Let's go!" he cried.

As the train gathered speed, the attorney held on firmly. The car bounced and jostled but the determined rider could not be thrown. At Wardner, he waved happily at a cheering crowd.

When court reconvened next day, Corcoran was found guilty, and the daredevil lawyer who had risked his life became known all over Idaho. Later, his admirers elected him to the U.S. Senate, where he quickly won national fame as the fearless William E. Borah.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke appears on *Bulldog Drummond*, Mutual Broadcasting System, Sundays, 6-6:25 p.m., EST

What causes the melodious chorus you hear from the swamps in April?



Those Spring Peepers

by **RONALD ROOD**

EVERY MOTORIST who has driven along the open highways of the East on a balmy night in April knows the sudden high-pitched crescendo of sound that betokens a swamp along the roadside. Even passengers on a speeding train may hear the shrill chorus of myriad pipings above the roar of the wheels.

Ask the traveler what causes the sound, however, and he will likely shrug his shoulders. "Birds," he may say, or "Some kind of insect."

Unless he knows the true nature of this little songster, he will probably never consider that it might be a frog. But frog it is—one of America's smallest amphibians; indeed, one of the world's tiniest vertebrate animals—the diminutive Spring Peeper.

Few Americans have seen this little creature, even in jars of preservative at a museum; fewer still have seen it alive. Yet its song is as emblematic of spring as the call of the first robin or the shy nod of the first violet.

If you were to look right at him in his native habitat, chances are that you would never see him at all. Ranging from a deep chestnut brown to a light tan, he clings tightly to a reed or twig, alert and motionless, blending perfectly with his surroundings.

Once we see him, however, we note that he has a pronounced "X" or cross on his back, running diagonally from left shoulder to right hip and from right shoulder to left hip. This has led scientists to give him the name of *Hyla crucifer*—the Crossbearer.

Turn this little frog over and his whitish underparts give him away at once. This coloration protects him from underwater predators as he floats on the surface.

Even if they were able to see him, he might pass undisturbed, for his tininess is unbelievable; he could sit comfortably on your thumbnail. The weight of such a small body is unnoticed by any but the most delicate scales. It may take from ten to 15 of them to weigh an ounce.

This little frog is anything but small in voice, however. In the throat region is a thin air sac which communicates with the mouth cavity through tiny openings. When he is about to sing, the throat sac becomes enlarged like a translucent bubble, serving as a small but effective resonance chamber.

The high-pitched sound produced is so penetrating that this little tenth-ounce midget can be heard for half a mile. Thus, if our voice were in the same proportion to our size as the tiny Spring Peeper's, a man weighing 160 pounds could be heard 12,800 miles away.

As soon as the frozen grip of winter begins to relax, these restless little songsters come out of hibernation, seeking open spots where the sun is warmest and where there may be a small spring pond. They hop along over the forest floor and the meadowland, guided by a sure sense which draws them in the direction of the water. Often they may sing as they go, but the real chorus does not begin until they are in the swamp.

One by one they slip into the water, which is sometimes so cold that small pieces of ice may still be floating in it. Undaunted by the frigid temperature, they climb on a bit of leaf or grass half out of the water and launch into the shrill, intermittent song which is to continue for the next two months.

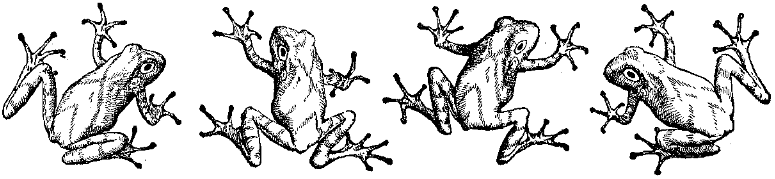
At first the sound from the swamp is hesitant and broken. The few first-comers sing somewhat timidly, as if conscious of their tiny size. Day by day, however, new frogs arrive and take up the chorus, and the songs become steadier and lustier. As the days pass, the chorus becomes one constant torrent of high, shrill sound, pouring out of the swamp with such volume that the individual songs are lost.

It seems as if nothing could still the song of the Peepers. In fact, if we were to shout ourselves hoarse, it would have little effect. But let the shadow of a hawk streak across the pond and the chorus is stopped instantly. Or let a muskrat crawl up on the bank where half a dozen songsters are piping, and they will immediately flatten themselves against their perches, silent and watchful.

The exuberant song will not long be quiet, however. Life runs too strongly in these little creatures to be denied an expression for more than a few minutes. Shortly, one more venturesome than the rest gives forth a querulous call, as if to inquire whether all is well. Almost instantly, two or three others answer from nearby, and their call is taken up by still others until the swamp is once again a riot of sound.

Why does the Spring Peeper, in common with most toads and frogs, go through this strange migration to the swamps and back to dry land? The immediate answer, of course, is so that the eggs may be produced and fertilized. But the underlying drive behind it hearkens back to bygone eons.

Careful reading of the fossil history of the rocks indicates that the first vertebrates to make the epic change from life in the water to existence on land were creatures which had many of the characteristics of our present-day amphib-



ians. Regarded by scientists as primitive fish-like forms, they roamed the steaming forests and were able to exist in the thin, inhospitable, changeable veil of air, rather than the enveloping, cushioning water.

They grew more and more specialized as time passed, but were never able to break completely the tie which bound them to an existence in the water. The parents were compelled to return to lay their eggs in the water, and the young passed their early existence there.

Today our little Spring Peeper, millionth son of a millionth son of these primitive forms, still follows the same dim urge. Spurred by the hospitable rays of early spring sunshine, he hurries to the swamps to fulfill his mission.

For the rest of the summer and fall, the Peeper wanders about in the cool woods or the brushland near a swamp, catching the insects and other small creatures which are its diet. Although its tiny gold-flecked eyes apparently see quite well, they can distinguish only moving prey, and so it eats only living insects.

Peculiar sticky discs on the ends of the toes enable it to climb up the surface of objects, and it may be seen many feet above the ground. If we touch one of these little fellows on his branch, he merely clings closer to the bark; if we disturb him too much, however, he will unhesitatingly launch himself out into the air, landing on the ground unhurt.

Like all other frogs, the Hyla is unable to maintain a constant body heat, and goes into hibernation with the onset of winter. Warm days may call him forth for a few brief hours during a January thaw, but he soon goes back to his slumbers, out of reach of the killing frost.

But when the ice melts from the ponds and the buds of the pussy willows show gray, he begins to stir and soon his exultant piping is again heard in the swamps, and we know that the earth has made a full swing through its orbit and spring has arrived at last.

Strictly Groucho

"When you're up there writing," Groucho asked a skywriter who was a contestant on his radio show, "do you ever get the impression that someone is looking over your shoulder?"

Groucho Marx once worked out a complete set of blueprints for what he thought was a great invention. But when he showed them to his friends they looked at them and told him he was crazy.

"Crazy, eh? That's what they said about Edison and Bell and Fulton and Ford and Einstein and Earl Wiener."

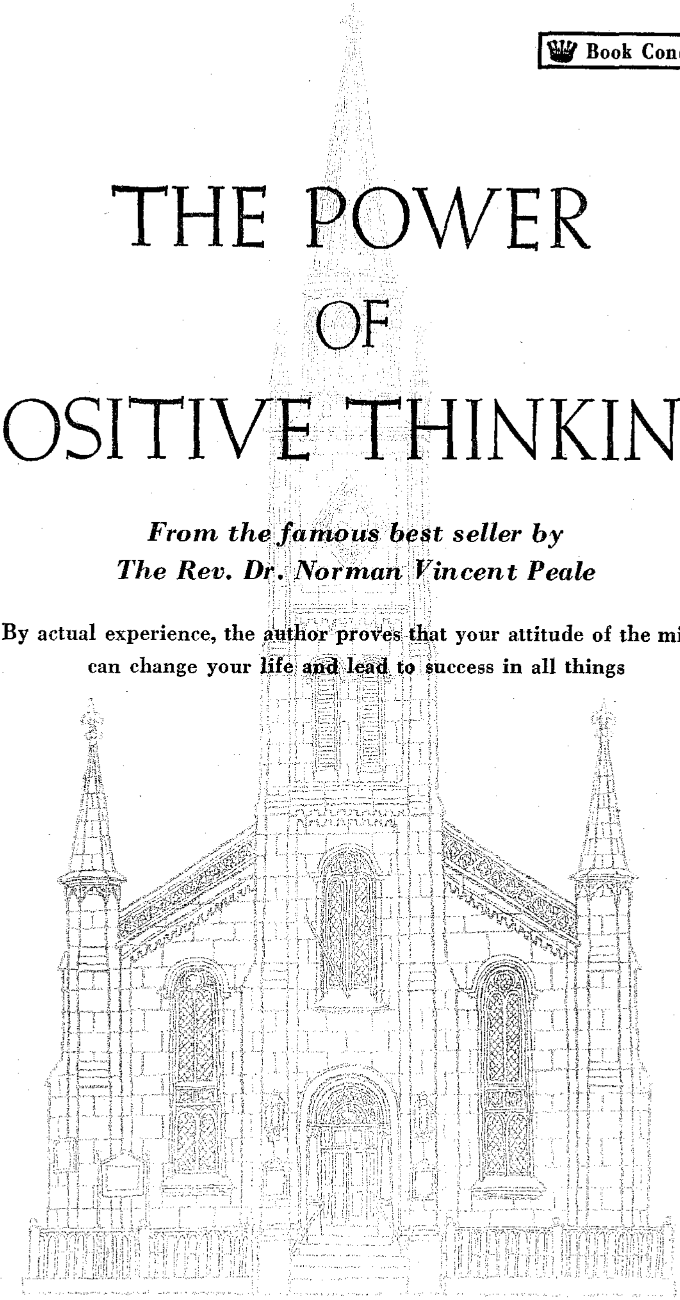
"Earl Wiener?" his friends asked. "Who was he?" and, rolling his eyes crazily in rhythm with his cigar, Groucho told them: "Oh, he really was crazy." —Leonard Lyons

Book Condensation

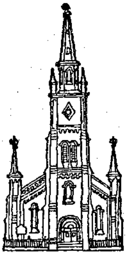
THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING

From the famous best seller by
The Rev. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale

By actual experience, the author proves that your attitude of the mind can change your life and lead to success in all things



From *The Power of Positive Thinking*, by Norman Vincent Peale. Published at $2.95 by Prentice Hall, Inc., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Copyright, 1952, by Norman Vincent Peale.



THIS BOOK IS WRITTEN to suggest techniques and to give examples which demonstrate that you do not need to be defeated by anything, that you can have peace of mind, improved health, and a never-ceasing flow of energy—in short, that all the days of your life can be full of joy, contentment and satisfaction.

Of this I have no doubt, for I have watched countless persons learn and apply a system of simple procedures that has brought about the foregoing benefits in their lives. These assertions, which may appear extravagant, are based on bona fide demonstrations in actual human experience.

If you read this book thoughtfully, and if you will sincerely and persistently practice the principles and formulas set forth, you can experience an amazing improvement within yourself. Your business and personal relations with other people will noticeably improve. You will become a more popular, esteemed and well-liked individual.

By mastering these principles, you will enjoy a delightful new sense of well-being. You may attain a degree of health not hitherto known by you and experience a new and keen pleasure in living. You will become a person of greater usefulness and will wield an expanded influence.

I need not point out that the powerful principles contained herein are not my invention, but are given to us by the greatest Teacher who ever lived and who still lives. This book teaches applied Christianity—a simple yet scientific system of practical techniques of successful living that works.

Believe in Yourself

Believe in yourself! Have faith in your abilities! Without a humble, but reasonable, confidence in your own powers, you cannot be successful or happy.

It is appalling to realize the number of pathetic people who are hampered and made miserable by the malady popularly called the inferiority complex. But you need not suffer from this. When proper steps are taken, it can be overcome.

After speaking to a convention of businessmen in a city auditorium, I was on the stage greeting people when a man asked, "May I talk with you about a matter of desperate importance to me?"

I asked him to remain until the others had gone, then we went backstage and sat down.

"I'm in this town to handle the most important business deal of my life," he explained. "If I succeed, it means everything to me. If I fail, I'm done for."

I suggested that he relax a little, that nothing was quite that final.

"I have a terrible disbelief in myself," he said dejectedly. "I just don't believe I can put it over. In fact," he lamented, "I'm just about sunk. Here I am, forty years old. Why is it that all my life I have been tormented by inferiority feelings, by lack of confidence, by self-doubt? I listened to you tonight as you talked about the power of positive thinking, and I want to ask how I can get some faith in myself."

"There are two steps to take," I replied. "First, it is important to discover why you have these feelings of 'no power.' That requires analysis and will take time. But to pull you through this immediate problem, I shall give you a formula which will work if you use it.

"As you walk down the street tonight, I suggest that you repeat certain words which I shall give you. Say them over several times after you get into bed. When you awaken tomorrow, repeat them three times before arising. On the way to your important appointment, say them three additional times. Do this with an attitude of faith and you will receive sufficient strength and ability to deal with this problem."

Following is the affirmation I gave him—*I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.* (Philippians IV, 13) He was unfamiliar with these words so I wrote them on a card and had him read them over aloud three times.

I watched him square his shoulders and walk out into the night. He seemed a pathetic figure, and yet the way he carried himself showed that faith was already at work in his mind.

Subsequently he reported that this simple formula "did wonders" for him and added, "It seems incredible that a few words from the Bible could do so much for a person."

This man later had a study made of the reasons for his inferiority attitudes. They were cleared away by scientific counseling and by the application of religious faith. He was taught how to have faith, was given certain specific instructions to follow. Gradually he attained a strong, steady, reasonable confidence. His personality has taken on a positive, not negative, character so that he no longer repels success, but, on the contrary, draws it to him. He now has authentic confidence in his own powers.

There are various causes of inferiority feelings, and not a few stem from childhood. An executive consulted me about a young man whom he wished to advance in his company. "But," he explained, "he cannot be trusted with important secret information. I'm sorry, for otherwise I would make him my administrative assistant. He has all the other necessary qualifications, but he talks too much."

Upon analysis I found that he "talked too much" simply because of an inferiority feeling. To compensate for it he succumbed to the temptation of parading his knowledge. He associated with men who were rather well to do, all of whom had attended college and belonged to a fraternity. But this boy was reared in poverty, had not been a college man or fraternity member. Thus, he felt himself inferior to his associates.

To build himself up with his associates and to enhance his self-esteem, his subconscious mind, which always seeks to provide a compensatory mechanism, supplied him with a means by which to bolster his ego.

When the employer became aware of the cause of this trait, he pointed out to the young man the opportunities in business to which his abilities could lead him. He also described how his inferiority feelings caused his unreliability in confidential matters. This self-knowledge, together with a sincere practicing of the techniques of faith and prayer, made him a valuable asset to his company.

Lack of self-confidence apparently is one of the great problems besetting people today. In a university, a survey was made of 600 students in psychology courses. The students were asked to state their most difficult personal problem. Seventy-five per cent listed lack of confidence. It can safely be assumed that the same large proportion is true of the population, generally.

Everywhere you encounter people who are inwardly afraid, who shrink from life, who suffer from a deep sense of inadequacy and insecurity. Always they are beset by the vague and sinister fear that something is not going to be quite right.

They do not believe that they have it in them to be what they want to be, and so they try to make themselves content with something less than that of which they are capable. Thousands upon thousands go crawling through life on their hands and knees, defeated and afraid.

If you have lost confidence in your ability to win, sit down, take a piece of paper and make a list, not of the factors that are against you but of those that are for you. If you or I or anybody think constantly of the forces that seem to be against us, we will build them up into a power far beyond that which is justified.

But if, on the contrary, you mentally visualize and affirm and reaffirm your assets and keep your thoughts on them, emphasizing them to the fullest extent, you will rise out of any difficulty. Your inner powers will reassert themselves and, with the help of God, lift you from defeat to victory.

A Peaceful Mind Generates Power

At breakfast in a hotel dining room, three of us fell to discussing how well we had slept the night before. One man had tossed and turned and was about as exhausted as when he retired. "Guess I'd better stop listening to the news before going to bed," he observed. "I tuned in last night and sure got an earful of trouble."

The other man spoke up, "As for me, I had a grand night. I got my news from the evening paper and had a chance to digest it before I went to sleep. Of course," he continued, "I used my go-to-sleep plan which never fails."

I prodded him for his plan, which was, he explained, as follows: "When I was a boy, my father, a farmer, had the habit of gathering the family in the parlor at bedtime and he read to us out of the Bible. After prayers I would go up to my room and sleep like a top. But when I left home, I got away from the Bible-reading and prayer habit.

"I must admit that, for years, practically the only time I ever prayed was when I got into a jam. But some months ago my wife and I decided we would try it again. We found it a very helpful practice, so now, every night before going to bed, she and I read the Bible together and have a little session of prayer. I've been sleeping much better and things have improved all the way down the line."

Concluding, he turned to the other man and said, "I didn't go to bed with an earful of trouble. Instead, I went to sleep with a mind full of peace."

There are two cryptic phrases for you—"an earful of trouble" and "a mind full of peace." Which do you choose to describe yourself?

The essence of the secret lies in a change of mental attitude. One must learn to live on a different thought basis, and even though thought change requires effort, it is much easier than to continue living as you are. The life of strain is difficult. The life of inner peace, being harmonious and without stress, is the easiest type of existence.

I conducted a religious service on board the S.S. *Lurline* on a voyage to Honolulu. In the course of my talk I suggested that people who were carrying worries in their minds might go to the stern of the vessel and imaginatively take each anxious thought out of the mind, drop it overboard and watch it disappear in the wake of the ship.

It seems an almost childlike suggestion, but a man came to me later that day and said: "I did as you suggested and am amazed at the relief it has given me. During this voyage, every evening at sunset I am going to drop all my worries overboard until I develop the psychology of casting them entirely out of my consciousness."

Of course, emptying the mind is not enough. When the mind is emptied, something is bound to enter. The mind cannot long remain a vacuum.

Always start filling your mind with creative and healthy thoughts. Then, when the old fears, hates and worries try to edge back in, they will, in effect, find a sign on the door of your mind reading "occupied." Presently the old thoughts will give up and you will permanently enjoy a mind that is full of peace.

There are other practical ways by which you can develop serenity and quiet attitudes. One way is through conversation. Depending upon the words we use and the tone in which we use them, we can talk ourselves into being nervous, high-strung and upset. We can talk ourselves into either negative or positive results.

In a group when the conversation takes a trend that is upsetting, try injecting peaceful ideas into the talk. Note how it counteracts nervous tensions. Conversation filled with expressions of unhappy expectation, at breakfast, for example, often sets the tone of the day.

On the contrary, start each day by affirming peaceful and happy attitudes and your days will tend to be pleasant and successful.

Another effective technique is the daily practice of silence. Everyone should insist upon not less than a quarter-hour of absolute quiet every 24 hours. Go alone into the quietest place available and sit or lie down for 15 minutes and practice the art of silence.

Do not talk to anyone. Do not write. Do not read. Think as little as possible. Throw your mind into neutral. Conceive of your mind as quiescent, inactive.

This will not be easy at first because thoughts are stirring up your mind, but practice will increase your efficiency. Conceive of your mind as the surface of a body of water, and see how nearly quiet you can make it so that there is not a ripple. When you have attained a quiescent state, then begin to listen for the deeper sounds of harmony and beauty and of God that are to be found in the essence of silence.

How to Have Constant Energy

How we think we feel has a definite effect on how we actually feel physically. If your mind tells you that you are tired, the body mechanism, the nerves and the muscles accept the fact. If your mind is intensely interested, you can keep on at an activity indefinitely.

Religion functions through our thoughts; in fact, it is a system of thought discipline. By supplying attitudes of faith to the mind it can increase energy. It helps you to accomplish prodigious activity by suggesting that you have ample support and resources of power.

A number of years ago I attended a lecture at which a speaker asserted before a large audience that he had not been tired in 30 years. He explained that 30 years before, he had passed through a spiritual experience in which by self-surrender he had made contact with Divine power. From then on he possessed sufficient energy for all his activities, and these were prodigious.

For years I have studied and experimented with the ideas which this speaker outlined and which others have demonstrated, and it is my conviction that the principles of Christianity, scientifically utilized, can develop an uninterrupted and continuous flow of energy into the human mind and body.

Every great personality I have ever known who has demonstrated the capacity for prodigious work has been a person in tune with the Infinite. They have not necessarily been pious people, but invariably they have been extraordinarily well-organized from an emotional and psychological point of view. It is fear, resentment, the projection of parental faults upon people when they are children, inner conflicts and obsessions that throw off balance the finely equated nature, thus causing undue expenditure of natural force.

A famous statesman who made seven speeches in one day was still boundless in energy. "Why are you not tired after making seven speeches?" I asked.

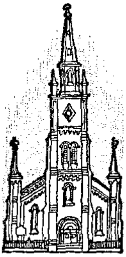
"Because," he said, "I believe absolutely in everything I said in those speeches. I am enthusiastic about my convictions."

That's the secret. He was on fire for something. He was pouring himself out, and you never lose energy and vitality in so doing. You only lose energy when life becomes dull in your mind.

Get interested in something. Throw yourself into it with abandon. Get out of yourself. Be somebody. Do something. Don't sit around moaning about things, reading the papers and saying, "Why don't they do something?"

Try Prayer Power

Jack Smith, operator of a health club which is patronized by many outstanding people, believes in the therapy of prayer and uses it. He was at one time a prize fighter, then a truck driver and finally opened his health club. He says that while he probes his patrons for physical flabbiness, he also probes for spiritual flabbiness because, he declares, "You can't even begin to get a man physically healthy until you get him spiritually healthy."



One day Walter Huston, the actor, sat by Jack Smith's desk. He noted a big sign on the wall on which were penciled the following letters: A P R P B W P R A A. In surprise, Huston asked, "What do those mean?"

Smith laughed and said, "They stand for 'Affirmative Prayers Release Powers By Which Positive Results Are Accomplished.' "

Huston's jaw dropped. "Well, I never expected to hear anything like that in a health club."

"I use methods like that," said Smith, "to make people curious so they will ask what those letters mean."

Jack Smith, who helps men to keep physically fit, believes that prayer is as important, if not more important, than exercise, steam baths and a rubdown. It is a vital part of the power-releasing process.

Prayer power is a manifestation of energy. Just as there exist scientific techniques for the release of atomic energy, so are there scientific procedures for the release of spiritual energy through the mechanism of prayer. You need not lose your basic energy or vital power merely as a result of accumulating years. Prayer can freshen you up every evening and send you out renewed each morning. Prayer has the power to keep your reactions correct and sound.

A man opened a small business in New York City a number of years ago, the establishment being, as he characterized it, "a little hole in the wall." He had one employee. In a few years they moved into a larger room and then into extensive quarters. It became a very successful operation.

This man's method of business was "to fill the little hole in the wall with optimistic prayers and thoughts." He declared that hard work, positive thinking, fair dealing, right treatment of people and the proper kind of praying always gets results. This man, who has a creative and unique mind, worked out his own simple formula for overcoming difficulties through prayer power.

The formula is: (1) Prayerize, (2) Picturize, (3) Actualize.

By "prayerize" my friend meant a daily system of creative prayer. When a problem arose, he talked it over with God very simply and directly in prayer. Moreover, he did not talk with God as to some vast and far-off shadowy being but conceived of God as being with him in his office, in his home, on the street, in his automobile, always near by as a partner, as a close associate. The Presence came finally to dominate his conscious and ultimately his unconscious thinking.

The second point in his formula is to "picturize." To assure something worthwhile happening, first pray about it and test it according to God's will; then print a picture of it on your mind as happening, holding the picture firmly in consciousness. Continue to put the matter in God's hands—and follow God's guidance.

Practice believing and continue to hold the picturization firmly in your thoughts. You will be astonished at the strange ways in which the picturization comes to pass. In this manner the picture "actualizes." That which you have "prayerized" and "picturized," "actualizes" according to the pattern of your basic realizable wish when conditioned by invoking God's power upon it.

I have known many people who have successfully applied this three-stage technique not only to personal affairs but to business matters as well. When sincerely and intelligently brought into situations, the results have been so excellent that this must be regarded as an extraordinarily efficient method of prayer.

Stop Fuming and Fretting

Many people make life unnecessarily difficult by dissipating power and energy through fuming and fretting. Do you ever "fume" and "fret"? Here is a picture of yourself if you do.

The word "fume" means to boil up, to blow off, to seethe. The word "fret" is equally descriptive. It is reminiscent of a sick child in the night, a petulant half-cry, half-whine. It has an irritating, annoying quality.

We need to stop fuming and fretting and get peaceful if we are to have power to live effectively. And how do we go about getting peaceful? A first step is to reduce your pace or at least the tempo of your pace. We do not realize how accelerated the rate of our lives has become, or the speed at which we are driving ourselves. Many people are destroying their physical bodies by this pace, but what is even more tragic, they are tearing their minds and souls to shreds as well.

The character of our thoughts determines pace. When the mind goes rushing pell-mell from one feverish attitude to another, it becomes feverish and the result is a state bordering on petulance. Overstimulation produces toxic poisons in the body and creates emotional illness. It produces fatigue and a sense of frustration, so that we fume and fret about everything from our personal troubles to the state of the nation and the world. If the effect of this emotional disquiet is so pronounced physically, what must its effect be on that deep inner essence of the personality known as the soul?

A physician gave some rather whimsical advice to a patient, an aggressive businessman. Excitedly he told the doctor what an enormous amount of work he had to do.

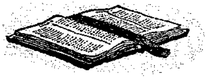
"I take my briefcase home every night and it's packed with work," he said with nervous inflection.

"Why do you take work home with you at night?"

"I have to get it done," he fumed.

"Cannot someone else do it or help you with it?" asked the doctor.

"No," the man snapped. "I am the only one who can do it. It must be done just right, and I alone can do it as it must be done, and it has to be done quickly."



"If I write you a prescription, will you follow it?" asked the doctor, realizing his state of mental tension.

This, believe it or not, was the prescription. The patient was to take off two hours every working day and go for a long walk. He was to take off a half-day a week and spend that half-day in a cemetery.

In astonishment, the patient demanded, "Why should I spend a half-day in a cemetery?"

"Because," answered the doctor, "I want you to wander around and look at the gravestones of men who are there permanently. I want you to meditate on the fact that many of them are there because they thought even as you do, that the whole world rested on their shoulders. Meditate on the solemn fact that when you get there permanently, the world will go on just the same and, as important as you are, others will be able to do the work you are now doing."

The patient got the idea. He slowed his pace. He learned to delegate authority. He achieved a proper sense of his own importance. He stopped fuming and fretting. And, it might be added, he now does better work.

Expect the Best and Get It

"Why does my boy fail in every job he gets?" asked a puzzled father about his 30-year-old son.

It was indeed difficult to understand the failure of this young man, for seemingly he had everything. Of good family, his educational and business opportunities were beyond the average. Nevertheless, he had a tragic flair for failure. Everything he touched went wrong.

Presently he found a curiously simple but potent answer. After practicing this newfound secret for a while, he lost the flair for failure and acquired the touch of success.

Not long ago at luncheon I could not help admiring this dynamic man at the height of his power. "You amaze me," I commented. "A few years ago you were failing at everything. Now you have worked up an original idea into a fine business. You are a leader in your community. Please explain this remarkable change."

"Really it was quite simple," he replied. "I merely learned the magic of believing. I discovered that if you expect the worst you will get the worst, and if you expect the best you will get the best. It all happened through actually practicing a verse from the Bible."

"And what is that verse?"

"*If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth* (Mark IX, 23). I was brought up in a religious home," he explained, "and heard that verse many times, but it never had any effect upon me. One day in your church I heard you emphasize those words in a talk. In a flash of insight I realized that the key I had missed was that my mind was not trained to believe, to think positively, to have faith in either God or myself.

"I followed your suggestion of putting myself in God's hands and practiced your outlined techniques of faith. I trained myself to think positively about everything. Along with that, I try to live right."

He smiled and said, "God and I struck up a partnership. When I adopted that policy, things began to change almost at once for me. I got into the habit of expecting the best, not the worst, and that is the way my affairs have turned out lately. I guess you might say it's a kind of miracle, mightn't you?"

But it wasn't miraculous at all. Actually what had happened was that he had learned to use one of the most powerful laws in this world, a law recognized alike by psychology and religion, namely, change your mental habits to belief instead of disbelief. Learn to expect, not to doubt. In so doing you bring everything into the realm of possibility.

William James, famous psychologist, said: "Your belief at the beginning of a doubtful undertaking is the one thing that insures the successful outcome of your venture." To learn to believe is of primary importance. It is the basic factor of succeeding in any undertaking."

When you expect the best, you release a magnetic force in your mind which by a law of attraction tends to bring the best to you. But if you expect the worst, you release from your mind the power of repulsion which tends to force the best from you.

It is amazing how a sustained expectation of the best sets in motion forces which cause the best to materialize. Perhaps you have not been doing so well in the game of life. Perhaps you stand up to bat and cannot make a hit. You strike out time and again and your batting average is lamentably low.

Let me give you a suggestion. I guarantee that it will work. The basis for my assurance is the fact that thousands of people have been trying it with very great results. Things will be very different for you if you give this method a real trial.

Start reading the New Testament and notice the number of times it refers to faith. Select a dozen of the strongest statements about faith, the ones that you like best. Then memorize each one. Let these faith concepts drop into your conscious mind.

By a process of spiritual osmosis, they will sink from your conscious into your subconscious mind and in time will modify your basic thought pattern. This process will change you into a believer, into an expecter, and when you become such, you will in due course become an achiever. You will have new power to get what God and you decide you really want.

It is a well-defined and authentic principle that what the mind profoundly expects, it tends to receive. Perhaps this is true because what you really expect is what you actually want. Unless you really want something sufficiently to create an atmosphere of positive factors by your dynamic desire, it is likely to elude you.

Let me give you four words as a formulation of a great law—*faith power works wonders*. Those four words are packed with dynamic and creative force. Hold them in your conscious mind. Let them sink into the unconscious and they can help you to overcome any difficulty. Hold them in your thoughts, say them over and over again. Say them until your mind accepts them, until you believe them—*faith power works wonders*.

You can overcome any obstacle: you can achieve the most tremendous things by faith power. And how do you develop faith power? The answer is: to saturate your mind with the great words of the Bible. If you will spend one hour a day reading the Bible and committing its great passages to memory, thus allowing them to recondition your personality, the change in you and in your experience will be little short of miraculous.

How to Use Faith in Healing

Is religious faith a factor in healing? Important evidence indicates that it is. There was a time in my own experience when I was not convinced of this, but now I am, and very definitely. I have seen too many evidences to believe otherwise.

There is a growing emphasis in present-day religious practice which is designed to help people find healing from the sicknesses of mind, heart, soul and body. This is a return to the original practice of Christianity. Only in recent times have we tended to overlook the fact that for centuries, religion carried on healing activities.

In modern times man made the false assumption that it is impossible to harmonize the teachings of the Bible with what is called "science," and so the healing emphasis of religion was abandoned almost entirely to materialistic science. Today, however, the close association of religion and health is increasingly recognized.

Present-day medicine emphasizes psychosomatic factors in healing, thus recognizing the relationship of mental states to bodily health. Modern medical practice takes into consideration the close connection between how a man thinks and how he feels. Since religion deals with thought and feeling and basic attitudes, it is only natural that the science of faith should be important in the healing process.

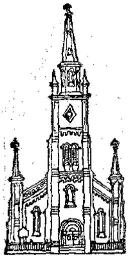
At a Rotary Club luncheon, I sat at a table with nine other men, one of them a physician who had recently been discharged from military service. He said:

"Upon my return from the Army, I noticed a change in my patients' troubles. I found that a high percentage do not need medicine but better thought-patterns. They are not sick in their bodies so much as they are sick in their emotions. They are all mixed up with inferiority feelings, guilt and resentment.

"I became aware that in many cases the basic trouble with people was spiritual. So I found myself frequently quoting the Bible to them. Then I fell into the habit of 'prescribing' religious and inspirational books, especially those that give guidance in how to live."

I received a letter from a physician in an upstate New York town who said: "Sixty per cent of the people in this town are sick because they are maladjusted in their minds and in their souls. It is hard to realize that the modern soul is sick to such an extent that the physical organs pain. I suppose in time," continues the doctor, "that ministers, priests and rabbis will understand this relationship."

Dr. Rebecca Beard declares: "We have discovered the psychosomatic cause of high blood pressure as some form of subtle repressed fear—a fear of things that might happen, not of things that are. In the case of diabetes, it is grief or disappointment which we found uses up more energy than any other emotion, thereby exhausting the insulin which



is manufactured by the pancreas cells until they are worn out.

"Here we find the emotions involved in the past—re-living the past and not being able to go forward into life. The medical world can give relief in disorders like these. They can give something that can lower the blood pressure when it is high, or raise it when it is low, but not permanently. They can give insulin which will burn up more sugar into energy and give the diabetic relief.

"No drug or vaccine has been discovered to protect us from our own emotional conflicts. A better understanding of our own emotional selves and a return to religious faith seem to form the combination that holds the greatest promise of permanent help to any of us."

How to Get People to Like You

You may hear someone say, "I don't care whether people like me or not." But whenever you hear anyone say that, just put it down as a fact that he is not really telling the truth.

William James once said, "One of the deepest drives of human nature is the desire to be appreciated." The longing to be liked, to be held in esteem, to be a sought-after person, is fundamental in us. The "lone wolf," the isolated personality, the retiring individual, suffer a misery which is difficult to describe.

The feeling of not being wanted or needed produces frustration, aging, illness. If you have this feeling, you really ought to do something about it. It is not only a pathetic way to live but is serious psychologically.

A middle-aged woman complained to me that she didn't feel well. She was dissatisfied and unhappy. "My husband is dead, the children are grown, and there is no place for me any more. People treat me kindly, but they are indifferent. Everyone has his own interest and nobody needs me—nobody wants me. I wonder, could that be the reason I do not feel well?"

In a business office, the founder of the firm just past 70 was walking aimlessly around. He talked with me while his son, present head of the business, whom I had come to see, was on the telephone. The older man said gloomily,

"Why don't you write a book on how to retire? That is what I need to know. I thought it was going to be wonderful to give up the burdens of the job, but now I find that nobody is interested in anything I say. I might as well stay away altogether, for all they care. My son is running the business and he is doing a good job of it, but," he concluded pathetically, "I'd like to think they needed me a little bit."

These people are suffering one of the most pathetic experiences in this life. They want people to appreciate them. The personality longs for esteem. But it isn't only in retirement that this situation develops.

A girl of 21 told me that someone had given her the notion she was an unwanted child. This serious idea had sunk into her subconscious, giving her a profound sense of inferiority and self-depreciation. It made her shy and backward, causing her to retreat into herself. She became lonely and unhappy and was, in fact, an underdeveloped personality.

The cure was to revamp her life

JAMES M. MILNE LIBRARY
SUC AT ONEONTA, N.Y.

spiritually, especially her thinking, which process in time made her a well-liked person by setting her personality free of herself.

The fact is that popularity can be attained by a few simple, natural, normal and easily mastered techniques. First, become a comfortable person, that is, one with whom people can associate without a sense of strain. Of some persons it is said, "You can never quite get next to him." There is always a barrier that you can't get over.

A comfortable person is easy-going and natural. He has a pleasant, kindly, genial way about him. Being with him is not unlike wearing an old hat or an old pair of shoes. A stiff, reserved, unresponsive individual never meshes into the group. He is always just a bit out of it. You never quite know how to take him or how he will react.

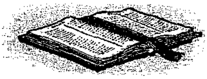
If you are not the comfortable type of person, I suggest that you make a study of your personality with a view toward eliminating conscious and unconscious elements of strain which may exist. Do not assume that the reason other people do not like you is because of something wrong with them. Assume, instead, that the trouble is within yourself and determine to find and eliminate it.

Essentially, getting people to like you is merely the other side of liking them. One of the most popular men who lived in the United States within the lifetime of most of us was the late Will Rogers. One of the most characteristic statements he ever made was, "I never met a man I didn't like."

That may have been a slight exaggeration, but I am sure Will Rogers did not regard it as such. That is the way he felt about people, and as a result people opened up to him like flowers to the sun.

May I remind you, as I remind myself, that one of the greatest tragedies of the average person is the tendency to spend our whole lives perfecting our faults. We develop a fault and we nurse it and cultivate it and never change it. Like a needle caught in the groove of a defective record, it plays the same old tune over and over again.

You must lift the needle out of the groove; then you will have disharmony no longer, but harmony. Don't spend more of your life perfecting faults in human relations. Spend the rest of your life perfecting your great capacities for friendliness, for personal relations are vitally important to successful living.



If I elevate your self-respect and contribute to your feeling of personal worth, I am showing high esteem for your ego. I have helped you to be your best self and therefore you appreciate what I have done.

Build up as many people as you can. Do it unselfishly. Do it because you like them and because you see possibilities in them. Do this and you will never lack for friends. You will always be well thought of.

Draw Upon That Higher Power

A man and his wife who were in real trouble came to see me. This gentleman, a former magazine editor, was a distinguished figure in music and artistic circles. Everyone

237919

liked him for his geniality, friendliness and keen intelligence. His wife was held in similar high regard. She was in poor health and as a result, they had retired to the country, where they were living in semi-seclusion.

This man told me he had experienced two heart attacks, one quite severe. His wife was in a steady decline and he was deeply concerned about her. The question he put was this: "Can I get hold of some power that can help us recover ourselves physically and give us new hope and courage and strength with which to carry on?"

Frankly, I felt that he was a bit too sophisticated to permit himself to make full use of the simple trust that would be necessary if faith were to rehabilitate him. I told him I rather doubted he had the capacity to practice simple faith enough to open the sources of power according to the techniques of Christianity.

But he assured me he was in earnest and would follow any directions given. I gave him a simple prescription. He was to read the New Testament and the Psalms until his mind was saturated with them. I gave him the usual suggestion of committing passages to memory.

Principally, I urged him to utilize the formula of putting his life in the hands of God, at the same time believing that God was filling him with power, and his wife also, and that they both were to believe unfalteringly that they were being guided in even the most commonplace details of life.

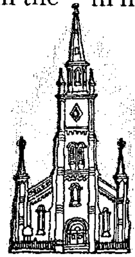
Seldom have I seen two people who became more gloriously childlike in faith and whose trust was more complete. They became enthusiastic about the Bible and would often telephone me about "some wonderful passage" they had just found. It was a truly creative process working with this man and his wife.

The next spring, the wife said, "I have never experienced a more wonderful springtime. The flowers this year are the loveliest I have ever seen, and have you noticed the sky with its extraordinary cloud formations and the delicate colors at dawn and sunset?"

As for the husband, there has been no more heart trouble, and physical, mental and spiritual vigor mark him as extraordinarily vital. They have moved into a new community and have become a center of its life.

What is the secret which they discovered? Simply that they learned to draw upon the Higher Power. This Higher Power is one of the most amazing facts in human existence. I am awestruck, no matter how many times I have seen the phenomenon, by the thoroughgoing, tremendous, overwhelming changes for good that it accomplishes in the lives of people.

This power is constantly available. If you open to it, it will rush in like a mighty tide. This inflow of power is of such force that it drives everything before it, casting out fear, hate, sickness, weakness, moral defeat, scattering them as though they had never touched you, refreshing and restrengthening your life with health, happiness and goodness.



An inspiring story for both women and men . . .

I HAD BREAST CANCER

by **Terese Lasser**

THE OTHER DAY I RECEIVED a telephone call. Would I visit Emily Wright at the Hospital? That afternoon at 6 o'clock I hurried to her room.

"You must forgive me for being late," I exclaimed, "but I've been on the go all afternoon—18 holes of golf, then a quick swim, then driving back to town in Sunday traffic . . . ." I paused and added a bit apologetically, "and I'm afraid that right now I'm due at a dinner party."

The woman on the bed stared at me. "Forgive you?" she echoed, her eyes widening as they took in my bare-shouldered gown, and the full import of my words came to her. "Oh, no, Mrs. Lasser! I have been so despondent. You've given me an interest in living again." Her eyes filled with tears.

I could not blame her for breaking down. Only a few days ago she had undergone a radical mastectomy—surgical removal of the breast. As I saw her, she was emerging from one of the darkest valleys of despair through which a woman can walk. I know, for I had my right breast removed more than a year ago.

Mrs. Wright and I are but two of an estimated million women in the U.S. who have undergone this operation because of cancer. Against the fact that each year an estimated 30,000 more women will be added to our group, is the tremendously encouraging knowledge that 70 to 80 per cent of all who are operated on before the cancer has spread will not only be returned to active normal life, but will live out their allotted span of years as though nothing had happened.

A deplorable curtain of silence hangs about this subject and it is time that we lift it. Women need to know the constructive, reassuring aspects of breast surgery. They need to be told how quickly and comparatively easily they can rehabilitate themselves.

Their husbands need to learn to do their part—and an important part it is, too—in helping restore them to normal emotional and physical life. The taboos, the stigma, the absurd old wives' tales need to be exposed, and exploded.

That is why I am writing this article and telling my story. I tell it each time I visit other women who, like Mrs. Wright and myself, have undergone this unnerving experience. The lesson is clear and can be read in the case histories of thousands of women. For all of us, and others who may join us, life can continue to be as active, as rich and as rewarding as we wish.

Most women discover it much as I did—casually, while taking my morning bath. It was a small lump hardly larger than the eraser on the end of a pencil. I knew the sensible thing to do. I consulted a competent physician.

After an examination, he said, "Mrs. Lasser, I want you in the hospital tomorrow morning. You have a little tumor. We are going to remove it and examine it microscopically while you're still under the ether. If it isn't malignant, you'll be out in a day or two. If it is malignant—" he paused, and then spoke with utmost kindness and utmost finality—"we shall amputate the breast at once."

This statement, made as he made it, had to be accepted on face value. Next morning I entered the hospital, fearful, of course, yet like most persons, convinced that cancer is something that happens to somebody else. That was the last thought in my mind as the anesthetic took effect.

I came out of a deep sleep. The upper part of my body was numb, as though it suddenly had become a block of wood. I was tightly bandaged from waist to neck—so engulfed in bandages and so numbed that I could not answer the awful question forming in my mind.

At that moment my doctor entered. "Well, how's my patient?" he asked, smiling. I looked at him, afraid to ask. "Yes, Mrs. Lasser," he said slowly, "we had to remove your breast."

Oh, no, I thought. I wanted to shrivel up and die. But he was sitting beside my bed, my hand in his, and he was talking quietly, persuasively. Through my panic, I heard his words.

"You will be walking out of this hospital next week. Within the next few months I expect you to do everything that you have always done. That means tennis, and golf, and swimming, and driving a car. It also means doing all household chores. I want you to wash, and sweep, and vacuum rugs, and hang curtains, and even scrub bathtubs. In fact," he said, "I order you to scrub tubs. It will be just the exercise you need."

These are only words, I thought bitterly. How can they help me?

"You may have difficulty with your right arm for a little while," he went on calmly. "There will be some pain. But remember this: I want you to use your arm. Whatever you do, you cannot harm or damage yourself. What I am trying to get across to you is that you are not an invalid. You are exactly the same person as before. I don't want you to pamper yourself when you leave this hospital."

"What about clothes?" I asked weakly. "Won't people know?"

"Mrs. Lasser—*no one need ever know unless you wish to tell them.*" I could wear all kinds of ready-made clothes, he said. With a little ingenuity, I could wear almost any kind of attire—beach, sports or casual.

I lay there after he left, thinking. "That's all very well. But what will I think of myself as a woman? And my husband—how will he react? How will I face him?"

I was to learn later that the law

of compensation works in this, as in all other things. God in His wondrous way gives woman added compensations: affection and understanding become greater, love becomes deeper, every feminine trait with which she was already blessed becomes enhanced.

The timetable my doctor had laid out for me proved correct. This is the record as I kept it: entered hospital: October 1. Left hospital: October 10. Washed first bathtub: October 15. Drove car for first time: Thanksgiving Day. Played first golf: Christmas Day. Took first swim: New Year's Day.

GIVE TO
CONQUER
CANCER

AMERICAN
CANCER
SOCIETY

It had been difficult to believe my physician when he said, "There's nothing you haven't done before that you won't be able to do within six weeks of your operation." But in the months that passed, I found his words were true.

Since I expected some pain and discomfort when I moved my right arm, I was not distressed when I felt pain. The knowledge that I could not damage myself buoyed me up. I developed a number of my own exercises. I squeezed a rubber ball as I walked through the house. I raised and lowered windows. I brushed my hair vigorously. I cleaned mirrors—great, sweeping strokes. I swung a rope as I had done as a child—all simple exercises that could be done within my own four walls.

The art of fashioning artificial breasts is highly advanced today. Today they are made of rubber, of plastic filled with fluid, and of plastic filled with air. I learned how to improvise with shoulder pads. I found that while I couldn't wear a completely strapless bathing suit, or evening gown, with a little ingenuity I could restyle such outfits and manage almost as well.

With the belt from a strapless suit I made wide straps which led from under the arms and fastened at the back of the neck, then built a pocket into the suit for an artificial breast. I solved the problem of a black lace strapless evening gown by having black lace sleeve made for my right side, utilizing cloth snipped from the bottom of the dress.

To my husband, the doctor said: "You can only err in the direction of being over-protective. You will not do your wife a kindness by not looking at her: she will think she repels you. She must admit and accept the scar of the operation: so must you. Above all, you must remember that her feminine ego has suffered a profound blow. More than anything else, she needs your assurance and reassurance All that can hurt her now is pity."

My husband today treats me exactly as he did before the operation. My children treat me with no added protectiveness. I have set the tone, and if I have forgotten the operation and have refused to let it prevent my enjoyment of life, so have my family.

Perhaps the greatest need today is for recognized programs of post-operative therapy and rehabilitation in hospitals where these operations are performed. Women returning home after a radical mastectomy are comparable to crippled soldiers returning from war: they can only hope they will find understanding as they make their readjustment. There are a number of women who, like myself, would gladly help another woman who goes through this ordeal, and feels herself so alone. Perhaps something similar to Alcoholics Anonymous might be established.

But whatever the case, let us all face the facts, and help each other. If I were able to shout from the rooftops for all women to hear, I would repeat and repeat again:

If you must have such an operation, do not despair. Do not be frightened. Your femininity will not be lost; your way of life will not be changed; all that you did before you will be able to do again. Common sense, courage and a little ingenuity—and no one need ever know that you are one of a very special company of women who know how full and sweet life can be, if we only give it a chance.

Coolidge Classics

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE was taken through the magnificent horticultural conservatories on the estate of Pierre S. Du Pont at Longwood Gardens, Pennsylvania. The exotic fruits, the weird forms of cacti, the orchids, all elicited from the President no word of comment. Stepping into the humid atmosphere of the room devoted to tropical trees, he looked about for a moment, then remarked with interest, "Bananas."

AS VICE-PRESIDENT, Coolidge was always the despair of his hostesses at dinners, because of his utter disregard of the art of conversation. One lady felt that she had solved this problem by placing him next to Alice Roosevelt Longworth, a most brilliant conversationalist.

Mrs. Longworth's usual charming chatter failed to elicit any response from the silent Mr. Coolidge. Finally, in exasperation, she acidly said, "You go to so many dinners. They must bore you a great deal."

Calmly, Coolidge replied, without looking up from his plate, "Well, a man has to eat somewhere."

—*Thesaurus of Anecdotes*, edited by EDMOND FULLER,
Copyright 1942, by Crown Publishers

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE was alone with Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, in his study at the White House one evening, when a phone rang. There were seven or eight phones on the desk and Cal picked up all the wrong ones first. He was reasonably exasperated by the time he got the right one, explaining in an aside, "This is a direct wire from the State Department. Hasn't rung in three years. I didn't recognize the sound of the bell!" Into the phone he said, "What on earth are you calling me for at this hour?"

Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes, the caller, explained, "Queen Marie of Rumania is planning a visit to the United States and I presumed you would want to know about it."

Mr. Coolidge's only comment was, "Hmphh. I certainly hope you'll see to it that she pays her own expenses!" —BENNETT CERF

(ADVERTISEMENT)

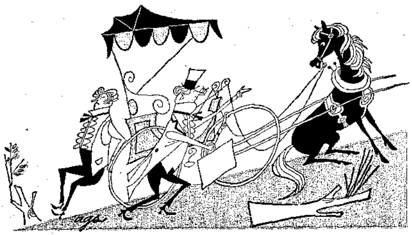
...and she lived happily ever after!

Once upon a time there was a modern miss—so lovely she was almost like a fairy princess. But she didn't live in a never-never land of enchanted cloaks, witching hours and glass slippers. This is the story of a dainty, fastidious girl, living in today's world.

Of course she'd choose only those products that would guard her feminine charm best. Take the matter of sanitary protection, for instance. What kind do you think a fastidious girl *would* choose? No, don't mention a name. Listen to the description, and see if you can guess it.

In the first place, it's worn internally. It's made of compressed surgical cotton in a small, throwaway applicator. (It's *very* easy to dispose of.) It completely eliminates belts, pins, pads—in fact it's invisible, once it's in place. And it's so comfortable the wearer can't even feel it! (No chafing!)

This product has many other advantages. For instance, it can be worn right in the tub. It prevents odor from forming; in fact, it's often been called the most fastidious kind of sanitary protection. A month's supply slips right into the purse. . . . If you haven't guessed it by now, ask for Tampax at any drug or notion counter. 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



GRIN AND SHARE IT

IN THE GOOD old days before the automobile, a man who had business in an out-of-the-way town hired a carriage and driver to take him there. It was a hot day and the venerable horse soon began having trouble on the hills. So the driver got behind the carriage and pushed. The businessman, being a good-natured fellow, got out and helped. When they reached the top of the hill the horse was able to proceed under its own power. This kept up until at last their destination was in sight. Whereupon the businessman turned to the driver and said: "What a day! I know why I had to come here—I have business in this town. And I know why you're here—I hired you for the trip. But this I don't understand—why did we bring the horse?" —BERTHA SULMAN

* * *

FORMER METROPOLITAN soprano Gertrude Ribla, once coached by Mme. Frances Alda, tells about the time the late Walter Damrosch, composer of the opera, "Cyrano de Bergerac," arrived at the Met to witness Mme. Alda sing in his opera. Due to the sudden illness of one of the principals, "La Boheme" was substituted for "Cyrano" without notifying Damrosch. The latter sat quietly through the first act, then turned to his companion and asked, "Who changed the scenery?"

—HY GARDNER

A TOURIST STOPPED at a combination service station and general store in the back country. While his car was being serviced, he noticed an oldtimer basking in the afternoon sun holding a short piece of rope in his hand.

The tourist walked over to him and asked, "What have you there?"

"This is a weather gauge, sonny."

"How can you possibly tell the weather with a piece of rope?" the tourist wanted to know.

"It's simple, sonny. When it swings back and forth it's windy. When it gets wet, it's raining."

—CLAUDE HUTCHINSON

* * *

A MINISTER WAS PLEASED to learn that his guide on a fishing trip had once guided a celebrated preacher. While discussing the preacher's character and moral excellence, the guide remarked, "He was a good man, except for his swearing."

"But surely," exclaimed the minister, "you don't mean to say that he was profane?"

"Oh, but he was," protested the guide. "Once when he lost a fine bass I said to him, 'That's a damn shame.' He came right back with, 'Yes, it is.' But that's the only time I ever heard him use such language."

—EVAN ESAR, *The Animal Joker* (Harvest House)

SANDWICH IDEAS...from the KRAFT Kitchen

8 FL. OZS.
Miracle
Sandwich Spread
Made by Kraft

New dress for an old favorite!

EGG SANDWICH COMPANY STYLE

To serve six: Chop 6 hard-cooked eggs. Mix with 1 c. diced celery, ⅔ c. *Miracle Sandwich Spread* and seasonings to taste (salt, pepper, cayenne). Cut small rolls in half and fill generously with egg salad. Garnish with crisscross pimento strips and serve on lettuce with ripe and stuffed olives.

With dressing, spread and relishes *all* combined for you by Kraft, *Miracle Sandwich Spread* makes "child's play" of sandwiches—and many salads. And what wonderful flavor this spread adds! It's the one and only flavor of famous Miracle Whip Salad Dressing plus special spicy relishes. Easy-spreading, easy on the purse, try *Miracle Sandwich Spread* soon.

Miracle Sandwich Spread is also available in Canada

A QUICKIE MOVIE PRODUCER, short on cash but long on nerve, was trying to persuade a hungry actor to appear in his picture for an incredibly small fee.

"I know it's not much," the producer apologized, "but I'm sure you'll be glad you took the part."

"For that miserable fee?" the actor scoffed.

"Not just for the fee," the producer explained. "In the first and last scene you eat a sandwich."

—*Christian Science Monitor*

* * *

LONDON ACTOR MARK WILLIAMS' four-year-old son Lance, given a violin recently, tried to play it, without success, and smashed it over his knee. Williams wired Yehudi Menuhin: "What should I do?"

Back came Menuhin's reply: "Nothing. At four, I did exactly the same thing." —*Graphicus in Sunday Graphic*

A YOUNG WIFE had found it impossible to manage her refractory husband. So she planned a change of tactics. Instead of berating him when he came home under the weather, she decided to be affectionate and forgiving. The next time it happened, she addressed him tenderly: "Sit down, honey. I'll get your slippers and then you can sit on my lap."

The husband looked at her in bewilderment and shrugged: "Guess I might as well. I'll get hell anyway when I get home."

—EVAN ESAR, *The Humor of Humor* (Horizon Press)

WENDY TURGEON, Peter Turgeon's young daughter, was born in Australia while her father was appearing there in "Brigadoon." The baby's nurse had a chance to see the show one night and rather than leave the child with a baby sitter, brought her along. Turgeon thought it would be a brilliant idea to have the three-month old girl take the place of the doll used in one of the scenes of the musical, and she did.

Back in California, Turgeon listened one evening to Lionel Barrymore telling him how his aunt (Mrs. John Drew) had made her stage debut at eleven months.

"Eleven!" exclaimed Turgeon. "My daughter Wendy went on at three months. What was your aunt doing all that time?"

"Looking for work," replied Mr. Barrymore promptly.

—BERT MCCORD (*New York Herald Tribune*)

A HILLBILLY, asked how he had been sleeping lately, thought a moment and drawled: "I sleep good nights, an' I sleep pretty good mornings. But afternoons, I jus' toss 'n' turn." —*Woodmen of the World Magazine*

ONE OF THOSE eager-for-information lady tourists gazed for a full minute at Niagara Falls as though trying to fix forever in her mind's eye a picture of the magnificent spectacle. Then turning to a guard, she asked briskly, "Can you tell me in what year these falls were built?" —LEON S. DAY

* * *

SOMEONE ONCE REMARKED to Will Rogers that Webster spoke perfect English.

"Shucks!" snorted the cowboy philosopher, in his own inimitable way. "If I wrote my own dictionary, so could I." —DONALD O'SHEA

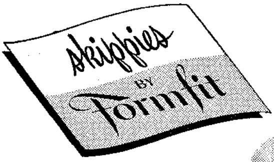
For the woman who says:
"Freedom is a must!"

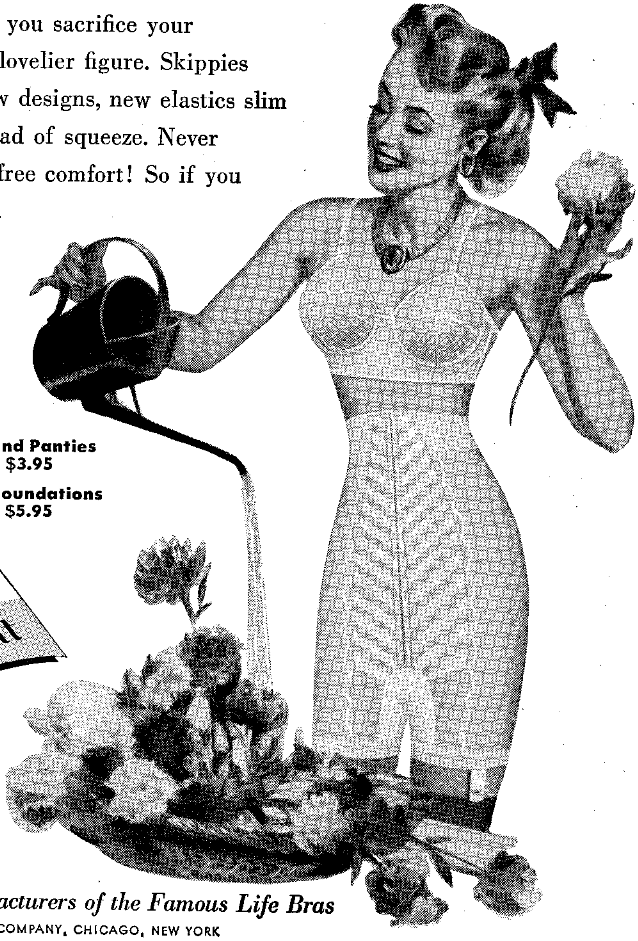
the new-day girdle for a new-day Skippies by FORMFIT

Never again need you sacrifice your freedom to have a lovelier figure. Skippies give you both! New designs, new elastics slim you with *ease* instead of squeeze. Never before such action-free comfort! So if you are a young modern (18 or 80)—if it's freedom you want, insist on Skippies!

Girdles and Panties from $3.95

Skippies Foundations from $5.95





Made by the Manufacturers of the Famous Life Bras

THE FORMFIT COMPANY, CHICAGO, NEW YORK

General Curtis LeMay, chief of the Air Force Strategic Air Command, is noted for being a hard-bitten, hard-fighting airman, who talks as tough as he is.

Landing at Washington one day, the General emerged from his plane puffing a big cigar while the motors were still running.

"Look at that!" exclaimed a member of the ground crew. "Doesn't the General know the plane might catch fire?"

To which another crewman replied caustically, "It wouldn't dare!" —*Columbus Dispatch*

* * *

Harpo Marx once told friends that because this is a tough world, he was teaching his young son how to fight.

"But suppose," a friend reminded him, "he comes up against someone bigger than he is, who also has been taught to fight?"

Harpo shrugged: "I'm teaching him how to run, too." —Leonard Lyons

The extension of a power line at last bringing the blessings of electricity to her remote mountain village, a woman went into the city to purchase an electric washing machine.

She examined the newfangled contraptions with wide-eyed but somewhat distrustful interest, and then inquired of the salesman, "What's that there hole in the bottom for?"

"That," explained the salesman, "is for draining out the water."

"I thought it was a fake," the woman exclaimed disgustedly. "It don't wash by electricity after all. You gotta use water!" —Adrian Anderson

An issue was before the town council in a Maine hamlet. Almost everyone seemed in favor except one middle-aged man who kept raising objections. Finally the council chairman asked the protestor if he were a resident and voter.

The man replied that he was both, and had been for 12 years.

"Twelve years?" roared the chairman. "Sit down and keep still—we don't want any tourist telling us what to do!" —John Newton Baker

An aging soprano, given the leading role in a musical comedy, was trying to impress the chorus girls.

"Do you know," she asked, "that I had my voice insured for $50,000?"

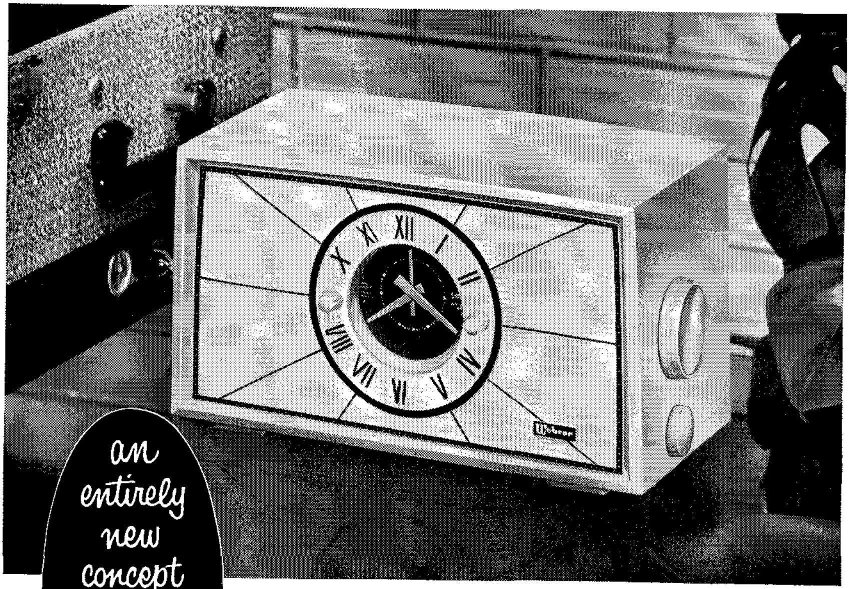
"That's wonderful!" exclaimed one of the girls. "What did you do with the money?" —Mrs. B. R. Poole

---

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

PHOTO CREDITS: 6 United Artists; 8 top left French Govt. Tourist Bureau, top right Maywald from Rapho-Guillumette, bottom Dorien Leigh from Black Star; 14 Three Lions; 41, 47, 54 top, 64 Herb Shriner; 42 E. P. Ellis; 43, 58, 63 bottom Sheldon Hine; 44, 45, 60 Sidney Latham from Globe; 46, 50, 59 Joe Munroe from Farm Quarterly; 48-9, 53 Irma Haselwood; 51, 61 Bob M. Smith; 55, 62 Bradley Smith; 56-7 Woodes Whitesell; 63 top Lewis Hall, Jr.; 113, 115 bottom, 117 Wide World Photos; 114-5, 116 top INP; 153 United Press-Acme; 154-60 from WATCH.

Manuscripts, photographs, editorial ideas and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., and must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage if they are to be returned in the event they are not purchased. No responsibility will be assumed by Coronet for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted for its consideration.



an entirely new concept in clock radios

the WEBCOR QUINTET

Excitingly different! The first *new* development in clock-radios in 10 years! The Webcor Quintet performs five operations to make your life more enjoyable.

First, it is the only clock-radio with the exclusive tape recorder plug. You can now record a program directly from the Quintet to your tape recorder—even in your absence!

Second, you can plug any record player attachment into the Quintet. Just lull yourself to sleep with the music from your favorite records — the Quintet will automatically turn off at a pre-set time.

And, of course, the Quintet will automatically operate your household appliances such as coffee makers, TV sets and the like.

See and hear the truly amazing Webcor Quintet today. Hear what a difference in radio reception is made possible by the new Ferramic Q antenna.

In delightful decorator colors: Oyster White, Spruce Green, Desert Tan, Dove Grey and Burgundy, for only 44^{95}*

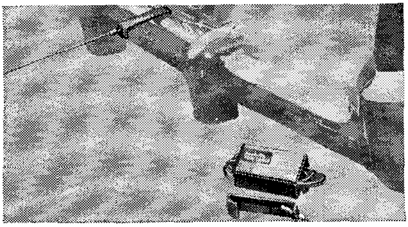
all music sounds better on a

WEBCOR

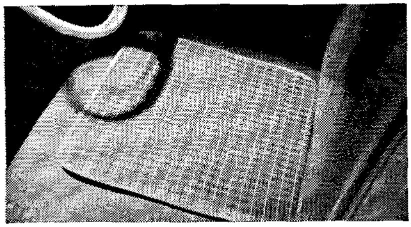
© W/C 1954 *PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE **Chicago 39, Illinois**

Coronet's Family Shopper

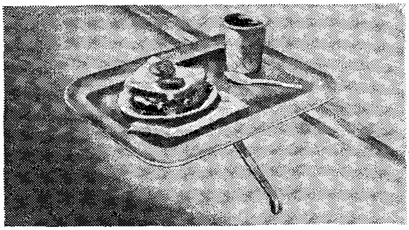
This month, Coronet's Family Shopper is devoted to the motorist and his automobile. The following items are intended to make your driving hours, whether business or pleasure, safer and more comfortable.



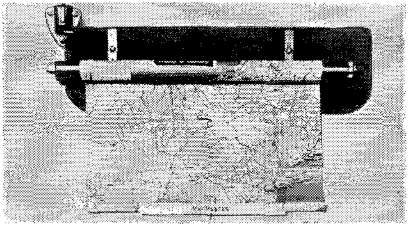
THIS SIX-FOOT TOW LINE needs no special attachment. Simply hook it onto bumper and start pulling. $3.45 from Dorothy Damar, Newark 5, N. J.



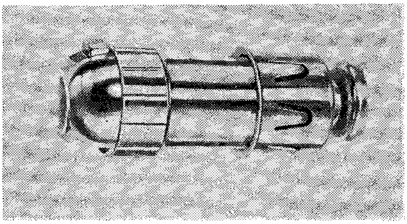
SACRO-EASE MODEL R gives back support while driving and eliminates fatigue. $9.75 from McCarty's, 3320 Piedmont Ave., Oakland, Cal.



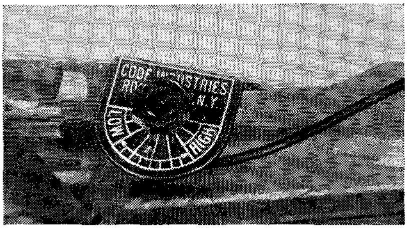
CAR-SERVE TRAY hooks onto car, has folding arm to brace tray against door. $2.95* from Replogle Globes Inc., 315 N. Hoyne Ave., Chicago 12, Ill.



ALL ROAD MAPS fit the MapMaster. Pull down for reading, pivot for reverse side. $3.95, Choate's Gift Mart, Jackson Bldg., Chattanooga 2, Tenn.



PLUG SPOT-LITER into cigarette lighter and flick the switch for bright light inside your car. $2.50 from Cuno Engineering Corp., Meriden, Conn.



AUDIO, SPEED-INFORMER warns you when speeding. Buzzes if you exceed pre-set speed. $19.95* from Code Industries, Box 932, Rochester 20, N.Y.

(*Continued on page 122*)

READER'S DIGEST CONVINCED ME

LISTERINE

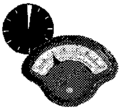
ANTIZYME

TOOTH PASTE

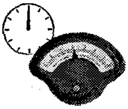
protects against tooth decay every minute of every day

READER'S DIGEST NAMES LISTERINE ANTIZYME TOOTH PASTE BY NAME... EXPLAINS HOW ITS CONTINUOUS-ACTION ANTI-ENZYME, FOUND IN NO OTHER TOOTH PASTE, GIVES YOU 12-24 HOUR PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY ACIDS.

A Product of
The Lambert Company



Other Types of Tooth Paste—½ Hour Protection—Reader's Digest points out that other kinds of tooth paste are only effective temporarily. Sometimes less than ½ an hour after brushing, Acidometer tests (electronically measuring decay acids on the teeth) show dangerous decay acids.

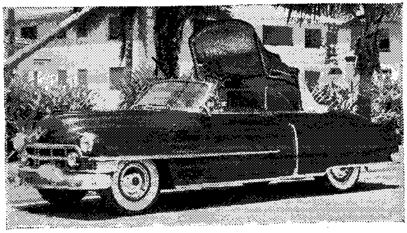


ANTIZYME Tooth Paste—All Day Protection—Reader's Digest names by name Listerine ANTIZYME, the first tooth paste to stop the major cause of tooth decay every minute of every day. Even more than 12 hours after the last brushing with ANTIZYME, 9 times out of 10, Acidometer tests showed no harmful decay acids on the teeth.

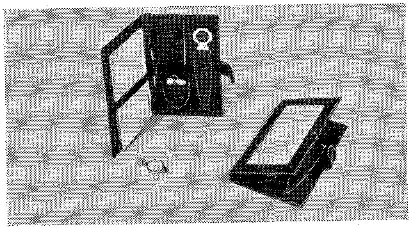
LISTERINE
Antizyme
THE CONTINUOUS ACTION TOOTH PASTE
LISTERINE
Antizyme
ANTIZYME

NEW PRODUCTS

Coronet's Family Shopper

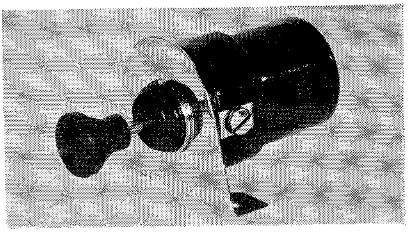


LET WEATHER-GUARD close top of your convertible or electric car windows at first raindrop. Top, $49.50; windows, $59.50; both, $69.50. Weather Guard, 3711 N.W. 2nd Ave., Miami 37, Fla.



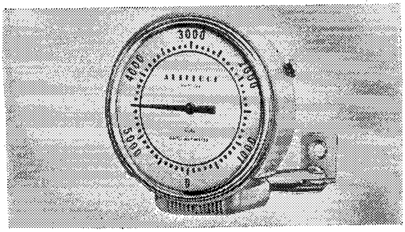
CAR MAP-CASE, of saddle-stitched pigskin, has window pocket, map measurer, pad, pencil, magnifier, spare map holder. $14.95 from Colton-Lewis, 387 Washington St., Boston 8, Mass.

HERE'S AN INTERIOR CAR mirror that ends blind spots. Two hinged wing mirrors give 180-degree adjustment. $2.95 from Lifetime Auto Accessories, 1816 Boston Rd., N.Y. 60, N.Y.



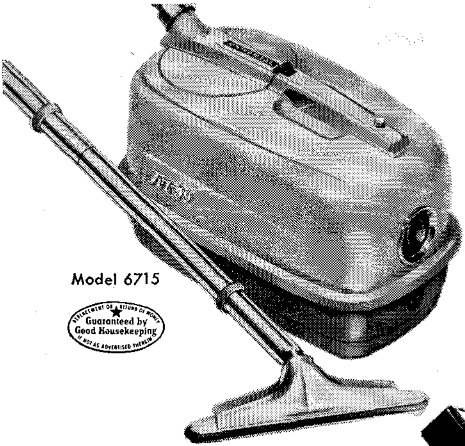
LITE-UR-WAY keeps headlights turned on up to 1½ minutes after leaving car, turns off after lighting your way. $3.98 from Miles Kimball Co., 250 Bond St., Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

STOW-A-WAY GASOLINE can holds five gallons, has 6-inch hose and pump, nozzle that fits any tank. Eliminates cumbersome spare gas cans. $9.95 from A. T. Smith Co., Milwaukee 12, Wis.



ADD EXTRA PLEASURE to your driving with the Auto-Altimeter barometer, which tells the height of hills or depth of valleys. $9 from Godfrey Import Corp., 277 B'way, N.Y. 7, N.Y.

(*Continued on page 124*)

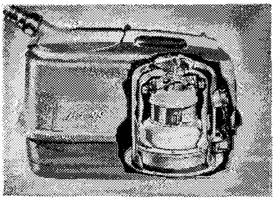

Model 6715
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

the new amazingly different SUPER Jet 99

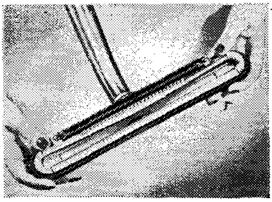
scientifically designed to let you walk away from cleaning sooner!

By actual test this new whisper-quiet cleaner works powerfully to get dirt *other cleaners miss!* Does so much *more* that *you* do so much less! Complete home cleaning center, with new Snap-Lock wands and Servatools. See your nearest dealer . . . write for name. $\$89^{95}$

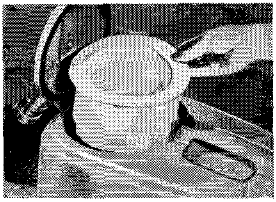
56% more power than the average of four other popular cleaners!



NEW SUPER JET SUCTION



THREAD-PICKING NOZZLE



EMPTIES IN 2 SECONDS

Special Introductory Offer! *Super Jet 99* Carrier and one year's supply of disposable bags specially priced at your dealer's.

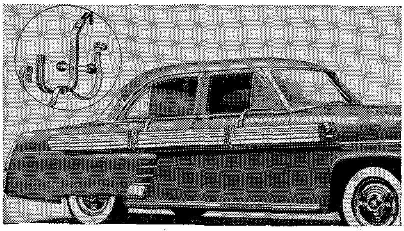
Distributed in Canada by Northern Electric Company, Limited.

UNIVERSAL

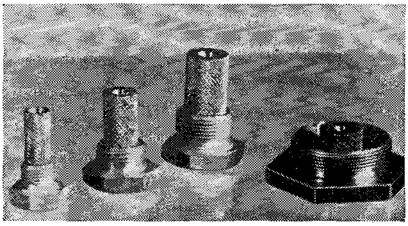
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

NEW PRODUCTS

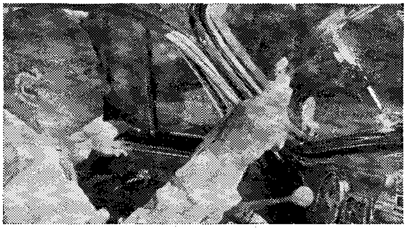
Coronet's Family Shopper



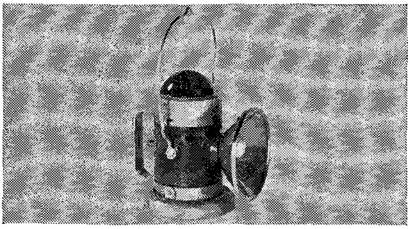
TAKE ALONG fishing rods, other equipment with aluminum "Kari-Mor" car-door carriers. Just hook on. $4.95 a pair. Chicago Precision Machine Co., 831 S. Wabash, Chicago 5, Ill.



SAVE ENGINE WEAR caused by chemicals with Magna Power anti-acid neutralizing drain plug. State make and year of car. $2.95 from Johns Manufacturing Company, Dunellen 87, N. J.



SPRAY YOUR CAR windows with Klear-Glass to keep them free of steam and fog. One application lasts a week. 3½ ounce squeeze bottle, $1.49 from Buckley Corp., 607 5th Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.



SAFETY LANTERN gives flashing red signal to oncoming cars, steady beam light to work by, has a pivot base. Lights have individual switches. $7.65* from Olin Industries Inc., New Haven, Conn.

WHIRLAWAY CAR-WASHER has a 12-inch arm on brush; you can get a 4-foot tubular extension. Brush, $6.95; extension, $2.95. Lewis & Conger, 1154 Ave. of Amer., N. Y. 36, N. Y.

PROTECT YOUR CAR while you clean it with Swami Kloth, a dry cleanser, made of chemically treated flannel. $2 from Mill River Auto. Prod. Corp., 722 Middle Neck Rd., Great Neck, N.Y.

Merchandise shown on these pages may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Editorial prices are complete except those starred (*) which are shipped F.O.B.

Does your sleep really refresh you?

New medical findings revealed! You may actually be "starved" for the RIGHT KIND of sleep

AT BEDTIME and especially during the long nighttime hours without food, your brain may become *starved* for blood sugar, your vital "sleep food." Result: You may feel too nervous to *go* to sleep, too restless to sleep *well.*

How you can help your body get the "sleep food" it needs. Take something before bed that will help maintain your blood sugar supply. Sweet, sugary foods are too quickly burned up . . . but the new Postum Nightcap is ideal. Made with INSTANT POSTUM and hot milk, a drugless Postum Nightcap is good-tasting, safe—helps assure a *slow, steady* supply of "sleep food" . . . the kind that helps give you more refreshing sleep *tonight,* a brighter, more productive day *tomorrow.*

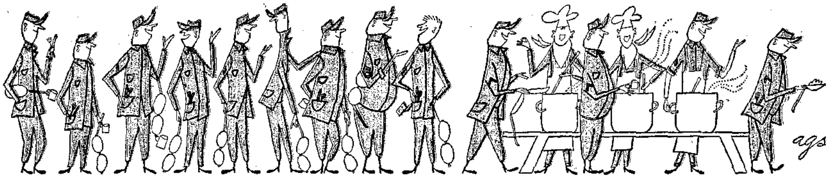
The new Postum Nightcap is safe and so easy—try one tonight! If the *right* kind of sleep is a problem for you—get yourself a jar of INSTANT POSTUM and try the new Postum Nightcap tonight. It's easy—just a teaspoon of INSTANT POSTUM in a cup of hot milk. See if you don't sleep better, *nights*—wake to more energetic *days.* Remember, too, that POSTUM is a great mealtime beverage—no caffein, no "Coffee Nerves"!

The "SLEEP-FOOD" Nightcap
for sleepless Millions!

Instant
POSTUM

A Product of
General Foods

The Gourmet Glossary



ARMY FOOD: The spoils of war.
—*Hudson Newsletter*

APPETIZERS: Those little things you eat until you lose your appetite.
—RICHARD ARMOUR

BEEF: What you do when you pay for some.
—MARY ALKUS

BAGEL: A soft, tender hole surrounded by concrete.
—ARTHUR GODFREY

POISE: The ability to continue talking while the other fellow picks up the check.
—FREDDY MARTIN

PARSLEY: A food you push aside to see what's under it.
—PAUL H. GILBERT (Seattle *Times*)

GOBLET: A small sailor filled with wine.
—GROUCHO MARX

SANDWICH SPREAD: What you get from eating between meals.
—EARL WILSON

WILL POWER: The ability to eat *one* salted peanut.
—LESTER A. BACH

NIGHT CLUB: An ash tray with music.
—*The Buda Oilfielder*

TOASTMASTER: One who uses a few appropriated words.
—ANON.

SPINACH: Something it's difficult to say anything nice about except that there are no bones in it.
—EVAN ESAR

DIET: Something to take the starch out of you.
—*Pathfinder*

PRUNE: A plum that has seen better days.
—*2500 Jokes For All Occasions*, edited by Powers Moulton

GOURMET: A glutton with a tuxedo.
—"*You Bet Your Life*" (NBC)

BUFFET: French for "Slug it out among yourselves."
—PAUL H. GILBERT (Seattle *Times*)

WAITRESS: A girl who thinks money grows on trays.
—Whitehall (Wis.) *Times*

RARE: The way you get a steak when you order it well done.
—EVAN ESAR, *Comic Dictionary*

OLD AGE: The time when men pay more attention to their food than they do to the waitresses.
—ALBERT FLETCHER (*Southern Reporter*)

COMMUNIST: Someone who borrows your pot so that he can cook your goose.
—LEON L. LERNER, *Gob Humor* (I. & M. Ottenheimer)

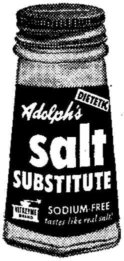
Good News for Salt-Free Dieters

Medical profession enthusiastic about new Salt Substitute

DUE to the ever-increasing number of people being placed on medically-restricted low-sodium diets, the need for a good salt-free product to satisfy the desire for salt flavor has been voiced by doctors throughout the country.

Doctors say the reason so many of these people "cheat" occasionally in their dieting is their open rebellion against the dull monotony of saltless food.

Most products available for the seasoning of salt-free foods impart the bitter metallic flavor of the potassium chloride of which they are principally composed. Since it is impossible to duplicate the flavor of sodium chloride, the problem becomes one of formulating a product that comes closest to satisfying the taste for salt. To find the best combination of salt-free and medically-acceptable ingredients, Adolph's of Los Angeles, formulators of the famous Meat Tenderizer, devoted years to research and taste tests. The resulting product, Adolph's Salt Substitute, satisfies low-sodium dieters' craving for salt better than anything else available.



By satisfying the desire for real salt flavor, Adolph's Salt Substitute is enabling an estimated 20 million persons now on low-sodium diets—because of high-blood pressure, overweight, certain heart ailments, and pregnancy—to enjoy food once again. Because it is such an efficient substitute for salt, the entire family's food can now be prepared with Adolph's Salt Substitute. Previously, food had to be prepared in single portions for the salt-free dieter.

One of the remarkable features of Adolph's Salt Substitute is that it retains its salty flavor in cooking, canning, and baking. Another is the fact that it enhances the natural flavor of the food in which it is used. This is accomplished by the inclusion, for the first time, of MPG (Mono-Potassium Glutamate), a "sister" to the widely-used MSG (Mono-Sodium Glutamate). Although MPG gives the same flavor-enhancing effect, it is dietetically sodium-free.

At the table, Adolph's looks and sprinkles like real salt, and can be used to give low-sodium dieters the necessary flavor lift in salads, eggs, vegetables, and all other salt-demanding dishes.

It should be remembered that although the term, "salt free," is usually used, the correct term for salt-restricted diets is "low sodium," since it is impossible to obtain completely sodium-free foods. Adolph's Salt Substitute is laboratory-controlled to contain less than 20 milligrams of sodium per 100 grams, which is considered dietetically sodium-free. It has been accepted for advertising by the American Medical and Dietetic Associations as well as having been approved by the Los Angeles Heart Association.

Adolph's Salt Substitute is available in leading food stores throughout the United States and Canada in 1¾ ounce jars. If unavailable, send $1.75 ($1.50 plus 25¢ for postage) for large economy 5-ounce jar to Adolph's, Ltd., Department C-1, Los Angeles 46, California.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

Mexico

Centuries Old

yet Always New!

Spend a thrilling vacation in this Wonderland so quickly reached by new low-cost air coach, crack trains and splendid highways. Here you can rest and relax in a "Climate á la Carte" and with every modern convenience at prices you can afford.

And... the magnificent rites of Mexico's ancient cultures will be re-enacted in the superb FESTIVAL of the FIFTH SUN at Tijuana the first week in April.

MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU,

(Dirección General de Turismo)

México, D F — Av Juárez 89
New York — 8 West 51st Street
Chicago — 333 North Michigan Ave.
Los Angeles — 511 West Sixth St.

The Church Builder Who Cuts Costs

by **ANNE FROMER**

How a young Canadian clergyman has solved the high cost of church construction

ONE FRIDAY MORNING not long ago, hundreds of factory workers drove, as usual, along Tecumseh Road in Windsor, Ontario. As usual, they slowed down for a look at the new church going up with amazing rapidity, although all the work was being done by one man and two boys.

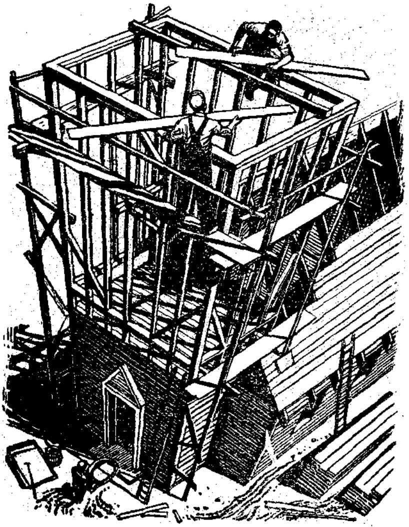
On this Friday morning, St. Peter's Anglican Church was still far from complete. It had no steeple, for example, just a stubby square base from which the steeple would eventually rise. That afternoon the same workers, homeward bound, checked on the day's progress, blinked, and piled out of their cars to investigate. For St. Peter's now boasted a 55-foot steeple.

They converged on a slight young man in overalls, with sawdust in his curly hair and dried plaster on his hobnailed boots. In answer to questions about the "miracle of the steeple," he explained matter-of-factly: "Well, it takes a lot of time and costs a lot of money to build a steeple where it belongs, so we put it together on the ground and hoisted it into place with a crane."

The most amazing part of it was that this unorthodox builder was also the Rev. Reuben Oliver Davis Salmon, temporary rector of St. Peter's. Temporary, that is, because Reuben Salmon has never stayed long enough in one parish to get really well acquainted with his congregation. He is too busy with a one-man campaign to enable religion to catch up with the increase of Anglicans in Huron Diocese, one of the largest bishoprics of the Episcopalian faith in North America.

Last spring, Salmon completed his thirteenth self-built church in six years, St. Stephen's at Stratford, Ontario. With little more than simple determination, this young clergyman has solved the problem of the high cost of present-day church construction.

For as long as new churches are needed, Reuben Salmon expects to wear overalls more often than clerical garb, and to build new church-



es for incredibly small sums of money, with the after-hours-help of his congregation and a series of minor miracles.

It was little short of a miracle, to begin with, that Salmon should become a builder at all. In college, he was even less well-equipped to wrestle with bricks and mortar than the typical divinity student. He had broken his back in his teens and barely escaped being crippled for life. In his senior year at Wycliffe College, Toronto, he weighed a delicate 114 pounds.

Nevertheless, he insisted on taking a "summer charge," and was assigned, with considerable misgivings on the part of church authorities, to Cherry Point, Alberta, a sub-Arctic settlement of 123 Scandinavian pioneer homesteaders—and no church. One of the reasons for this, his new parishioners told Salmon, was that a building the size of a church needed a foundation, and Cherry Point lay on frozen subsoil which expanded and contracted with weather changes and made orthodox foundations impractical.

Salmon, who knew less than nothing about construction, turned to the Bible for building know-how and set to work. Acting on the injunction to "build thy house upon a rock," he borrowed a team of horses and a stoneboat, rounded up a crew of volunteers and hauled a dozen huge flat rocks from the Peace River bed. The rocks provided a floating but firm support above the unstable subsoil.

On this unorthodox foundation, Salmon and his helpers built a sturdy church of logs squared by a makeshift steam-powered saw. The heating system was an oil drum laid on its side, the "stained glass" windows were ordinary panes covered with religious transfers bought from a mail-order house.

"But it was a church," says Salmon, "and the worship we held in it was as devout as that in any cathedral."

Hard work in the rugged Northland built up the young man's health and strength to the point where, when World War II broke out, he was accepted by the Royal Canadian Navy—not as a chaplain but as a seaman. After demobilization, he had every intention of settling down to the placid life of a small-town parson.

BUT FATE CHOSE his first ministry as the pattern for a significant future. His first postwar parish, at the town of Chatsworth, Ontario, had a church of sorts but not much of a congregation.

"Trouble is," said one of the elders, "we haven't got a parish hall. It's pretty hard to get people interested in church work when there's nowhere for them to get together. And we certainly haven't got money for a hall."

"Then we'll excavate a basement under the church and turn it into a hall," the new pastor suggested.

But how, the more skeptical demanded, does one dig a cellar under a building as big as a church?

They found out how when Salmon enlisted the aid of Frank Bobzener, the biggest and strongest parishioner. Armed with shovels, the little minister and his big helper attacked the earth on opposite sides of the building. They dug a trench which met under the church, a trench deep and wide enough for a horse and scraper to maneuver in.

What followed then was a pattern of congregation participation as a score of men and women descended on the church every evening. The men wielded pickaxes, loosening the earth for the horse and scraper to remove next day. The women brought their children and picnic baskets of sandwiches and hot coffee. Within a few weeks the parish hall was finished and ready for its official opening.

St. Paul's is now one of the most active congregations in Huron Diocese—but Salmon was given little time to rest on his laurels. His superior transferred him almost immediately to another problem parish, St. Mark's, in Holland Township.

1954
EASTER SEALS
HELP
CRIPPLED CHILDREN

St. Mark's possessed a fine old church, but the vagaries of industry had moved its congregation eight miles away. Bad weather usually meant that most of the congregation missed services.

SALMON made a characteristic decision—if it was inconvenient for St. Mark's congregation to go to church, he would bring the church to the congregation.

Some of the elders maintained the church couldn't be moved, that the ancient bricks and timbers would collapse into a heap of rubble.

"Let's ask Bill Runnigs," suggested one deacon.

Eighty-three-year-old Mr. Runnigs opined it could be done. What's more, he added, he still possessed lifting jacks and ropes, relics of his house-moving business.

Came moving day. Salmon rented a 32-wheel moving float—at a reduced rate, since he never fails to talk his suppliers into giving a "religious discount"—and Runnigs came out of retirement to act as technical advisor.

But when they came to swing the building onto the float, there wasn't a tree or a rock nearby to provide leverage, only some massive old tombstones in the graveyard beside the church.

"If we could tie ropes to *them*," suggested one helper doubtfully. Other parishioners looked shocked at the idea. Then they put it up to the minister.

"I think," said Salmon after considering the matter, "that the old pioneers under there would be proud to lend their support to a worthy cause."

With the help of the long-departed pioneers, the church was swung smoothly on to its mobile platform.

By now, Rt. Rev. George N. Luxton, Bishop of Huron, realized that the diocese possessed in Salmon not merely an enterprising young minister, but a potential one-man church-building program. He was assigned to St. James' parish in the Roseland suburb of Windsor. This congregation wanted a church to seat 300, a big concrete block church with steel-beam foundations.

Salmon, who had never worked with blocks or steel beams, reluctantly agreed to let professional builders construct the shell. But he insisted on working as an apprentice block-layer and, with a crew of volunteers, he did all the rest of the work on the church—with the result that St. James cost $15,000 less than the original estimate.

Thereafter, using his newly-acquired skill, Salmon has built three large masonry churches at a cost of approximately $15,000 each; has built frame churches for $5,000 to $6,000 each; and saved the Episcopalians of Huron Diocese an estimated $200,000.

He has accomplished this revolution in church building costs not only by doing the work himself with the aid of volunteers but by using ingenuity. Church bells, for instance: most of Salmon's bells cost very little—they are salvaged from scrapped locomotives.

At St. John's a parishioner donated an organ—an ancient instrument acquired at a farm auction for $10. Pumped by hand, it emitted little more than a wheeze. An expert diagnosed "lack of air volume" and suggested expensive rebuilding.

One parishioner suggested a fantastic remedy: "If it's air you want, I'll donate my old vacuum cleaner."

Salmon, never one to turn down an idea, connected the vacuum to the old organ's bellows.

"It worked beyond belief," he says. "We just couldn't believe that the sweet tone and noble volume were produced by such a makeshift combination."

Despite his building activity, Salmon finds time to fulfill all the duties of a pastor and holds regular Sunday services in any available building while his churches are under construction.

His parishioners, though, wonder when he finds time to prepare his sermons. Salmon's explanation is characteristic: "I do it while the choir is singing the opening hymn."

YOU CAN EARN $400 IN CASH!

plus . . . many valuable prizes!*

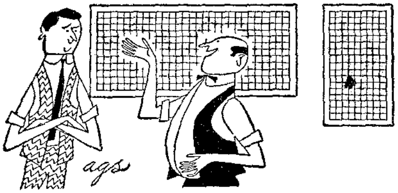
Here's a wonderful opportunity to put some "bounce" into your family budget—the same, *proven* way of earning extra cash that thousands of our agents find so successful and easy every year.

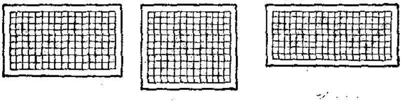
As a Coronet Representative, you are authorized to take subscription orders from everyone in your community. By dealing through you, they can subscribe to their favorite magazines—at the publishers' lowest authorized rates. And on each sale, you keep an *immediate* cash commission!

*Coronet's Giant Summer Contest is about to begin. By acting promptly, you can win valuable merchandise prizes *in addition* to your commissions!

There's no investment to make—you need no experience to start a highly profitable subscription business of your own. Coronet Agency will supply you with *free* sales-aids, money-saving Special Offers, plus the exciting contests that pay off in *extra* cash bonuses and useful prizes. Send for your free sales kit today.

WRITE TO: ***James M. Foster, Dept. 267, 488 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y.***





BUSINESS POINTERS

IN THIS WORLD it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich. —Henry Ward Beecher

ONE BUSINESSMAN TO ANOTHER: "I wanted my son to share in the business, but the government beat him to it." —*Wall Street Journal*

THE LIVING THE WORLD owes you is no easier to collect than any other bill. —H. V. Prochnow

BUSINESSMEN USED TO SAY: "You can't take it with you." Now they wonder how to keep it while they're here. —*Nuggets*

INFLUENCE IS A THING you think you have until you try to use it. —Steve Cochran

PEOPLE WHO MIND their own business usually succeed because they have so little competition. —*Grit*

ALL WORK and no play makes jack. —Paul Steiner

TO BE EFFECTIVE, a committee should be made up of three persons. But to get anything done, one member should be sick and another absent. —Chadwick (Ill.) *Review*

IT'S TOO BAD that, when success turns a fellow's head, it doesn't go on and wring his neck at the same time. —*O'Bannon's Between Calls*, Tulsa, Okla.

THERE AREN'T ANY RULES for success that work unless you do. —Anita Belmont

DOING A JOB IS LIKE SHAVING—the longer you put it off, the harder it becomes. —*The Gas Flame*

A BANKER IS A MAN who lends you money if you can prove to his satisfaction that you don't really need it. —Penny Nichols

ONE TROUBLE WITH THE ECONOMIC system today is that everyone is willing to do an honest day's labor, but they want a week's pay for it. —Dan Bennett in *Your Life*

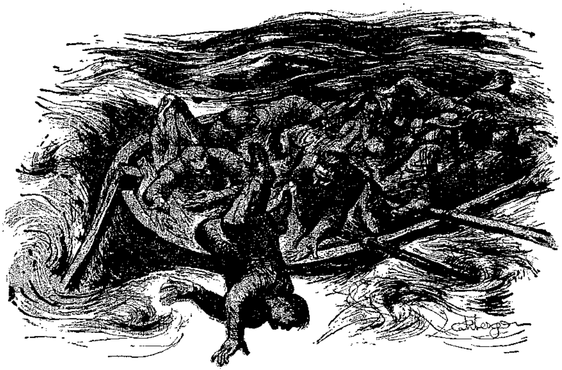
A CONSULTANT IS an executive who can't find another job. —Henry W. Platt

AN EFFICIENCY EXPERT is smart enough to tell you how to run your business and too smart to start one of his own. —*The Businessman's Book of Quotations*, edited by Ralph L. Woods (McGraw-Hill, Inc.)

ONE MAN WORKING WITH YOU is worth a dozen men working *for* you. —Herman M. Koelliker in *Partners*

INFLATION IS A METHOD of cutting a dollar bill in half without damaging the paper. —*Changing Times*

THE HORROR OF THE "WILLIAM BROWN"



Grim but compelling is this graphic story of a sea disaster that shocked America

by MATTHEW HUTTNER

AN ELECTRIC TENSION charged the Federal courtroom in Philadelphia that morning of April 13, 1842. Spectators sat tight-lipped in anticipation: lawyers eyed one another grimly. Then the crier called the case of United States v. Holmes. In the proceedings which followed, there was brought to light as grim a tragedy as the sea has ever known.

On March 13, 1841, the merchant ship *William Brown* left Liverpool for Philadelphia with 65 emigrants, mostly Scotch and Irish, going to America to seek their fortunes. The ship, of 560 tons, was under the command of sea-hardened Capt. George L. Harris and carried an experienced crew of 17. Yet from the start the *William Brown* was doomed to disaster.

The ship's course lay along the Great Circle route. Almost at once she ran into bad weather and for 23 days there was no letup in the rain and sleet. Mostly the passengers were confined to the steerage, in quarters so cramped that a man could barely stretch to full height. The crew fared little better and, in their common misery, the two groups became unusually close. One sailor especially, Alexander William Holmes, a resourceful and considerate young Hercules, won the gratitude of all.

By April 19, the weather had subsided but there were swells and fog. That night most of the passengers were in their bunks when suddenly there was a splintering crash. The ship had rammed an iceberg.

Captain Harris ordered all hands to man the pumps. But there were no modern floodproof compartments in the *Brown*, and the pumps were useless.

"Man the lifeboats and get the passengers aboard!" he shouted. "We'll save as many as we can!"

The passengers, in screaming panic, had but one aim—the lifeboats. Unfortunately, there were only two of these craft—a longboat and a cutter.

The first passengers to reach deck saw the longboat being lowered and flung themselves into it. Soon it was full: people sprawled on one another, children astride parents' shoulders. Only the quick thinking of Seaman Holmes, who had been carrying women down the ropes, kept the longboat from capsizing.

Captain Harris and crew members crammed into the cutter, and only one passenger managed to climb into it, a woman. The captain lashed the cutter to the longboat and, as they drifted away into the fog, across the water came the anguished shrieks of those abandoned aboard the *Brown:*

"Captain Harris, take us with you! For God's sake, Captain Harris, save us, save us. . . . "

Just before the ship went down, the final cry faded as if the 31 still aboard were readying for their fate.

To visualize the danger to the survivors, one must realize the condition of the lifeboats. The cutter (built for seven) now held nine. Into the longboat (built for 18) 42 were jammed, nine of them crewmen. Rhodes, first mate, was in charge of the longboat which contained provisions for six days. But they were more than 200 miles from Newfoundland and the mate was firmly convinced that they would never see land.

"There aren't any sails," he told the captain. "The oars are all we have. If the sea rises we are gone."

Morning found the cutter leaking, the longboat with its drenched, benumbed company so deeply sunk that the sea was but a few inches from the gunwales. Each swell added to the danger and, although there were pails for bailing, there was no room to wield them.

Captain Harris gauged the situation—the waterlogged boats, the icebergs, the exposed passengers—and decided to separate and let each group take its chances. Handing Rhodes some nautical instruments, he was preparing to push off when the mate drew the boats together.

"Captain," he said in a low voice, "this boat is crowded to the gunwales. Look at the water coming in."

Captain Harris wasted no words. "You know what you will have to do. But let it be the last resort." And looking quickly at the others, he addressed the crew: "Men, Rhodes is in command of this boat. Obey him as you would me."

Then the two boats separated.

The longboat crew sensed what lay ahead. Everyone hoped for rescue—and talked of death.

For Rhodes each wave was torture. "Let it be the last resort," the captain had admonished. But would it be better for all to sink together or should some be sacrificed that the rest might have a chance to live?

That night a huge wave broke over the gunwale and filled the boat. "We're sinking!" someone cried. The time had come.

"Fall to work, men!" Rhodes

shouted. "We must lighten the boat or surely we will all be lost."

Holmes hesitated uneasily. The command came again. Then he and a fellow crewman moved toward the nearest passenger. "Stand up!" they ordered shortly.

As the passenger stood, he was seized. There was a brief struggle, a cry, a splash. Horrified, the women covered their heads.

Holmes and his helper converged on the next man. "I have a wife and three children," he pleaded. "In the name of heaven, spare me!" But they cast him out too.

One man begged for five minutes to pray. He prayed, and they flung him overboard. The next man would have followed but for the fact that his wife was there. "Let him be," ordered Rhodes. "You cannot part man and wife."

They continued heaving men overboard until fourteen had been cast into the sea. A boy, slumped unconscious in the bottom, was overlooked. So were two men who huddled in a corner. But they were spotted in the morning and pitched overboard. This last violence so unnerved the mate that he lost all power to command, and Holmes took over.

With a quilt and an oar, Holmes rigged a sail and, as it filled, the outline of a ship appeared on the horizon. The crew rowed frantically while Holmes waved a makeshift signal of distress.

After an ordeal of suspense, the longboat was finally sighted and the survivors rescued. Four days later, the cutter was picked up by a French fishing lugger.

News of the tragedy raised a great public uproar in America. Some condemned the crew for taking the law in their hands without so much as casting lots. Others championed Captain Harris, for, "by committing to a watery grave those nearly dead he surely saved the living."

On August 14, the Government issued warrants charging the longboat crew with murder. But, by a freak of fate, only Holmes was apprehended. The grand jury, rejecting the murder charge, indicted him for manslaughter. He pleaded, "Not guilty!"

The trial rocked the nation. In the witness box were the survivors, some to speak in behalf of the defendant, some to condemn him. Seven survivors took the stand against Holmes and reconstructed the tragedy.

Captain Harris was denounced as negligent, a coward. Rhodes was branded as inept and hasty. But Holmes was never once attacked personally, only by association with the crew.

The prosecutor hammered home the fact that all men are equal in time of necessity, and that this law of the sea had been shamefully violated. "Do not forget," he told the jury in closing, "that your decision will be used hereafter throughout the world by all who cross the ocean—either to justify or condemn, to imitate or avoid, the conduct of the prisoner of the bar."

The defense countered with passionate appeals. "Holmes was merely the obedient instrument of an action entirely justified. Had all the passengers been permitted to remain in the longboat, they would never have seen the morning, and every man, woman and child would have weltered in the coral caves of the sea!"

The jury began its deliberations. This was not a case of mere guilt or innocence. A great principle was at stake. What was the relationship, at sea, between crew and passengers in moments of mutual peril? Finally, after 21 hours of deliberation, came the verdict: "Guilty, with a recommendation for mercy."

The press censured Captain Harris for deserting his passengers, scored the shipowners for their failure to provide enough lifeboats and the Government for not requiring them. A fair verdict, the newspapers agreed, but Holmes deserved a pardon. "Legally he may be guilty. Morally he is innocent."

Holmes was liable to three years in jail and a $1,000 fine. The judge, however, sentenced him to six months and fined him $20 and costs. Immediately friends drafted a petition for presidential pardon and the list of signers was headed by the very jury which had convicted him. After Holmes had served his sentence, President Tyler ordered the fine and costs remitted.

The case of United States v. Holmes raised issues on which lawyers still disagree. But it did establish a precedent that has never been upset: in moments of mutual peril at sea, no person, necessity notwithstanding, has the right to take the life of another.

Some 70 years later, when the *Titanic* struck an iceberg in almost the same spot and foundered, women and children were calmly given preference in filling the lifeboats—and the captain went down with his ship. The spirit of Holmes must have derived a grim satisfaction from the scene.

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

How to Lose Weight by Leonid Kotkin, M.D.

You *can* lose weight—no matter how often you have tried and failed. Avoiding complicated charts and calorie counts, this condensation of a new book shows how the proper mental attitude, combined with the proper diet, will help you avoid the pitfalls along the road to slenderness.

I Was A Woman Spy by Sonia D'Artois as told to Anne Fromer

A beautiful young woman tells how she was trained as a British spy and parachuted into Nazi-held France to lead a Resistance group. There, she duped a Nazi colonel into becoming her best source of information, led attacks on enemy supply lines and was ever ready to kill herself rather than endure a kind of torture no woman could face.

When Men Face "Change of Life" by William Kaufman, M.D.

Many a middle-aged man fears the strange reactions which the male climacteric may bring. This reassuring article shows how a knowledge of this "change of life" and proper medical treatment can prevent loss of mental and physical powers.

The GI's Friend in San Francisco

by **Lee Edson**

A young corporal fresh from Korea burst angrily into a San Francisco police station. "They took all my money and gave me this cheap ring!" he cried. "I want my dough back."

The desk sergeant examined the piece of imitation jewelry and sighed. A gullible GI fleeced by an unscrupulous shopkeeper was a familiar enough story in every big city, and generally it was not a case for the police.

"Son," said the sergeant, "I think there's a man who can help you. Go see Al Lowenbein."

The boy did and instantly regretted it. Lowenbein didn't look like a man who could outwit a crook, even a cheap one like the chiseling shopkeeper. Big, lumbering, mild-mannered, he appeared to be no more than what he was—a furniture repair contractor.

But three days later, the boy discovered that appearances can be deceptive. In his mail he found a check covering the money he had lost, together with an apology from the chiseler.

Since 1943, when he established the Armed Forces Assistance Committee, 56-year-old Al Lowenbein has been the nemesis of petty racketeers and crooks who annually bilk our servicemen out of an estimated $10,000,000. He has personally handled nearly 2,000 GI complaints without charge and has recovered thousands of dollars for boys who could ill afford to part with the money.

"Somebody has to take care of these boys," he explains simply. "And besides, San Francisco has a reputation as one of the best liberty towns in the U.S. We want to keep it that way."

Once he went after an unprincipled barber for what was probably the nation's grossest overcharge—$20 for a haircut.

"Special scalp massage," was the barber's unabashed excuse.

Lowenbein looked around the shop. "I don't see a sign advertising such treatment."

"So what?"

Lowenbein peered at the man through dark-rimmed spectacles. "If this soldier doesn't get his money back in two days," he said quietly, handing the barber his card, "the Armed Forces Committee will take action. Think it over."

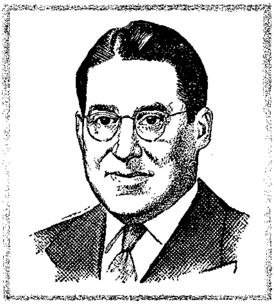
That little talk did wonders.

Lowenbein's one-man crusade against San Francisco's petty crooks began during World War II, when hundreds of thousands of men in uniform were pouring through the Golden Gate, coming from or headed for the Orient. Young, cocky and ignorant of the ways of a big cosmopolitan port, they were easy marks for almost any kind of racketeer.

Unscrupulous merchants, in particular, took full advantage of the fact that these boys were in transit and never able to stay long enough to prosecute. The police and Better Business Bureau were helpless under such conditions, and in any event most of the cases were out of their jurisdiction.

Outraged at the stories he heard, the New York-born furniture man decided that what was needed was a citizens' police corps that could investigate and act within a few hours after receiving a GI complaint. After obtaining approval and support from the San Francisco Convention and Tourist Bureau, Lowenbein undertook the job himself. With his own son then in the Navy, he felt a protective interest in all GIs.

Thus the Armed Forces Assistance Committee came into being, with headquarters in the cluttered office of Lowenbein's furniture plant. Muriel Tsvetkoff, general manager of the Better Business Bureau, became vice-chairman; and the San Francisco Convention and Tourist Bureau enthusiastically printed 10,000 signs and posted them at all area military installations.



During the first month, complaints arrived so rapidly that Lowenbein found himself devoting nearly all his evenings and weekends to tracking them down. Overcharges on radios, cars and jewelry formed the bulk of them.

An Air Force sergeant came in one afternoon with this sad story. The night before he had picked up a cab at the railroad terminal and directed the driver to take him to a well-known hotel.

Shaking his head knowingly, the cabbie said he had just come from that hotel and it was filled. Why waste time and money? Sympathetically he suggested an alternative hotel nearby.

The sergeant, too tired to ask questions, consented. He learned later that not only was he grossly overcharged for his room but his original choice was not filled at all.

In such instances of deliberate misdirection, Lowenbein usually enlists the aid of the taxicab company, or he may exert pressure through the police taxicab detail which can revoke the cabbie's license if he persists in the practice.

The "paddy hustle" racket last year netted its perpetrators an estimated $40,000 in the San Francisco Bay area alone. In this racket, the serviceman is approached by a civilian who offers to introduce him to a girl. As they walk through the lobby of the hotel where the meeting is to take place, they bump into a man apparently just leaving the hotel office.

Identifying himself as the manager, he persuades the GI to leave his valuables with him for safe-keeping. He even fills out a receipt. The serviceman is then escorted to a room to await his date. When nobody appears and he angrily hunts up the manager, he learns to his sorrow that the real manager never saw the other men. They, of course, have already skipped with the GI's valuables.

Soldiers and sailors who have to "lay over" for a few hours at bus and railroad terminals are often the victims of a vicious little racket called the "locker trick." In this bit of skulduggery, the confidence man strikes up a friendly conversation with his victim, invites him to a bar and, on the way, solemnly warns him about leaving his luggage unprotected.

Indeed, he is so solicitous he even helps the GI place the luggage inside a public locker and then slips his own coin in the slot. He proffers the key with a flourish and they continue on to the bar.

When the soldier returns for his luggage he finds the key doesn't fit, and when finally he does manage to have the locker opened, he discovers that his belongings are gone.

The con man had palmed the locker key, handed the serviceman a dummy and later passed the key to a confederate.

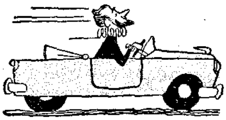
Lowenbein says the toughest cases he has worked on are those involving B-girls at crooked nightclubs. In one instance, a soldier parted with $50 for the privilege of filling and refilling a B-girl's glass with "green hornets."

Lowenbein investigated and found that instead of the vodka and creme de menthe she was supposed to be served she was actually drinking water with green coloring. At $2 a drink, of which the girl netted about 30 per cent, the profit was enormous.

Lowenbein brought several of these flagrant gyps to the attention of a newspaper reporter and has since watched with satisfaction the crackdown on bars and clubs which employ B-girl lures.

Lowenbein now regularly gets cases from the U.S.O., the Salvation Army and even the Armed Services Police. He is proud of the hundreds of letters he has received from grateful GIs, and especially of one from Lieut. General Albert C. Wedemeyer, which reads in part:

"The efforts of your group are in keeping with the highest standards of American citizenship and they are sincerely appreciated."



Shakespeare—on Motoring

I like the new tire . . . excellently.	*Much Ado About Nothing, III, 4.*
O, how the wheel becomes it!	*Hamlet, IV, 5.*
To climb steep hills requires a slow pace at first.	*Henry VIII, I, 1.*
Whence is that knocking?	*Macbeth, II, 2.*
The battery once again!	*Henry V, III, 3.*
I'll be horn-mad!	*Merry Wives, III, 5.*
Will this gear ne'er be mended?	*Troilus and Cressida, I, 1.*
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!	*Richard III, V, 4.*

—Compiled by RUSSELL W. LINK

EXCLUSIVE NEWS

by MAURICE MARKS

BACK IN THE '90's, the old New York *World* and the New York *Journal* were sworn enemies. The *World* resented the Hearst entrant into local sensational journalism, for the *World* had flaunted its heavy headlines undisturbed. Then came the *Evening Journal* with a huge bankroll, enormous energy, terrific enterprise. Those were the days of the penny newspaper. Sensations for a cent.

The Spanish-American War was in progress. Rear-Admiral Sampson and his fleet were somewhere off Cuba. Teddy Roosevelt was to ride his way to the President's chair by galloping up San Juan Hill.

To keep abreast of the news, the *Journal* had its own seagoing tug which, though often waved off by the fleet, took chances to land news items ahead of competition. While the *World* also had a tug on the scene, it somehow missed too often to satisfy the ambitions of the overzealous editor.

The result was that hardly had an exclusive item appeared in the *Journal* when the same news, sometimes slightly reworded, would appear in the *World*. There was no commercial radio, no radio telephone: items were rushed from vessel to shore and sent Western Union.

The growing coincidence of items appearing in the *World* aroused suspicions of the *Journal* staff, since it couldn't be possible for two rival dispatch boats to be repeatedly at the same scene at the same time, particularly since the *Journal* ship was speedier and always gave the *World* vessel, named "Three Sisters," a wide berth.

The *Journal* staff put sleuths on the job and became convinced that their private news was being stolen from their front pages. Resourceful brains on the *Journal* decided to take a chance and show up the deceiver in his true colors.

One afternoon, a flaring headline in the early edition of the *Journal* shrieked, "Col. Reflipe W. Thenuz killed in action. Famous Spanish leader mortally wounded by shrapnel." There followed a detailed account of the Colonel's bravery, his age, his last moments.

Sure enough, half an hour later, out came a special edition of the *Evening World*. In even heavier type, it screamed: "Aboard the World flagship *Three Sisters*. We have it on reliable information that the daring Spanish leader, Col. Reflipe W. Thenuz, was killed today in action." The account which followed was practically a carbon copy of the *Journal* article.

Here was a Roman holiday for the *Journal* and they made the most of it. They photographed the *World* front page and spread it across their own, telling what they had often suspected. Here was the proof. "Just read the Colonel's first name and middle initial backwards. The *World* admits on its front page 'We Pilfer The News.' "

Rochester's Bausch & Lomb is proud of its 100-year record as the No. 1 maker of . . .

The Eyes of Science

by **SAM SHULSKY**

FIVE TIMES GUNSMITH Bill Williams of Odessa, Texas, pulled the trigger by yanking on a long string. The sporting rifle he had repaired and was now "sighting in" for a customer performed perfectly. So he removed the sandbags which held the rifle to the bench, nestled the stock against his cheek and fired round No. 6.

With a roar, the bolt assembly blew out, peppering Williams's face with bits of metal and of the brass cartridge which had exploded with more than normal breech pressure.

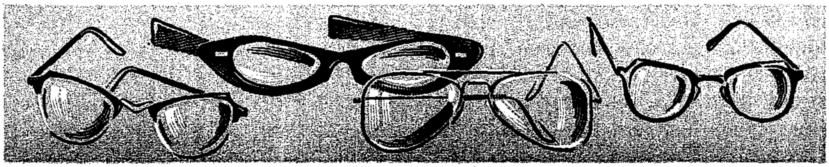
Seven fragments had to be cut out of his face, arms and shoulders; there were a score of breaks in his skin. But his eyes were unscathed. Williams had been wearing a pair of shooting glasses, a fact which enabled him a short time later to write a letter to the lens-makers, winding up with: "Thank you, Bausch & Lomb, for my eyes!"

Whether you handle guns, or use glasses for nothing more dangerous than reading the newspapers, hardly a day goes by but what your life is directly affected by the pieces of optical glass ground and polished in huge red brick buildings on the bank of the Genesee River in Rochester, New York.

For, although Bausch & Lomb, this year starting on its second century, is often thought of as the manufacturer of the spectacle lenses found perched on the tip of Aunt Mollie's nose, it is by far the world's largest producer of scientific optical instruments.

The milk you drink and the food you eat are checked under B & L lenses; the pictures you see in the magazines are taken with cameras fitted with their lenses, as are the engraving cameras which prepare them for the printer. The new Twentieth Century-Fox CinemaScope process is based on B & L lenses. Your doctor uses them constantly in his examination room and scientists in their laboratories. The FBI and police all over the world depend on the firm's spectrographs to track down criminals.

Requests for highly specialized optical devices come to the firm constantly. Four years ago, Belgium decided to make the first topographic map of its 900,000-square-



mile Congo territory in order to develop mineral deposits, build railroads and pipelines. A call to Rochester sent B & L's photogrammetry specialist, 36-year-old John V. Sharp, flying to Africa for a month's work with the firm's aerial-mapping lenses—the same lenses which had helped the Air Force locate enemy strongholds during World War II.

When the Vatican Observatory's Astro-Physics Laboratory wanted four six-inch prisms to help determine the physical and chemical make-up of stars of various magnitudes, it asked Bausch & Lomb to undertake the job. It required nearly two years to complete the prisms, accurate to 1/5,000,000th of an inch and declared to be "one of the most difficult jobs in the history of optical manufacture."

B & L scientists have branded one giant machine "our misanthropic monster." It hates people. If one should approach it too closely, its temperature goes up and its accuracy may be impaired by as much as 1/1,000,000th of an inch. If five people should get close to it, their combined body heat causes it to "blow its top," shut itself off and sound a gong which brings guards running.

Because it is so unsociable, elaborate care has been taken to isolate it. It is mounted on a three-ton block of cement which is supported on steel springs. The aluminum room in which the engine is imprisoned is itself suspended within another room, all encased in 14 inches of concrete. The inner rooms' temperature must not vary more than 1/100th of one degree. The whole fantastic unit is buried in the earth below the plant and covered with 250 tons of rock.

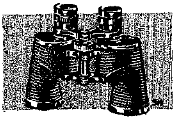
This monster makes diffraction gratings for spectrographs. A spectrograph is an instrument which enables scientists to analyze unidentified substances by burning a minute part of the unknown material and allowing the resulting light to pass through the diffraction grating, which splits it into its component colors. The wave lengths of the colors can then be used to identify the chemicals which make up the burning sample.

The whole operation is one which defies ordinary measuring yardsticks. Substances so analyzed are measured in terms of the wave lengths of light. And to meet these minuscule requirements, B & L's hidden-away grating machine must rule anywhere from 135,000 to 180,000 parallel lines on a six-inch piece of glass coated with a thin aluminum film.

SUCH LEVELS OF PERFECTION go beyond ordinary understanding, but the results are commonplace enough to all who handle these machines. Recently the F.B.I. was presented by local police with the problem of finding a hit-run driver who ran over a boy cyclist. The only clue was a chip of green paint on the handlebars, but a spectrographic analysis determined that it came from a 1939 Chevrolet. The surprised driver, soon tracked down, confessed.

Spectrographs "track down" heavenly bodies, too. On February 25, 1952, scientists gathered at Khartoum, in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, to study a three-minute eclipse of the sun. Part of their equipment consisted of two B & L spectrographs with gratings made on the misanthropic monster.

To insure "theoretical perfection," no one was permitted in the room during the nine days the engine was in continuous operation to produce each grating. The result was an instrument capable of detecting and identifying elements present in amounts as small as one part in 100,000,000.



B & L's record in the nation's defense has been a long one. Henry Lomb began it in 1861, leaving the struggling two-man business to serve in the 13th Regiment, New York Volunteers. His record in 20 battles won him a captaincy. But he sent his soldier's pay home to help keep the business going.

Its first scientific contribution came in 1898 when the cry "Remember the Maine" rallied the country in the war for the liberation of Cuba. Already turning out immense mirrors for Navy searchlights, the company answered the call of Rear Admiral William T. Sampson for new telescopes. By the time the U.S. Navy was prepared to sweep the Spanish fleet from the seas, its guns were aimed with the aid of B & L bore-sight telescopes.

Ever since, U.S. military weapons —air, land or sea—have borne Bausch & Lomb equipment. So important are these lenses and other optical equipment that since 1912, Navy ordnance officers have been stationed at the Rochester plant or nearby. Badges are required for everyone going into the factory.

The real impact of optical science on warfare came on a day late in March, 1917. With World War I already in its third year, a group of American military experts met in Washington to discuss our preparedness. The imminent entry of the U.S. into the war was becoming apparent, but the members of the Naval Consulting Board gathered around the table were faced with what seemed an insurmountable problem: Modern big guns require accurate instruments for fire control; accurate instruments mean fine optical glass. And America had no optical glass. It had always imported virtually all it used from the enemy—Germany.

When that tense session ended, the problem was placed in the hands of the National Research Council, which assigned Dr. Arthur L. Day, director of the Carnegie Institution's Geophysical Laboratory, to canvass the country's optical glass resources, if any.

He came to Rochester and discovered that William Bausch, the second son of the founder, John Jacob Bausch, for several years had been worrying about the same problem—if not in terms of war, at least about the economic dependence of this country on foreign sources of optical glass. In 1912, he had begun experimenting with its production, but a pilot plant was destroyed by fire. Two years later, with war already raging in Europe, he had begun again and by June of 1915 had been able to produce some samples.

When Dr. Day visited him, the capacity of the experimental plant was only 2,000 pounds of glass a month. The Army and Navy needed 2,000 pounds a day. The B & L staff set to work and by midsummer had multiplied its output by four.

At the end of the summer production was up 20-fold—to 40,000 pounds a month.

Still the military's demands grew, not only for greater volume but for an optical glass for an entirely new purpose: photographic mapping of the enemy's lines from the air. This meant aerial cameras of wide sweep and extremely high precision; lenses of a quality beyond anything ever before attempted. Dr. Day recalls:

"The time was critical, the pressure was high and the need insistent. The situation was brought to the attention of Edward Bausch with the simple statement that it must somehow be done.

"Bausch asked no questions. He said simply: 'If it can be done, we will do it.'

"It proved the hardest task yet encountered. The glass was a barium glass, thin as water when melted and totally different in its behavior from any glass hitherto attempted. It soaked into the melting pots like coffee into a lump of sugar and ran out through the sides. In every detail it required totally different treatment from the glass previously developed.

"Nevertheless it was successfully made in four weeks' time and it saw service at the front."

THERE WAS one question left over from World War I, however, which still troubled naval authorities. Ever since the battle of Jutland, in 1916, our Navy's leaders had been puzzled by the German Navy's superiority in fire control. Immediately following the close of hostilities in 1918, our naval experts went to Berlin and subsequently to the Zeiss Works at Jena to study the equipment that had been developed there for the Kaiser's Navy.

What they saw prompted them to send Bausch & Lomb specialists there to obtain samples of this equipment and to secure the assistance of the Zeiss technical staff so that similar products could be designed and produced in this country. B & L negotiated a contract with Zeiss and thus secured the right to manufacture Zeiss inventions for our military forces.

But as a result, the company for years was accused of being disloyal and of having engaged in international cartel activities. Some branches of our government continued criticism even long after the advent of Hitler had nullified the agreement, even long after it had become evident that the patents obtained for the U.S. were making possible superior gun fire control for World War II weapons.

In the summer of 1940, with Washington legislators rushing through bills for a two-ocean Navy and an enlarged defense program, Bausch & Lomb got a settlement of the cartel lawsuit so that its officers could devote their time to expanding plant and training new personnel. When Pearl Harbor was bombed, the company was prepared. All civilian work except that required for public health was put aside.

A flood of military equipment began to pour from the plants, ranging all the way from hand binoculars (which had suddenly become so scarce that civilians were being asked to turn theirs over to the armed forces) to the giant 42-foot range finders which span battleship gun turrets and help pinpoint enemy targets ten to 20 miles away.

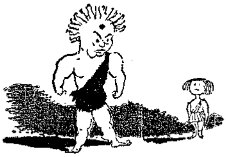
Where certain equipment could be made by others, Bausch & Lomb shared its patents and know-how without charge. It remained throughout the war, however, the only manufacturer to turn out the giant range finders. When governmental recognition came, the old-fashioned clock tower overlooking the Genesee River was the first in the nation to fly both the Army Ordnance and the Navy E honor pennants.

Many of the discoveries and developments the company made under the forced draft of war have been converted to peacetime use. Perhaps the most popular example are the company's Ray-Ban sun glasses, known and prized wherever American planes were flown, and wherever horse-trading American fliers would let them go for many times their money value in war souvenirs. But there is one peacetime user of the glasses who will never trade his.

One June day in 1952, Conductor Howard F. Jeglum's Milwaukee Road train was derailed. He dashed to a trackside phone to call for help, not noticing that a power line broken by the accident had fallen across the phone box. As he threw the switch to call his dispatcher, an arc of terrific light and heat burned him around the arms, face and eyes.

"In my mind's eye," he wrote Bausch & Lomb, "I can still see the flash of the searing arc. My face was a black, drawn area of burned skin. All but the skin around my eyes. The day had been bright and sunny and I had been wearing my Ray-Ban glasses. Except for these glasses, I am sure I would now be blind. I feel you people should be quite proud of your product."

Now embarked on its 101st year, the company asks for no greater compliment.



Judgment Day

A LITTLE MAN tarried after the rest of the congregation had left and said to the minister: "Sir, I don't think I have the meaning of your sermon clear. You said that on the Last Day, when Gabriel's trumpet blows, everyone that ever lived in the world will be gathered together at one place at one time?"

"That's right," replied the minister kindly.

"Do you mean that Cain and Abel will be there—and that David and Goliath will be there—and that all the Irishmen and all the Englishmen will be there—and that all the men and all the women of the world will be there?"

"Yes," smiled the minister.

"Reverend," said the little man, "take my word for it—there'll be damned little judging done the first day!" —DAN BENNETT

The Last Word?

by ARCHER WALLACE

A FRIEND OF MINE who had just bought a new car told me proudly that the dealer assured him it was the "last word." The salesman made a mistake there; he should have said it was the "latest" in cars. No matter how good it is, it will soon be surpassed, and before long it will be old-fashioned.

The truth is that this is a world of change, and even up-to-date things soon become obsolete. Not so many years ago a ship was launched in England to which admirers gave the title "Queen of the Seas." In less than a generation the ship was sold for junk, not so much because it was worn out as because it had become completely out of date.

Personally, I don't know anything better calculated to keep us humble than a visit to a museum. When we see the household utensils, farming implements, and the clothing that our predecessors used, we wonder how on earth they got along. We wonder, until we remember that these crude and clumsy things were once considered very modern. The people of that time considered them "the last word."

The lesson for us all is that we must keep our minds hospitable to new ideas. The last car has not been made, nor has the last word been spoken on any subject. Each generation starts to build where the previous one left off, and 500 years from now perhaps our cars and planes, and hundreds of other things we think are smart, will be shown in museums to the amusement of our descendants.

There is a building bordering on Madison Square Park in New York City which seems tiny and insignificant. It is overshadowed by skyscrapers ten times its size. Yet when the building was erected, it seemed tremendous. One New York paper referred to it as "this great building which towers over every other building in the square." The structure is now one of the smaller buildings in the park.

When I hear a man thumping the table and saying, "I'm telling you," "Take it from me," and so forth, I know I'm listening to one who has much to learn. We all have much to learn, and civilization has not made so very much progress after all.

Several of the leading nations of the world are spending almost as much money on maintaining instruments of war as they are on feeding their peoples. When nations are straining to keep armed to the teeth, we know that our vaunted civilization has a long way to go. Our lawmakers haven't said the last word any more than have the automobile makers.

From *The Autograph of God*, by Archer Wallace. Copyright, 1952, by The Macmillan Company, Publishers.

Miracle on 34th Street

by **MORT WEISINGER**

Why is Macy's the world's biggest store for shrewd buyers and bargain hunters?

NOT LONG AGO, an economy-minded Midwesterner walked into Macy's in New York, the world's largest department store, and asked for a certain item.

"Of course, I could buy it in the general store in my home town," drawled the visitor. "But, seein' as I have my trailer with me, I thought I'd pick it up here for cash and save six per cent."

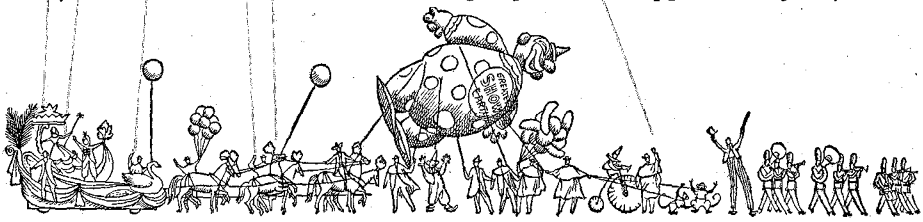
"Sorry, sir," the man was politely told, "Macy's doesn't carry the item you want—nor do we ever intend to. It's against our policy."

The item the frugal visitor had requested was a coffin, probably the only piece of merchandise this fabulous emporium has never offered for sale.

During its 95-year history, Macy's counters and floors have featured practically everything under the sun to which a price tag can be attached. It has done a fantastic business selling such Goliath-sized wares as airplanes, church organs, automobiles and pre-fabricated houses. In the field of fauna, it has sold livestock ranging from canaries to ponies.

The store's 168 selling departments offer 400,000 items of merchandise (not counting sizes or colors), which makes Macy's physically the biggest store in the world, handling the greatest variety of items. It is also one of the world's largest drugstores, furniture stores, bookstores, liquor stores and fabric and china stores, for its departments handling these items are bigger than most other stores specializing in them.

Macy bargains attract mail order business from every latitude. A Saudi Arabian prince once ordered $3,000 worth of silk prints for his harem. Its interior-decorating department supplied the glossy



trimmings for the presidential mansion in Liberia.

Once, as a stunt, the store ran an ad offering a cake tester two feet long to be used "the next time you bake a cake two feet high." Orders poured in, one from as far away as Alaska.

When shopping at Macy's you may speak any tongue. The store's Personal Shoppers' Bureau has command of 17 languages and is equipped to get you your money's worth down to the last florin, cruzeiro or lira.

Few New Yorkers find it possible to resist Macy's motto, "It's smart to be thrifty," a famous slogan which loosens the pocketbooks of plebeians and plutocrats. Macy super-sales have been known to attract the Cadillacs and carriages of Rockefellers, Vanderbilts and Guggenheims. The trade has included such royalty and nobility as Prince Felix and Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg and Baroness Rothschild.

Although Macy's occupies an incredible amount of floor space, trampled over by more than 150,000 bargain-hunters every day, traffic within the mammoth mart flows smoothly. Fifty-three elevators shuttle customers and freight up and down its twenty cavernous floors. Seventy escalators hourly transport tens of thousands of people up and down from floor to floor.

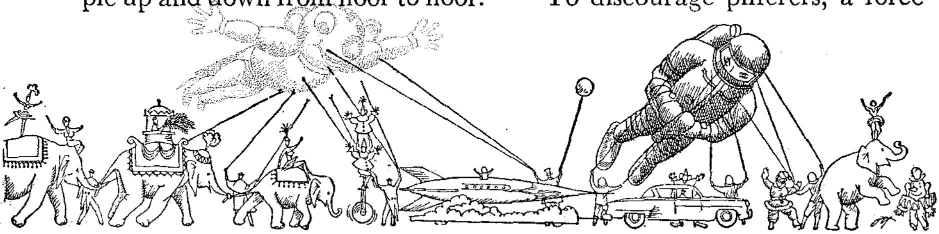
Even more impressive is the invisible network of package chutes which honeycomb the walls. Extending for more than three miles, these labyrinthine tunnels speed some 25,000 packages a day on their way to customers' homes, a logistics operation which streamlines delivery of purchases in record time.

To keep this daily Niagara of merchandise flowing from counters into delivery trucks, once every hour the chief sorter tosses a numbered wooden block on a traveling belt, murmuring, "Come back to me, baby."

If the test block fails to reappear on schedule, it means there is a jam somewhere in the chute. Thereupon Mike Reynolds, ace "trouble-chuter," dispatches himself down the long slide from the 19th floor to the basement to unsnarl the bottleneck. Reynolds wears out a suit of coveralls every six weeks and slides about two miles every week in the line of duty.

A city within a city, Macy's maintains its own store hospital which treats 50,000 patients a year. Even the stork has been a visitor at Macy's, and the last shopper's baby unexpectedly born in a basement washroom was christened Macy in appreciation of the free delivery service the store gave her.

To discourage pilferers, a force



of plainclothes detectives roves the corridors. Larcenous-minded shoppers do not restrict their loot to items that can be lifted with sticky fingers, however. A pair of crooks once disguised themselves as window dressers and, explaining that they needed it for a window display, walked out with a big green canoe. They were nabbed, however, when they could not resist the temptation of coming back for the paddles.

For night-time security, Macy's employs four Doberman pinschers as watchdogs. These four-footed Sherlocks are named Suzy, Cash, Red Star and Mom (Macy's Own Merchandise) and have more than earned their large daily rations of meat by effectively thwarting nocturnal prowlers and sniffing occasional fires.

The author of the merchandising miracle on 34th Street was Rowland Hussey Macy, a Nantucket whaler who believed profits could be made in dry goods by advertising aggressively and selling for cash only. In the winter of 1837, Macy abandoned his seafaring life and opened a dry-goods store in Boston. It failed, despite the fact that he used thousands of flamboyant signs and circulars to advertise his unorthodox policy of selling merchandise "For Cash for Less."

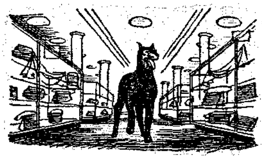
Macy then tried his theories in San Francisco, failed again, and a third time in Haverhill, Massachusetts. Undaunted, he carried the policy to New York City and in 1858 set up a store in Manhattan. The original Macy's occupied the street floor of an unpretentious, four-story brick building on Sixth Avenue (now Avenue of the Americas) and 14th Street. On counters extending the length of the store on two sides, Macy sold ribbons, laces, artificial flowers, feathers, handkerchiefs, cambric flouncings, hosiery and gloves. Sales that first year totaled $90,000; employees numbered 15.

In ensuing years the venture succeeded so well that at his death, in 1877, the ex-sailor's little fancy dry-goods store had expanded into a mart consisting of separate departments stocked with drugs and toilet goods, silver, house furnishings, sporting goods, luggage, toys, musical instruments and even books.

In 1902, the store moved uptown to its present site, Herald Square, where it encompasses an entire city block. A few years previous to this, L. Straus & Sons, successful glassware merchants, had acquired a general partnership in the firm, and some time later complete ownership of the store, which continued to operate under the name of R. H. Macy & Company.

The Herald Square store, with four neighborhood branches, is only one unit of R. H. Macy & Company, Inc. The corporation has additional main stores in Newark, Atlanta, Toledo, San Francisco and Kansas City, with 13 more neighborhood branches.

An alert corporate management has already announced plans for a regional shopping center in Bergen County, New Jersey, and for joint development of two others in the San Fran-



cisco Bay area, each to contain a Macy branch store. Three more branches will be located in shopping centers at Princeton, New Jersey; Hillsdale, California; and at historic Roosevelt Field in Long Island. Another branch is set for Plainfield, New Jersey.

To insure quality and protect customers from shoddy merchandise, Macy's maintains its own Bureau of Standards, a testing laboratory manned by a staff of scientists and equipped with a battery of clanking, grinding mechanical contraptions that would rival the zaniest Rube Goldberg creations.

These ingenious devices can assay the quality of anything from a hairpin to a house. Is that new golf ball as "armor-proof" as its manufacturer claims? The Bureau tests the pill's durability on its "Golf Ball Guillotine," a gadget which blitzes it with 1,000 hooks and slices.

How good are those new shoes? The Bureau will give them a marathon workout on the "Rocky Road to Dublin," to test their longevity.

Other mechanical vigilantes include "Iron Man McGinnity," a robot rider of bicycles; and "Fannie the Folding Fool," which tirelessly folds and unfolds leather to determine its cracking point.

ALTHOUGH IT IS A PRINCIPLE of Macy's to sell for cash (there is, however, a deferred payment plan for everything but liquors and meats), this policy rarely affects the turnover in its high-priced merchandise. Dowagers willingly exchange $4,000 in greenbacks for a mink coat—when they can purchase it for 6 per cent less at Macy's than from a Fifth Avenue shop.

Only once, according to Macy historians, has the store made a notable deviation from its cash policy, which invites customers to deposit money in Macy's Bank and draw against it at their convenience. When General Eisenhower established residence at Columbia University, Mrs. Eisenhower sent her secretary to Macy's to buy some furniture and accessories. After she had made her selections, the secretary found that she did not have enough money to pay for all the items. Nor would a C.O.D. solve the problem, for the Eisenhowers had not yet moved in.

A high-level conference among Macy executives ensued and it was decided to trust Mamie with the goods, on the grounds that "Ike" was a reasonable credit risk.

Most hectic offices in the Macy building are on the fourteenth floor, site of the complaint department. Euphemistically called the "Adjustment Service Department," here is where patient, courteous employees handle more than 4,000 customers' problems every week, less than one-half of one per cent of the store's customers.

Macy's sometimes receives complaints via the mails, some of which are amusing, some acidulous. Replies to these missives often match the originals for wit.

If a customer sounds off in verse, he gets back a pretty poem. If he illustrates his letter with cartoons, a Macy artist will send him back a letter, similarly decorated.

One letter of complaint has become a Macy legend. It read:

"Dear Macy's: I paid $1.24 for a book called 'Crime File Number

> 1.' Saturday your driver delivered a copy of the Holy Bible, price $2.34. I am deeply touched by the missionary spirit that prompted the clerk to make the substitution. On the other hand, I feel I must tell you about it because I am certain that Macy's would rather see me go to hell for $1.24 than attain salvation without paying the $1.10 difference."

The world's largest store, it is only appropriate that Macy's employs the world's biggest publicity stunts. Its Thanksgiving Day Parade is an extravaganza of fun and fantasy that has become an annual American tradition. Inspired by the centuries-old pageants of Europe, the Parade first appeared in 1924.

Today, the trademarks of the event are figures as high as 75 feet, requiring 223 men to hold them down to earth, a cotillion of floats carrying famed fairy-tale folk, and big names of movies, stage, radio and television.

Macy's foots the bill for this two-and-one-half mile cavalcade. But it pays off in prestige, publicity and good will. Two and a half million young and young-in-heart cheer the spectacle in person. Twenty million more devotedly follow the proceedings by means of a coast-to-coast telecast.

Last spring Macy's put over possibly the greatest promotion stunt in its history, an operation so successful it evoked the plaudits of its arch-rival, Gimbel Brothers, a gesture equivalent to Casey Stengel nominating Chuck Dressen as Manager of the Year.

It happened when Macy's president, Wheelock H. Bingham, conceived the idea of his store sponsoring a mammoth flower show as a tribute to Mother's Day. The store's entire street floor was transformed into a vast floral panorama of more than two million choice specimen blooms, ranging from exotic anthuriums to exquisite Japanese tree peonies.

The breathtaking exhibit captivated New York. Gimbels' big brass were so enchanted they took large ads congratulating Macy's for its showmanship. Read the ads: "Does Gimbels tell Macy's? No, Gimbels tells the world that it's just plain silly if it doesn't get to Macy's for the greatest miracle to hit 34th Street since miracles were invented."

The next day Macy's gallantly returned the bouquet with an ad of its own, a paraphrase of its competitor's famous slogan: "Nobody but nobody said it more prettily than Gimbels."

Faith

POSTAL CLERKS in a Midwest city were at a loss one day as to what to do with a letter received in their office. Finally they decided it should go to the Postmaster, who was as perplexed as they. The letter was addressed: "To the Lord, Heaven."

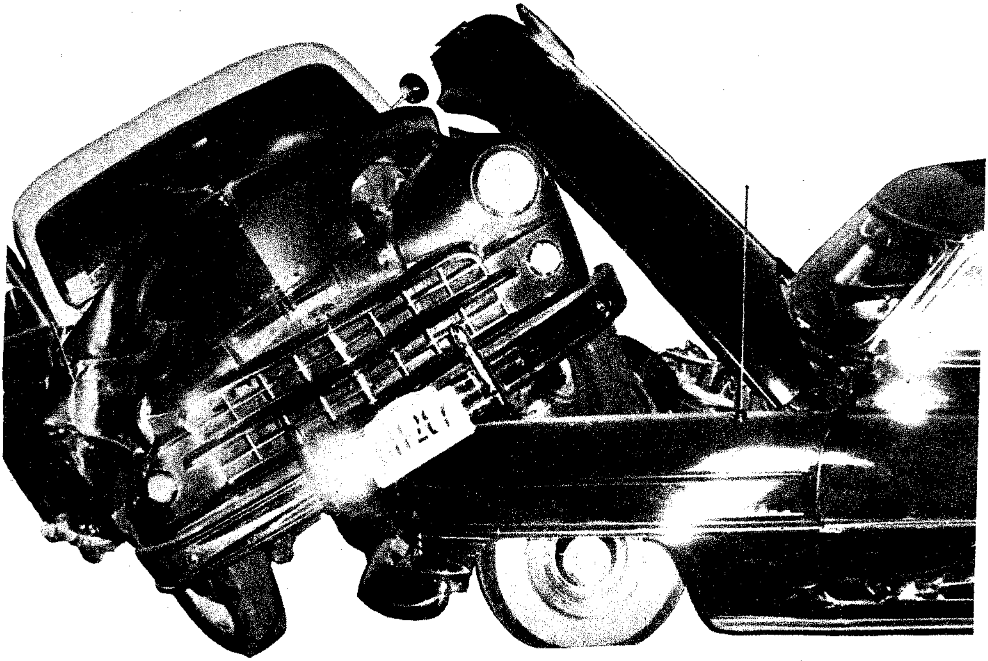
It read: "Dear Lord: Please make my Mommy well again." The childish scrawl was signed: "Bobby."

—EDWARD C. HASKINS

Picture Story

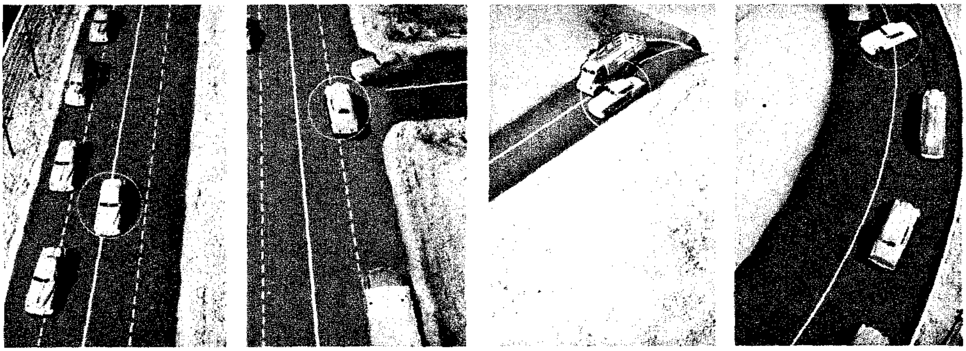
FOOLS ON WHEELS

WHAT *is* there about human beings that turns them from normal, reasonable individuals into death-dealing demons when they get behind the wheel of a car? No one knows, but here are some of the tragic results caused by these fools on wheels.



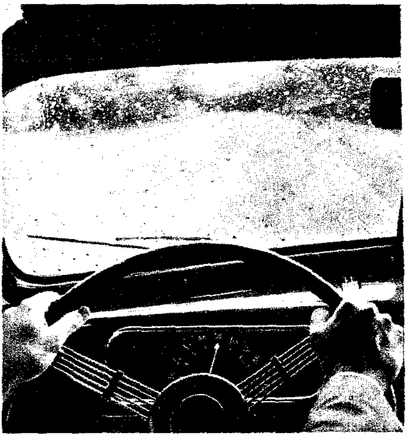
Based on material from The Institute of Safer Driving of the American Mutual Liability Insurance Company.

Fool No. 1: *"Let's Step on the Gas!"*

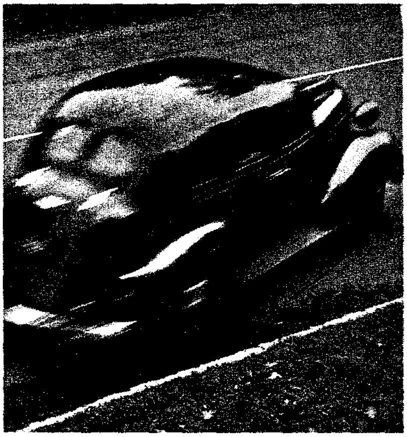


Out of line; speeding through intersection; zooming downhill; out of control.

MEET THE SELF-STYLED champion of the highways—sometimes known as The Corpse by the Side of the Road. A devout believer in the ability of his car to outrun any other, and in his own inherent ability to avert catastrophe while exceeding speed limits and racing through stop signs, he drives by a single dictum—get there first! Neither weather, road nor traffic conditions slow him up. His perpetual race with disaster is prompted not by a desire to save time but by a juvenile urge to amaze himself—and anyone else foolish enough to be impressed—with his own skill and daring. The trouble is, one mistake is all this particular kind of highway hare-brain is permitted—and 13,500 speeding fatalities a year prove that, sooner or later, he makes it.

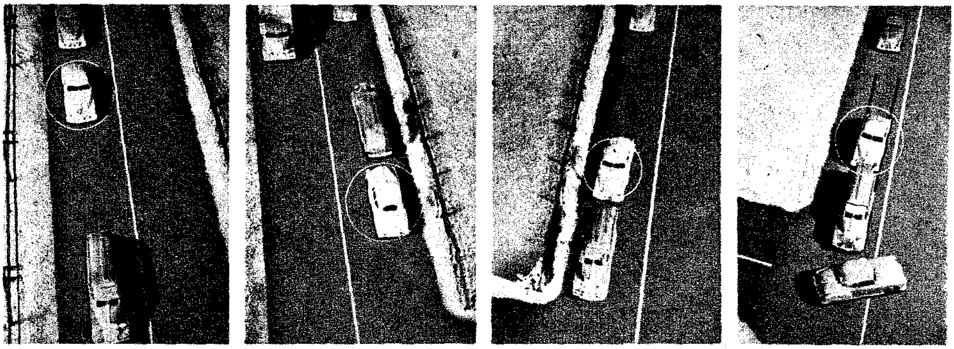


Rainy weather means drive with caution.



Slick, slippery roads can spell disaster.

Fool No. 2: *"I Can Pull Out in a Hurry!"*



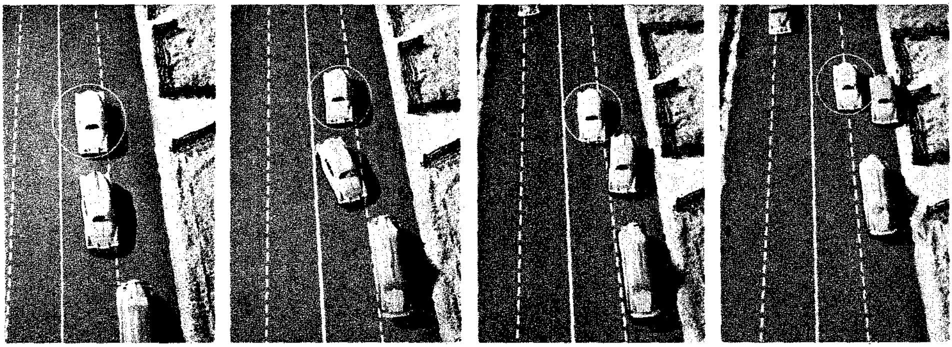
The bumper-hugger comes close, closer, too close: the inevitable accident results.

THE BUMPER-HUGGER, a man who drives as though he were being towed, is obsessed with the need to cut down on the amount of daylight between his car and the one in front. Left and right he jockeys, peering out like a railroad engineer on a long curve, ever alert for the slightest glimmer of an opening that will permit him to rocket out of line and pass the car ahead. Having pulled off this masterful coup, he roars up to the next car in line, creeping as close to its bumper as possible—and sometimes even a little closer. Unfortunately, by blithely ignoring the road-proven principle of an interval of one car-length for every ten miles of speed (more in bad weather), the bumper-hugger will eventually set off a chain reaction that has tires squealing and traffic stalled for miles behind. All it takes is a momentary distraction, his eyes off the road for just that second when the car in front is forced to make a sudden stop. The grim result: anything from mangled fenders to the same for human bodies.

Always allow for sudden stops in traffic.

Air brakes ahead call for special caution.

Fool No. 3: *“Move Over For Who?”*



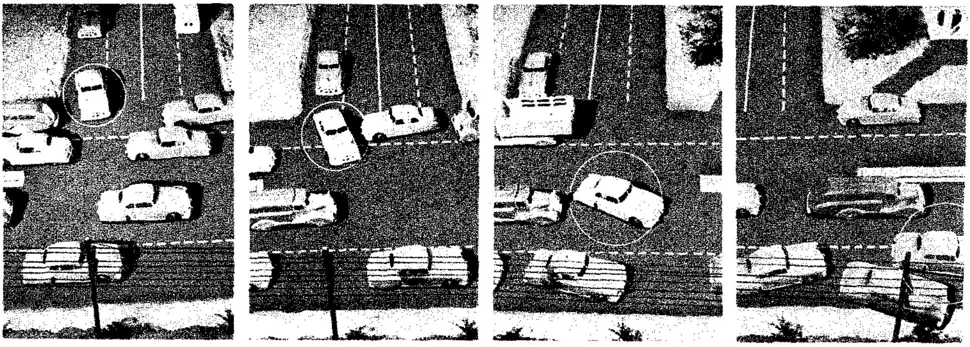
Passing another auto on the right, even under a road hog’s provocation, is deadly.

TWO LANES OR THREE LANES, turnpike or superhighway—no thoroughfare is wide enough for the road hog, a meandering menace who manages to obstruct traffic from any one of a variety of positions, most of them illegal, all of them deadly dangerous. Although he is frequently found dawdling in the left lane, he is happiest when he has planted two wheels on either side of the white line, effectively preventing anyone else from passing. Under pressure of constant honking, he may inch over a bit to permit you to pass—if your hand is steady and your nerves strong—but you do so only at your own peril. And therein lies the true danger of the road hog: by frustrating the attempts of cars behind to proceed at normal speed, he goads otherwise sensible drivers into attempting perilous maneuvers. All too often, the unhappy sequel is a pileup involving innocent motorists—while the road hog, blind to his criminal selfishness, rolls merrily on his way.

Double parking is both illegal and risky.

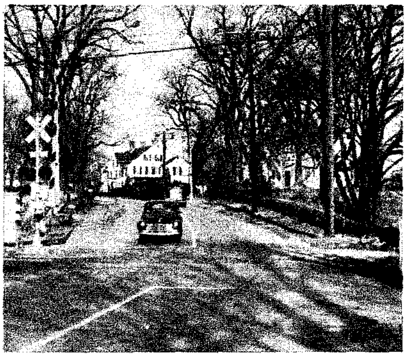
The left lane is used for passing only.

Fool No. 4: *“Won’t That Light Ever Change?”*



Muscling into moving traffic, the bull-head selfishly forces someone off the road.

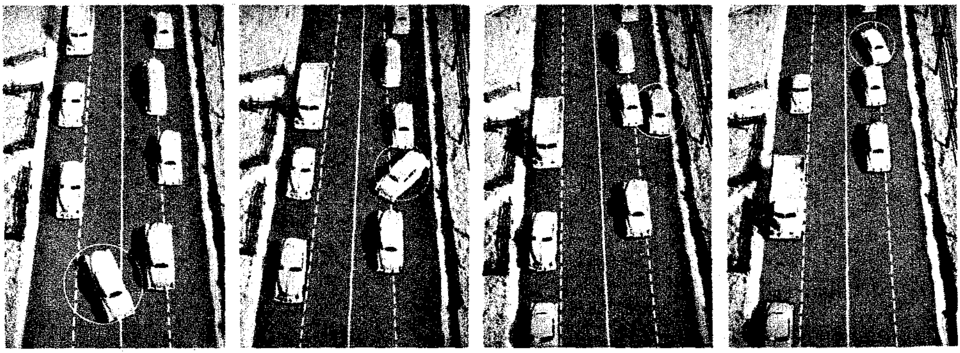
THE RIGHT OF WAY, one of the most overworked and misunderstood phrases in American motoring, has been loosely interpreted by some bull-headed drivers as the right to commit mayhem on the highway. The instant a traffic light flashes green—and often before—they feel suddenly and absolutely absolved of all responsibility for their fellow motorists and go charging into the stream of traffic. After the inevitable accidents—and if they are still in a conscious state—their first words invariably are: “I had the right of way!” Common courtesy, not a blind insistence on illusory rights (when you are dead, it matters little who was right), is the key to accident prevention. A traffic signal should never be regarded as the starter’s gun in a race. Only when the way ahead is clear—in a line of traffic, as well as at an intersection—should you proceed, and the extra seconds it may take you to reach your destination are a small price to pay for safety.



Train approaching? Stop, look and listen.

Always pull over for emergency vehicles.

Fool No. 5: *"I Can Squeeze in Here!"*



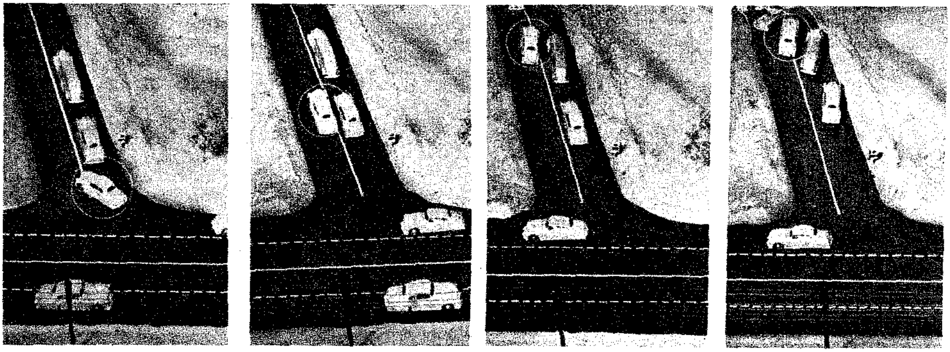
Cutting sharply to the left and right is bound to force other motorists off their path.

ADMIRABLE ON THE FOOTBALL field, broken-field running on the highway is a hazardous game whose goal, too often, is the grave. On an open highway, the galloping ghost is a speeder who sways from one lane to another—and sometimes sways completely off the road. But it is only when the highway is crowded that he really opens his bag of tricks. Darting to the right, he whizzes past three cars, swings into an oncoming traffic lane, passes two more cars, squeezes into a 20-foot opening—all at top speed and to the accompaniment of violent braking on all sides as other drivers try to keep out of his maniacal path. Flushed with success, the broken-field runner never realizes that somewhere up ahead, his mad dash must end, and that when he is carried from the field it will not be in triumph, but in tragedy.

Don't try to pass on jammed highways.

Don't jockey for position at the lights.

Fool No. 6: *"I Can Pass Anything Anywhere!"*



Swinging out on a hill is gambling with disaster—and the odds are always long.

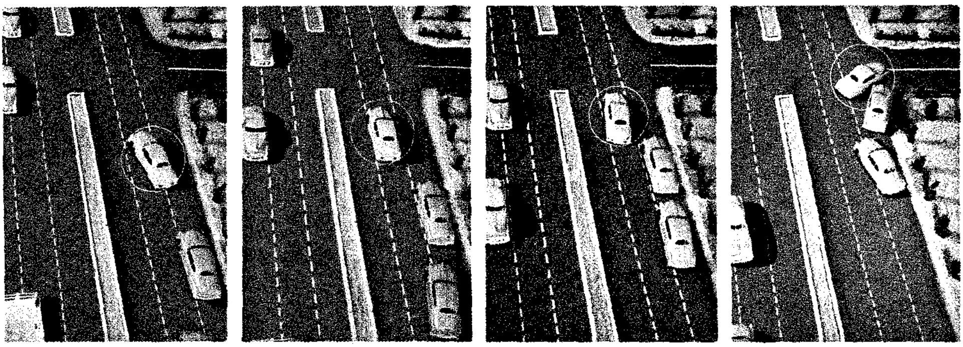
A CERTAIN BREED of automobile manipulators—they are not, in the normal sense of the word, drivers—have a suicidal impulse so strong that gratification is derived only from passing other cars on a hill or a blind curve. Exhilarated by their flirtations with sudden death, they are bored when passing on a straightaway, and feel shackled if forced by oncoming traffic to stay in line. Now and then, when the urge to flaunt their defiance of danger really runs strong within them, they will charge out *regardless* of oncoming traffic, and then it's every man for himself. Cars scatter on both sides of the white line, and if the maneuver works—thousands were killed and injured last year when it didn't—these torpedoes on wheels will spurt up to the next car in line, peer out quickly—apparently to determine whether the situation is perilous enough to be worthy of their idiotic daring—and then roar out of line once again. With each such thrust, the fatal day of reckoning comes a little bit closer.

A curve is not the place for passing.

SCHOOL BUS
SCHOOL BUS
634 142
STOP WHEN THIS BUS STOPS

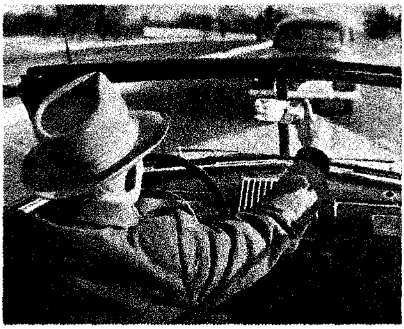
When a school bus stops, you stop, too.

Fool No. 7: *"They'll Know I'm Turning When I Turn!"*

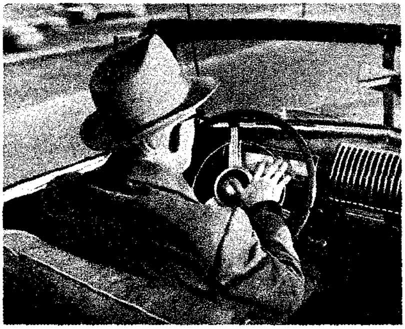


Swinging left to turn right; other cars move up to block the lane; result: crash.

A MONOMANIAC OF THE ROAD is the man who refuses to signal. Seemingly, some kind of twisted logic has convinced him that among his rights as a citizen is the inviolable privilege of keeping the rest of the motoring public in the dark as to whether he plans to turn right, left, stop, go or back up. He drives as though the highways were created for him alone, and anyone else who ventures out on them must, accordingly, take his own chances. He turns right from the left lane; he stops on a highway to read a road sign—all without signal. Neither reason, abuse nor penalty will move him an iota—although his reasons have changed with the years. In the old days, it was: "I can't bother to roll my window down every time I want to signal a turn." Now, with the advent of automatic signalling devices, he moans: "Nobody pays any attention to signal lights, anyhow. Why should I knock myself out trying to remember to use them?" Usually you can recognize his car by the dented fenders and crumpled, mashed-in trunk.



Before passing, check the cars behind.



Then signal the car ahead by honking.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

A Help for "Highway Hypnosis"

Tiny tablet reduces driving hazards for millions

Hugh T. Harrison . . . a business that grew by 'accidents'.

BACK IN 1933, Americans by the thousands were deserting the dustbowl and heading west to California. Many more wanted to go if they could find a way.

Out in San Francisco, young Hugh T. Harrison owned a small used-car business. Why, he pondered, couldn't he hire people to drive cars from the Midwest to San Francisco, in exchange for their expenses?

The idea took hold. But in the first few weeks, Harrison's venture was struck with disaster. Hurtling across the long straight stretches of Texas, one of the drivers dozed at the wheel and lost control. The car was completely wrecked.

Another wreck like the first. Then another! In desperation, Harrison appealed to a friend—a pharmacist. There *must* be a product, he felt, that would help these drivers fight off the "highway hypnosis" which stole over them as the endless miles rolled by.

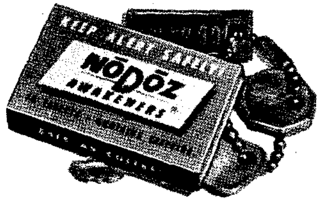
No such product existed. But the pharmacist compounded a prescription, tested it. It worked! The basic ingredient was caffeine, the wake-up element in coffee. It gave drivers the necessary "lift" without a subsequent let-down.

Harrison recognized the possibilities of such a product. It would be a godsend to drivers everywhere! So he gave up his used-car business and began selling his discovery under the name of "NoDoz Awakeners."

So thanks to an accident and an idea, you can now get a lift without a letdown—through a tiny tablet, safe as coffee.

Today, millions of Americans fight fatigue safely, with NoDoz Awakeners... while driving and on the job. NoDoz Awakeners brush away those "three o'clock cobwebs" that steal productive hours.

Fight Fatigue Safely



SAFE AS COFFEE

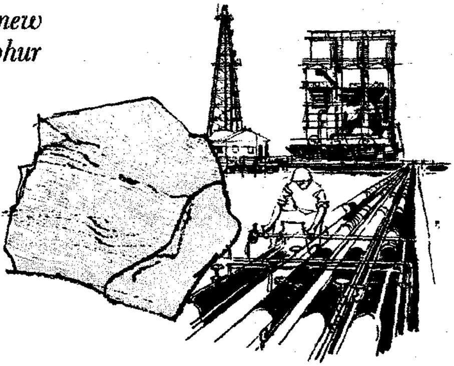
Keep a package of NoDoZ handy in your car, purse or pocket.

15 TABLETS 35c | large economy size 60 TABLETS—98c

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Modern industry finds many new uses for that old element, sulphur

The Stone That Burns



by **Madelyn Wood**

NATURE CREATED a chemical miracle when she made the curious element sulphur, the Biblical brimstone. She also presented America's engineers with problems that only astonishing feats of skill and courage have solved.

The Chinese, in the time of Confucius, found the first practical use for this amazing "stone that burns." They turned it into gunpowder.

Alchemists of the Middle Ages figured its golden color meant that if they could only find a way, they could use it to turn metal into gold. They missed the greater magic discovered by our own scientists, for sulphur turned out to be the spark that triggers chemical reactions that make possible nearly all the marvels of our industrial age.

Modern industry keeps finding more uses for sulphur all the time. So many that, while ten years ago we used sulphur at the annual rate of 50 pounds a person, the figure has now jumped to 70 pounds. You never see any of your 70-pound share, but it is there, in just about everything you live with—what you wear, read, eat or drive in.

Take your car, for instance. There is no less than 35 pounds of sulphur concealed in the rubber of the tires and the metal of the body and engine. There is more sulphur used in processing the oil that lubricates the car and in refining the gasoline that powers it.

Sulphur helps make possible most of the food you eat by turning phosphate rocks into super-phosphate fertilizer. When added to rubber—weak, elastic stuff—sulphur makes it the tough material that can support your car at high speeds.

In literally thousands of industrial processes, sulphur, whether used in tiny pinches or by the ton, and such derivatives as sulfuric acid perform similar startling feats of transformation. No wonder the chemists call it "the most versatile chemical substance known to man."

Yet, the real drama in sulphur's saga of usefulness has been enacted, not in the chemical laboratories but in the lonely swamplands of Louisiana, where, in 1867, oil prospectors in Calcasieu Parish noticed that their drills came up smeared with a bright yellow coating. That meant sulphur, a material which was get-

YOUNG YELLOWHORSE NEEDS YOUR HELP QUICKLY

Your heart would skip a beat and your arms would reach out instinctively to young Yellowhorse, if you could see this brave little Navajo standing at the door of his shabby home, beset by the danger of hunger and disease—danger that few other American children must face.

You can help Yellowhorse . . . descendant of the earliest Americans . . . through the SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION. Your gift of only $96 will help buy glasses for him and others like him . . . help provide medicines to halt the diseases that have taken so many Navajo lives in past years . . . help provide schooling that will enable him to earn a living in a world that has changed so much a young Navajo can't follow his ancestral trade.

Look behind the grim statistics of disease and death among the Navajos and you'll open your heart and your checkbook to send a gift for young Yellowhorse or one of his schoolmates. In return—you'll get a full report on how your gift has helped . . . perhaps a letter in the childish handwriting of the little Navajo boy or girl you have "adopted".

SCF National Sponsors include: Thomas J. Watson, Herbert Hoover, Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Henry R. Luce, Rev. Ralph W. Sockman, D.D., Norman Rockwell, Mrs. Mark W. Clark, Will Rogers Jr., Dr. Charles S. Johnson, Dr. Robert Gordon Sproul, Faith Baldwin, and Gladys Swarthout.

SCF

C-4

SAVE THE *children* FEDERATION
Carnegie Endowment International Center
United Nations Plaza, New York 17, New York

- I would like to sponsor a Navajo child about______years old. I will pay $96.00 for one year (or $8.00 per month). Enclosed is payment for the full year ☐, the first month ☐. Please send me the child's name, picture, story and address.
- I cannot sponsor a child, but I want to help a little Navajo boy or girl with my enclosed gift of $__________.

Name____

Address______________________________________

City__________________________Zone______State________

Contributions to the SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION are deductible from federal income tax.

The SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION is a non-profit, non-sectarian, membership corporation, organized in 1932 to serve underprivileged children without regard to race, creed or color.

ting more and more expensive as chemical demands went up, with a virtual monopoly on the supply held by Sicilian sulphur mines.

Lured by the prospect of tapping this new treasure trove, a mining company was organized. Steadily, shafts were dug deep into the earth. Then suddenly, choking gray quicksand came pouring in on the luckless miners, and at least a score died in the grisly flood.

Again and again shafts were sunk, and each time the quicksand won. Mining experts shook their heads and announced that the sulphur would never be reached.

It might not have been if, 25 years after the first discovery, a young German immigrant named Herman Frasch hadn't devised an ingenious scheme for tapping the treasure. It wouldn't work, engineers told him, but stubbornly, year after year, he went from company to company with his plan.

Finally, as the demand for sulphur mounted, one company agreed to try it. In 1894, they sank a complicated arrangement of pipes into the earth, one inside the other. Down one went scalding hot water, down another compressed air, and up out of a third pipe burst a golden stream of molten sulphur.

Once cooled, it turned into solid golden rock; and mountainous piles of sulphur began to grow in Louisiana. Soon after World War I, the U.S. was able to meet all its needs. Today, America exports well over a million tons a year.

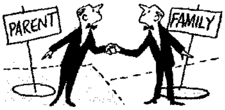
But after World War II, worried industrialists faced the fact that despite great increase in the production of brimstone, sulphur in its natural form, supplies were insufficient to meet the rising demand for the cheap Gulf Coast sulphur. True, new deposits had been found beneath the maze of waterways, marshes and inlets along Louisiana's Gulf Coast, but operating costs were expected to be higher.

Nevertheless, engineers at the Freeport Sulphur Company went to work on an amazing scheme. They built a gigantic steel barge 200 feet long, put aboard it giant boilers capable of heating almost 2,000,000 gallons of water a day, towed it through 75 miles of waterways. Today, it is anchored in Bay Ste. Elaine, where it pumps up molten sulphur and pipes it aboard waiting tankers.

Looking ahead, scientists know that we are going to need more of this precious stuff than may be available in deposits so far discovered. Already they are seeking ways to increase our sulphur supply. One new method is the neat turn-about of getting sulphur from the very industries which need it by removing sulphuric acid from factory smoke.

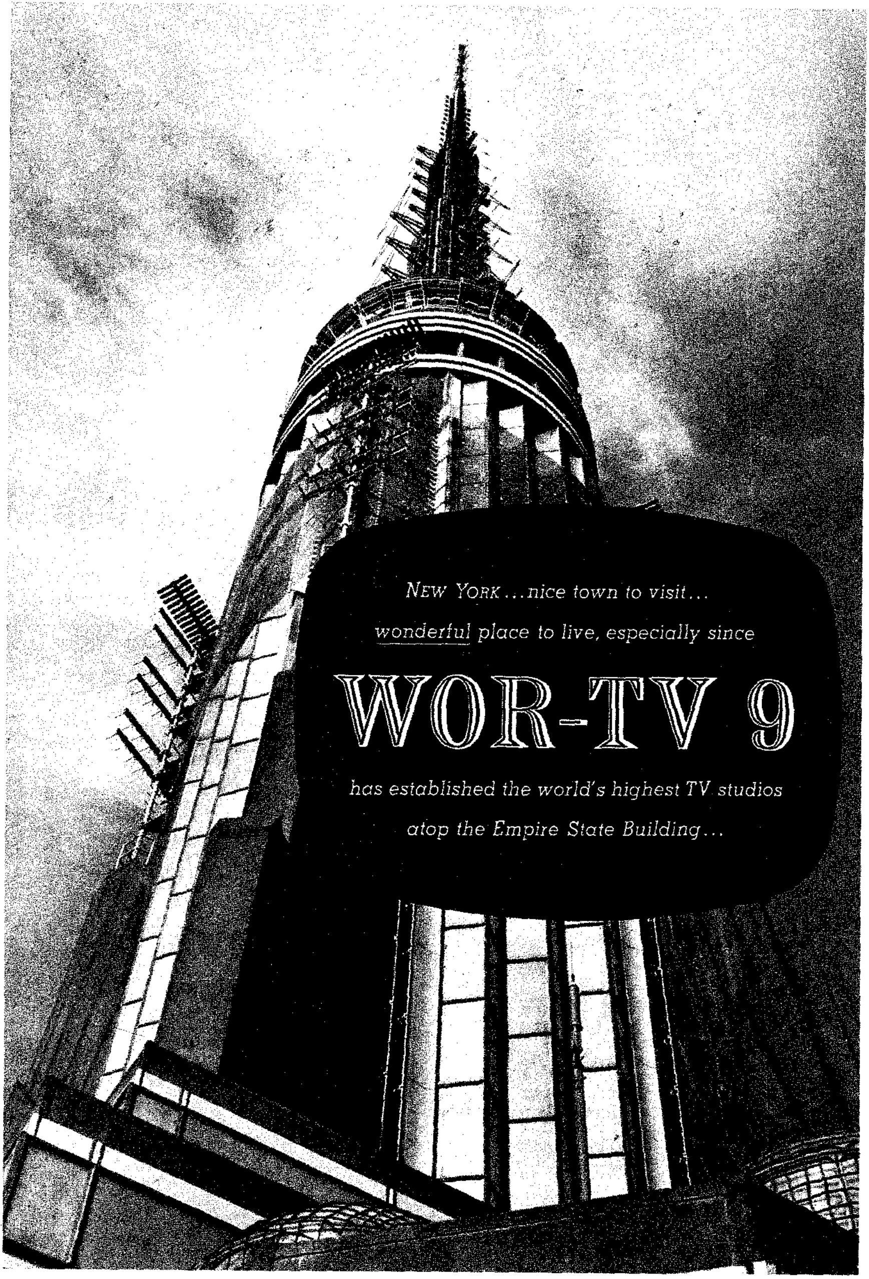
U.S.A.—Relatively Speaking

Parent, Minn.
Mummie, Ky.
Brothers, Ore.
Three Brothers, Ark.
Brethren, Mich.



Family, Montana
Sonny Boy, Fla.
Sisters, Ore.
Twin Sisters, Tex.

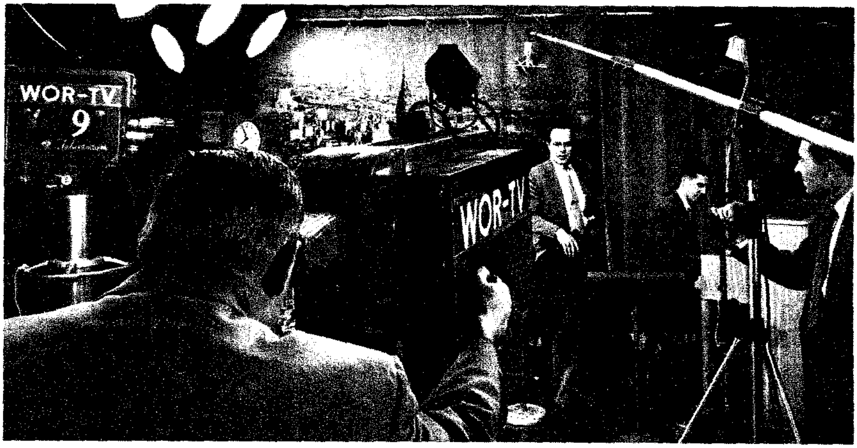
—Adrian Anderson


NEW YORK ...nice town to visit...
wonderful place to live, especially since
WOR-TV 9
has established the world's highest TV studios
atop the Empire State Building...

Arnold Newman Photos for WOR-TV

NOW...

superb new equipment for production, staging, transmission . . . 83 floors above Fifth Avenue . . . where great new concepts in TV programming are providing exciting entertainment for more than 14,000,000 viewers in over 4,000,000 homes . . . through all of 13,300 square miles in and around the nation's biggest city

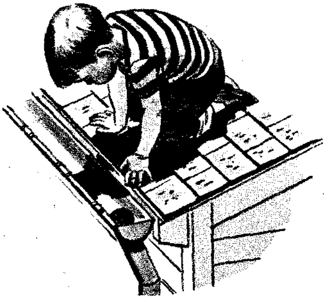


Programwise: *WOR-TV serves Greater New York with a greater-than-ever lineup of top shows.*

Powerwise: *WOR-TV puts super-power to work in brilliant sound-pictures for a super-city.*

WOR-TV

CHANNEL 9 · NEW YORK



A four-year-old child was up on a roof

A house was on fire

A plumber was needed in a hurry

A baby was about to be born

Just a few of the emergency calls handled recently by one telephone central office.

The Spirit of Service

Calls like these are familiar to telephone people everywhere.

For day in and day out, minute by minute, we are serving the needs of the people.

Out of this experience comes a certain attitude of telephone men and women that is one of our most precious assets. It is The Spirit of Service.

It begins with a sense of responsibility and shows itself in a sort of combination of knowing-how and wanting-to-do.

We know that without it there would still be telephone service of a sort. But it wouldn't be the same. We wouldn't be the same people either. For the spirit that brings the most to the job, likewise returns the most to the people who give it.

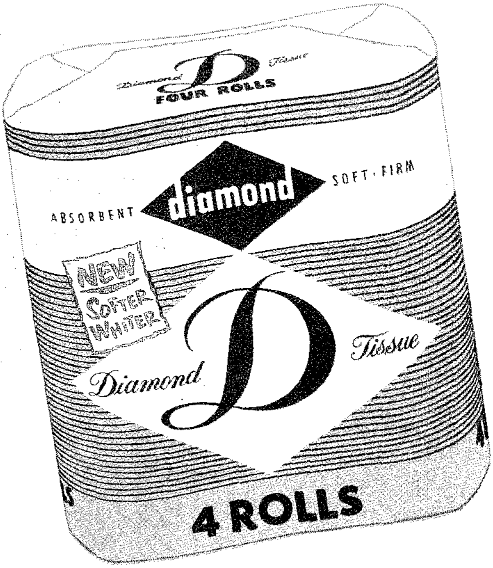
Much has been done. But telephone men and women know that all that the years have brought is but the beginning.

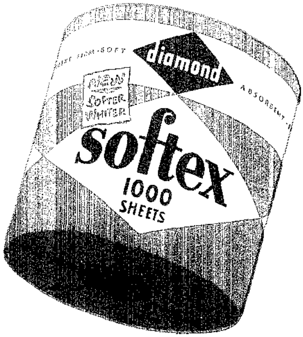
Our opportunities for Service open wide before us.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

What a difference in

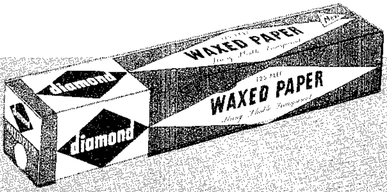
DIAMOND'S new-fashioned TISSUES!


Diamond D Tissue
FOUR ROLLS
ABSORBENT
diamond
SOFT · FIRM
NEW Softer Whiter
Diamond D Tissue
4 ROLLS


diamond
NEW Softer Whiter
softex
1000 SHEETS

SOFTER...WHITER... more ABSORBENT!

Discover the difference between these and other tissues. Either the thrifty 1000-sheet Softex or the popular-priced Diamond D gives you Diamond's "Soft-Ripple" texture and "Tight-Woven" strength.


WAXED PAPER
diamond
WAXED PAPER
diamond

TOWELS
SOFT · STRONG
150
diamond
Wonderfully Absorbent

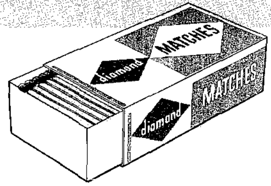
Diamond Waxed Paper

Strong, clear, heavily waxed on both sides for "double protection."

Diamond Paper Towels

Thrifty towels — so strong, wet or dry — softer and more absorbent.

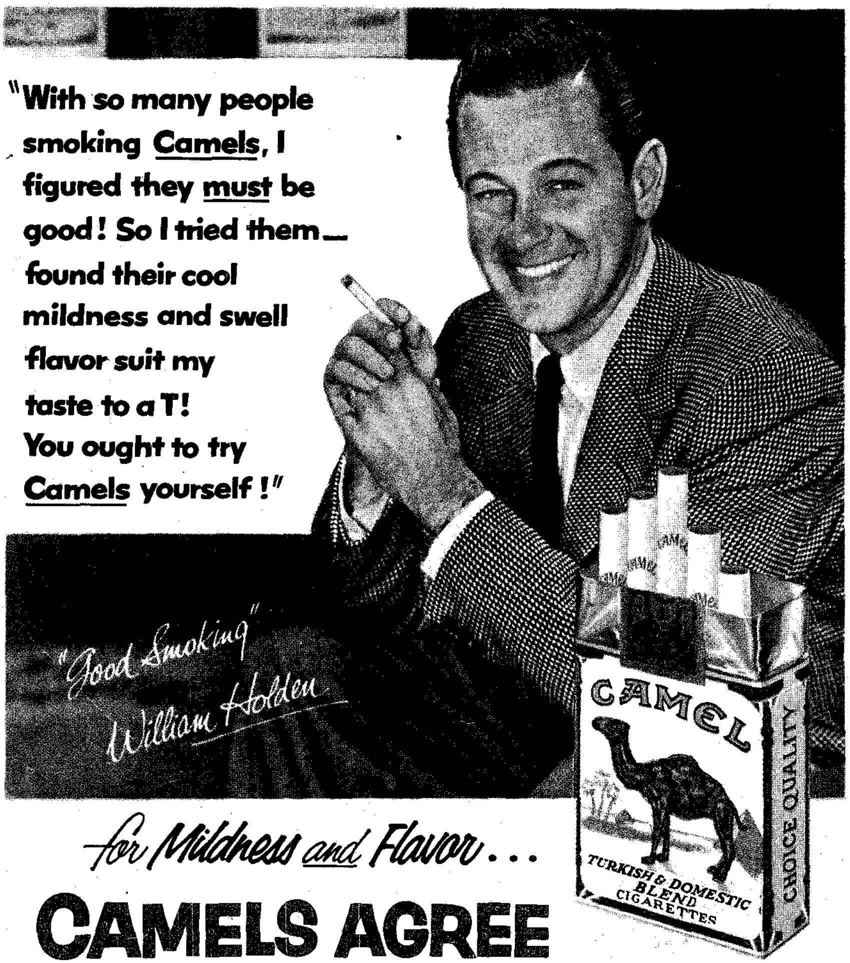
PRODUCTS OF
THE
DIAMOND
MATCH
CO.


MATCHES
diamond
MATCHES
diamond

A Great Name in Matches, Lumber, and Paper Products —
Experience from 1835 . . . Methods of Today . . . Forestry for Tomorrow!

Why did you change to Camels, WILLIAM HOLDEN?

(STAR OF "FOREVER FEMALE")


CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

"With so many people smoking Camels, I figured they must be good! So I tried them — found their cool mildness and swell flavor suit my taste to a T! You ought to try Camels yourself!"

"Good Smoking"
William Holden

for Mildness and Flavor...

CAMELS AGREE WITH MORE PEOPLE

THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!